THE TRUE WEST

# Frontier Times

July, 1969

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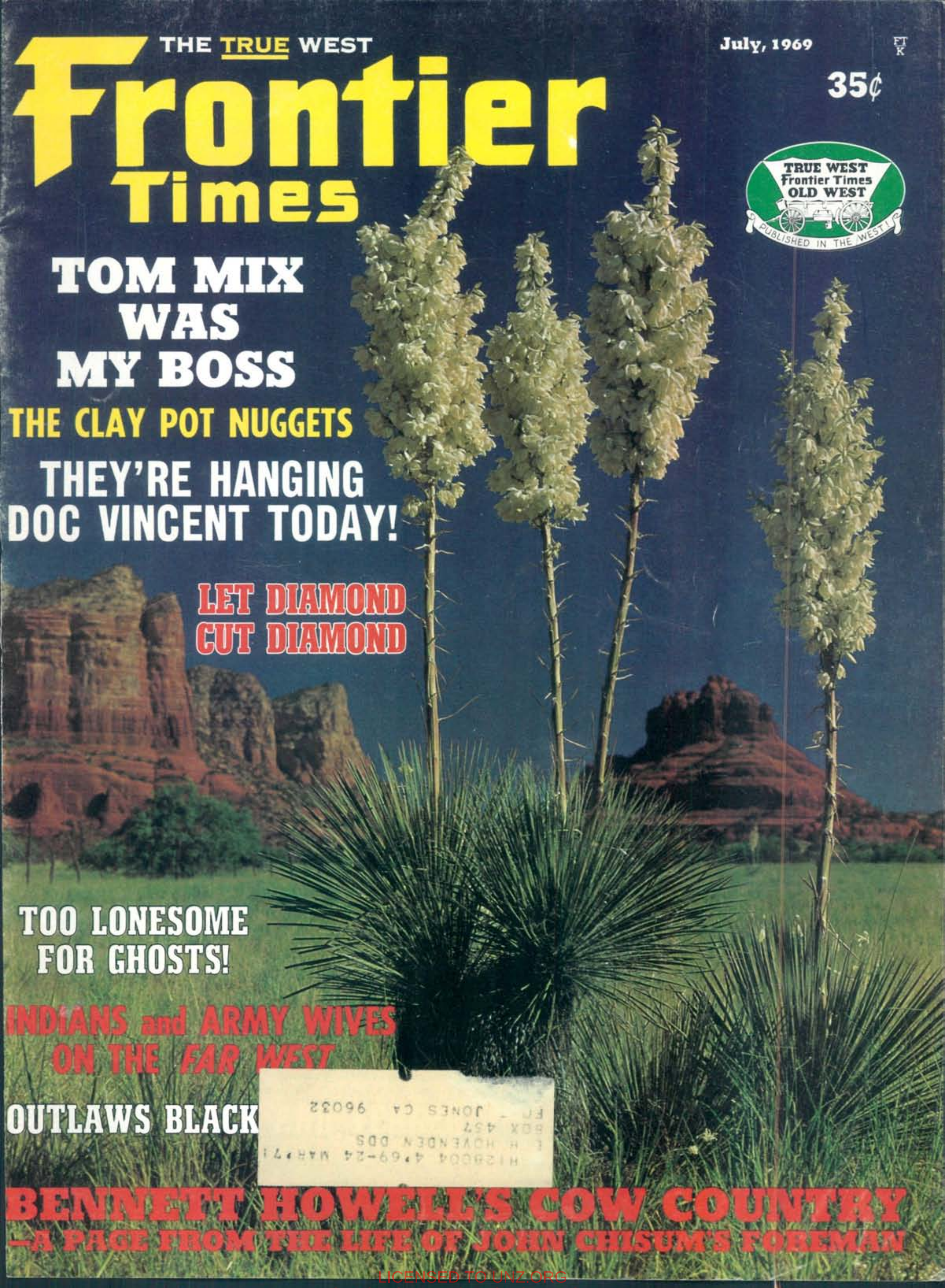

## TOM MIX WAS MY BOSS

## THE CLAY POT NUGGETS

## THEY'RE HANGING DOC VINCENT TODAY!

## LET DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

## TOO LONESOME FOR GHOSTS!

## INDIANS and ARMY WIVES ON THE *FAR WEST*

## OUTLAWS BLACK

## BENNETT HOWELL'S COW COUNTRY

—A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN CHISUM'S FOREMAN

# GLORY HOLE!

**32 Features**

**50c**

Take a look at the contents page!

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*Cover:* Ben Carlton Mead
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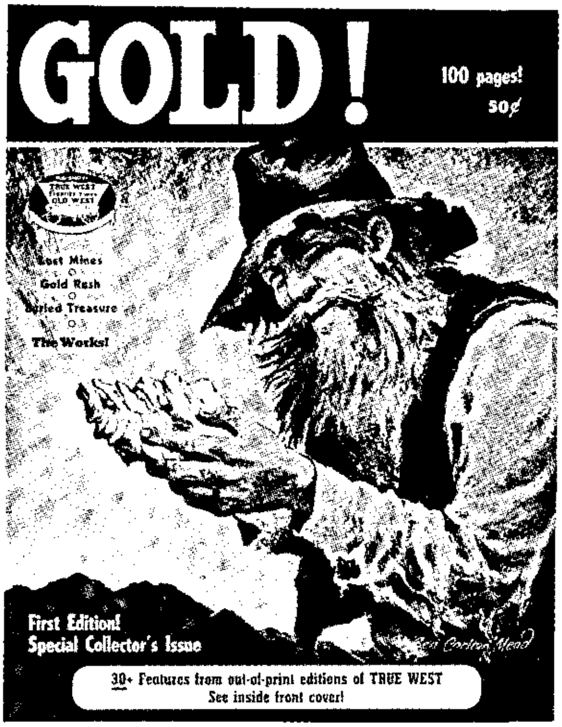

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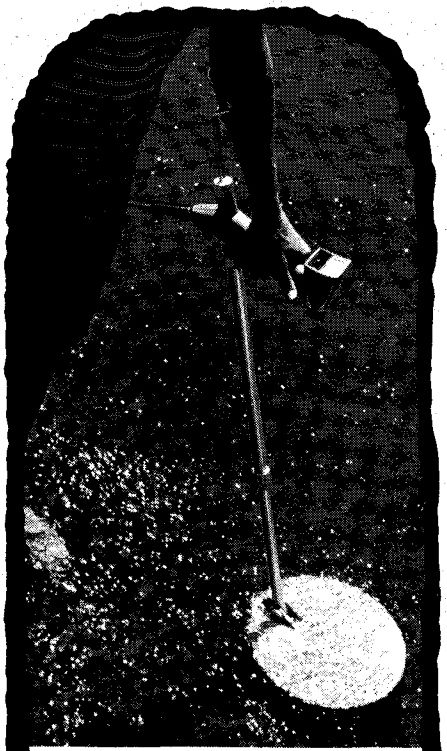

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# FRONTIER TIMES

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June-July, 1969

Vol. 43, No. 4

New Series No. 60

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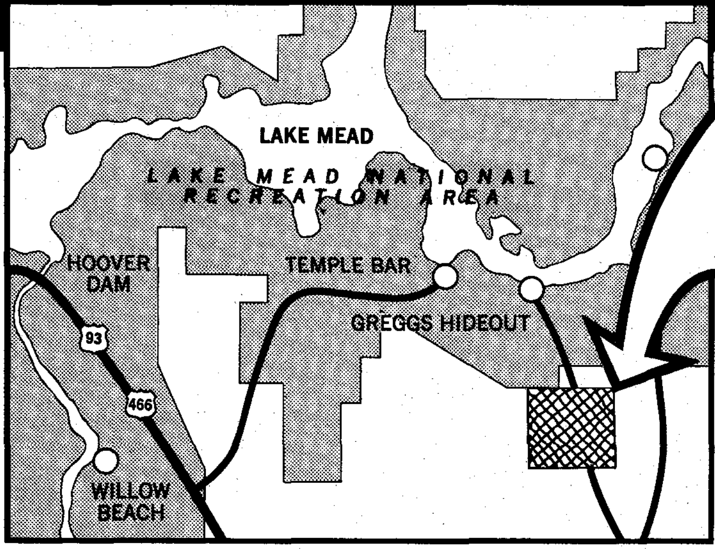

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# FRONTIER POST

### J. Frank Dobie

Dear Sir:

I enjoy the sincerity and straightforwardness of both TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, but I am especially pleased by anything by or about Frank Dobie. I call him that because it was the name I knew him by. It was long after I knew him that he began to be called "J. Frank." And his nickname, Pancho, came later, too. It was, I suppose, an affectionate childhood name at the ranch that came back into use with familiar friends in later years.

We were in school together about 1905 and 1906. There were two or three years' difference in our ages, but I remember him clearly as a charming boy, kind, sturdy, poised; a boy we all liked and respected, a boy whose presence was always welcome in any group. We lived in the center of a world of ranches and cattle, horses and cowboys. In all discussions relating to these things, he was, in our boy world and by common agreement, the expert whose explanations were final.

In later years we were on different paths of life. When he was abroad, I would be (as we used to say) in the States; when I was in Europe, he was at home. When he was in Austin, I was working in Boston, and when he was in New York, I was in San Francisco or New Orleans, and so it went.

However, I have on my work table beside me now a book I treasure. It is one of his he liked best, I think. It is inscribed to me with this added touch, characteristic of his kindness: "Memories of you refresh me." It was reported to me that he once said to an older relative of mine, "Walter was always a little gentleman." This makes me blink and wonder. I seem to remember occasional tantrums, followed by brooding silence and stubborn moments. Maybe no worse than most kids though.

In my book, *Texas Boys*—my happiest work, incidentally—I have introduced some of his fine boyhood qualities but did not use his name. The identities of all the boys—and other characters—are concealed under aliases of my own invention.

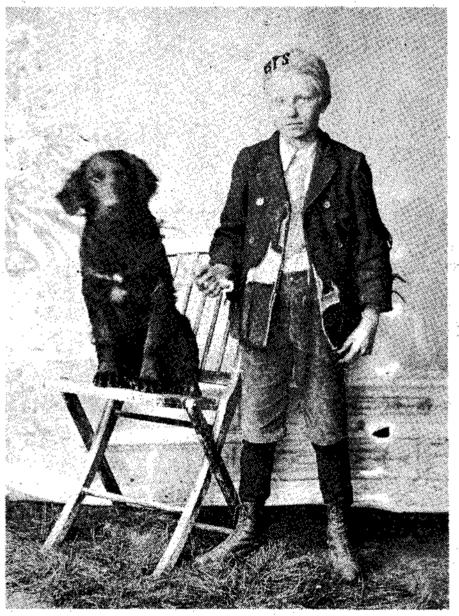
My excuse for this long letter is that I am aware of the interest your publications show in all which concerns (must I use that unfamiliar initial? Yes, I suppose so), J. Frank Dobie—Walter Overton, Box 111, Elberta, Alabama 36530

### Lost: "Whisky Basin"

Dear Sirs:

In 1937 when I was ten years old, I spent the summer in Green River, Wyoming with a Mr. and Mrs. Howard Simpson. One of the trips we took was to a place called "Whisky Basin," which I seem to remember as being east of Rock Springs and then south. We went there to look for arrowheads and did pretty well.

At that time I lived in Washington, D. C. I now live in Littleton, Colorado and would like to go to "Whisky Basin" again. However, I can't seem to find it on any map and no one seems to know where it is. I wonder if some of your readers could help me? A location by range and township would be of great help. Thank you!—William S. Mathers, 891 East Applewood Avenue, Littleton, Colorado 80120



### Boy from Bozeman?

Dear Editor:

The Chrisman family, who were related to the Lincolns, lived in the Judith Basin of Montana. Their post office was Moccasin and Kolin. The family in 1914 consisted of Belle Keith, Mary Elizabeth, Paul and Joe Andy Chrisman. They were sisters and brothers and were all single. Their father John Lincoln Chrisman had been treasurer of Gallatin County and the family had lived at Bozeman, Montana for many years. John dropped the name of Lincoln about 1860 and never used it nor admitted any relationship to Abraham Lincoln, the President, although they were cousins. John's grandfather was Jacob Lincoln, a brother of Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of the President. The Chrismans had been southern sympathizers.

After the death of Joe Andy, the last of the four, a little leatherbound trunk and some other keepsakes were sent to me, a cousin, by Miss Anna Argenbright of Kolin, Montana. "Cousin Betty" had already given me a number of Lincoln heirlooms, coin silver, silver chest, many books, etc.

Among the items in the trousseau trunk were many photographs of people at Bozeman and Butte, Montana. I believe these were the property of Joe Andy. Among them was this picture which seems to have a story. It shows a very ragged little boy with a black dog. He is wearing some kind of a cap, and visible at the right side of the cap are the letters "SSYS" which is apparently the last part of a name or word.

The little boy has such a wistful expression, bordering on the sorrowful, that I have always wanted to know who he was and what his story is. This photo was taken in Dawes Studio at Bozeman, Montana. There must have been some reason for an "extra finish" photograph to have been taken of the boy and his dog. I would imagine this photo was made very early in this century or in the latter part of the last century, so the boy would be an elderly man if still living. I would appreciate letters from anyone at Bozeman who might recognize the blond boy.—Estelle Chrisman Laughlin, 815 P Street, Gering, Nebraska 69341

### World War I Remount Buddies

Dear Editor:

I would like to correspond with any of my buddies that I was in the Remount with in Camp Lewis, Washington during World War I. I was in the Veterinary Corps with my brother "Ingvald" (Red) and we were night guards around the barns on the east side. Bob Askins and Jock McDonald were night guards on the west side.—Carl M. Dunrud, Meeteetse, Wyoming 82433

### The Road Runner

Dear Sirs:

Reading an article in the February-March FRONTIER TIMES, "The Clown That Met The Wagontrains" by Arch Napier, brought to mind a poem I wrote in 1948 here in Phoenix entitled "The Road Runner."

**His silly antics, clowning ways**
**Take from the trail its lonely days,**
**And you will say, with all the rest,**
**"He's not the spirit, he IS the West."**

—Clarence Johnsen, 805 South 31st Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85009

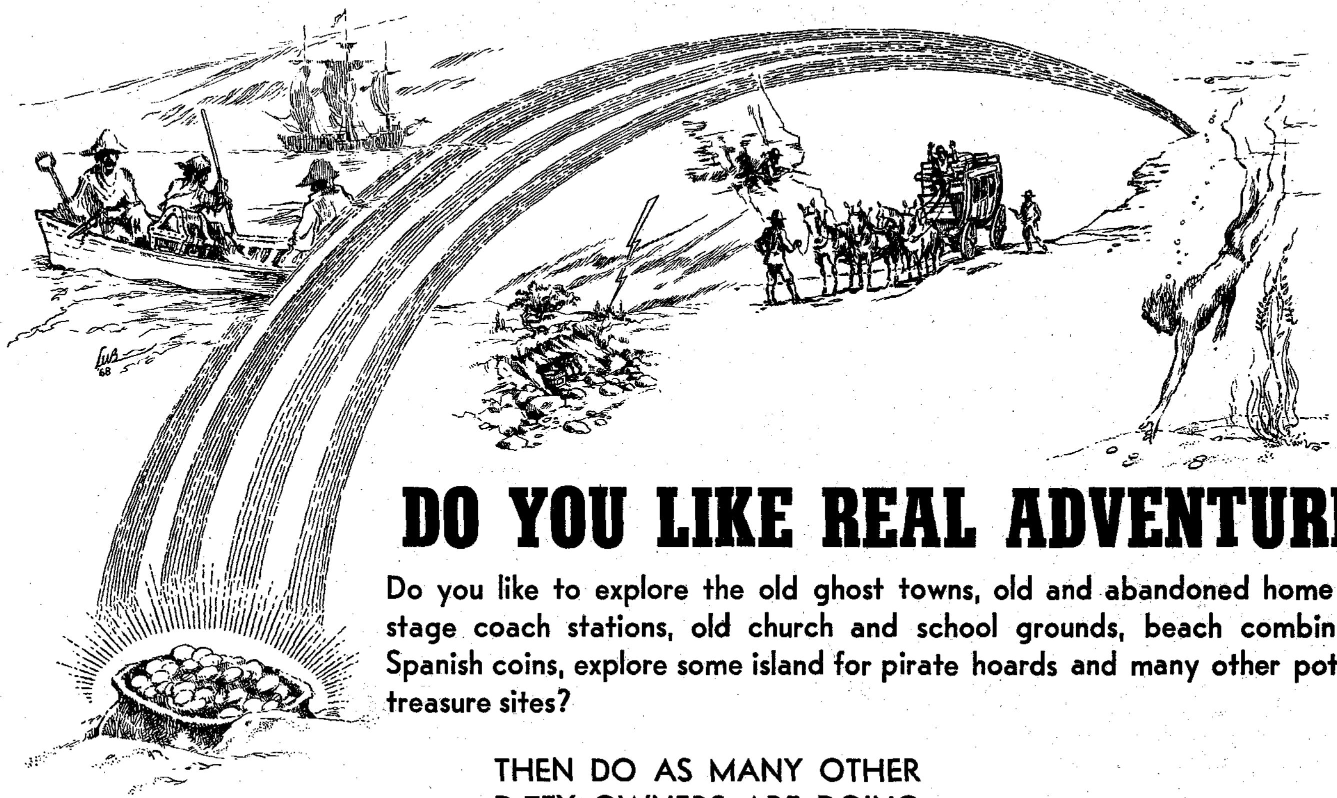
### Today's Frontier Wife

Dear Sirs:

In your Fall 1962 issue was a story about Chief Wha-Nee-Ota with the scalps with no hair on them. Well, a long time ago my grandfather showed us his trunk of goodies he had kept for many years. In that trunk of many things were two scalps, one with awful colored, reddish-brown woman's hair and another one strung up on a small hoop-looking piece of wood. The one on wood was bald. We asked why one was bald and the other still kept its hair.

*(Continued on page 46)*

# IS THIS *YOUR* POT OF GOLD?



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**As we grow older we stop believing.**
**But, a little lingers on.**
**Your ship will come in.**
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# BENNETT HOWELL'S COW

By MAY HOWELL DODSON

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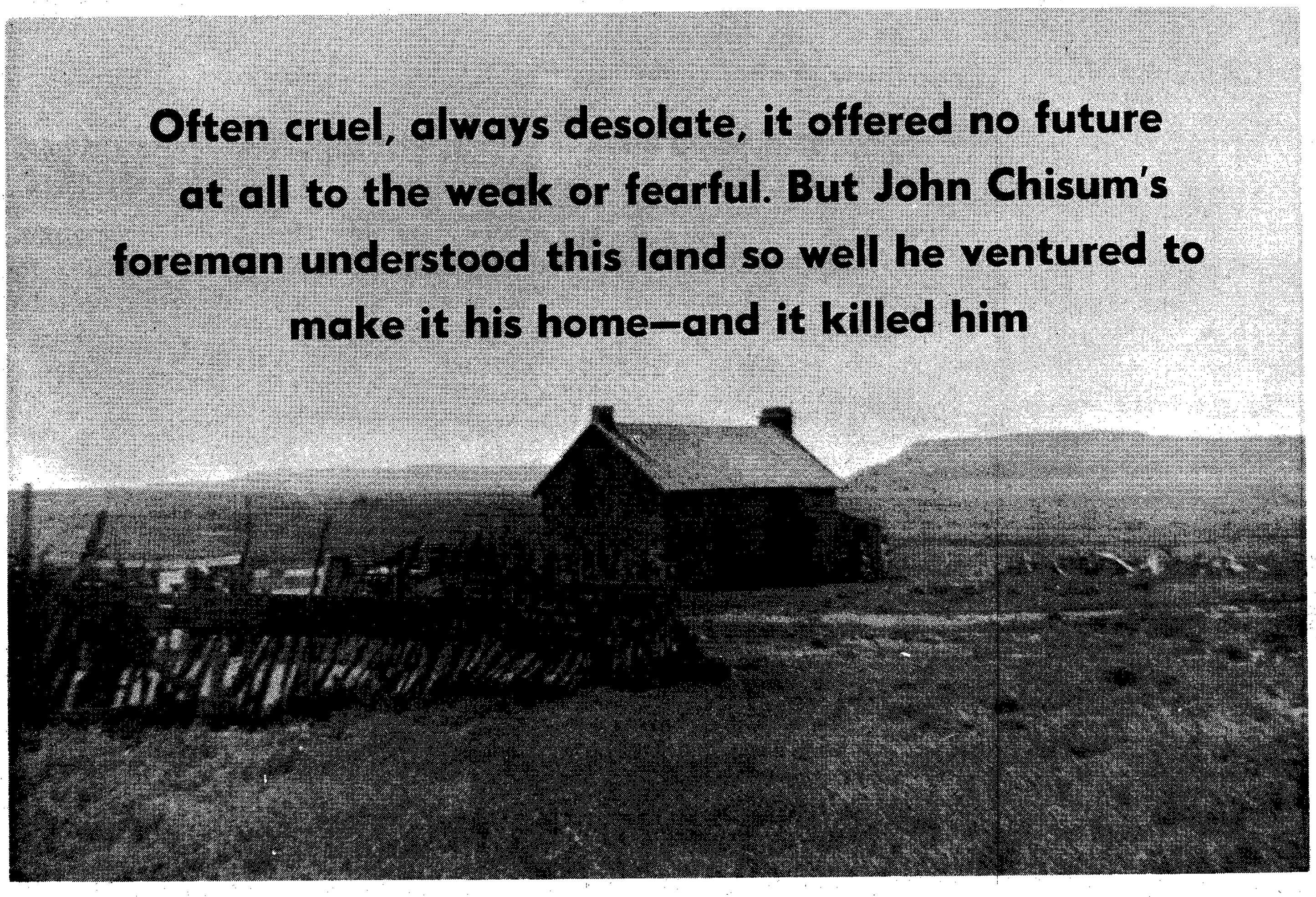

Often cruel, always desolate, it offered no future at all to the weak or fearful. But John Chisum's foreman understood this land so well he ventured to make it his home—and it killed him

Quervita Ranch, covering an area of 100 square miles, was the home of Bennett Howell from 1889 to 1895.

JUST A FEW FEET from the point where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona come together is a grave marked: "To an Unknown Traveler." That traveler was my great-grandfather.

About 1864, a wagontrain left Ypsilanti, Michigan en route to California. When it reached Utah, a number of the immigrants became discouraged with the hardships and the long distance still to go. So the caravan halted and tarried for a while.

In the caravan were Alonzo and Angeline Harris, their son Jacob and his wife Eliza, the latter my mother's parents. My mother, Minerva, was born on May 29, 1865 in Gunnison. Besides Jacob's mother and father, Eliza's grandparents were among the travelers, as was her father, Daley Carpenter, and an aunt and two cousins.

It had been a dry spring and the crops matured late so the company was delayed in resuming its journey. Storms caught them when they were crossing the mountains. One night they were forced to camp in deep snow. They shoveled the drifts away and made camp in the enclosure. There they built fires and cooked. The old Conestoga wagons were very large. The hind wheels were taller than a man's head. Inside, the beds were made crosswise of the wagon box.

The night was very bitter and Eliza heard her father in the next wagon call out that he was cold. She took bedding from her own wagon and tried to make him comfortable; she spent the rest of the night doing what she could for him, but when morning came he was dead. A grave was dug inside the camp area and a large stone was finally loosened from the ice and snow and placed at the head of the grave. His name was crudely scratched with burnt sticks. When the sun came out, the caravan packed up and drove on, hoping to reach their destination before another storm hit.

Years later a highway was built along this route and the grave was moved some sixty feet from its original place. It was then that the plate was placed on it with the inscription: "To an

# COUNTRY

AL MARTIN
NAPOLETANO

Unknown Traveler."

The Harris family reached Roswell, New Mexico and settled there. Another group stopped off in Bisbee, Arizona. Others continued to San Bernardino, California.

I was told that the first apple trees planted in the Pecos Valley came from seed that Grandfather (Uncle Jake) Harris had brought with him. He took up land near the Bottomless Lakes. Near the intersection of the Hondo and Pecos Rivers he built a bridge and established a home. And he prospered, as so many stockmen did at that time. Besides horses and cattle, Grandfather planted and tilled a farm which netted the family food for the table.

One night a band of Indians came into the valley and drove off horses from many of the settlers' herds. John Chisum sent his men out to follow the raiders, and recovered most of the stolen stock. But Grandpa, who had so few head and needed them so badly, did not recover any of his horses. (Later, the government reimbursed the settlers for their loss, but by that time Grandpa had moved away and received nothing.)

Soon afterward, Jake's parents died and to make matters more discouraging, a canal was built, passing his farm and, due to sub-irrigation, ruining its production. After struggling for several years, the Harris family left and moved to Colorado. One daughter, Melissa, married

**J. Bennett Howell in an old tintype taken in Sonora, Mexico, prior to 1884. Sent from Benson, Arizona, the photo was enclosed in a letter to his girl, saying, ". . . Write soon to the one who loves you better than all else or himself."**

**Minerva Harris and Bennett Howell the year they were married, 1885. In these photos, Minerva was twenty and Bennett was twenty-seven.**

Tobias Cazier and remained in the valley.

DURING the period from 1877 to 1885 Bennett Howell lived in the valley. He came to John Chisum's ranch as a boy of seventeen. He had left his home in Stephenville, Texas, where he had been working in his Grandfather Dixon's store. He got bored with the humdrum life there and announced one morning that he was going west; he was going to become a cowboy. Dixon tried to persuade him to stay on and finish his education, saying he would furnish him funds to complete college. But Bennett's mind was made up. He would go west and earn his own money to go to college —which he never did.

He left home with only his pony and a small amount of money from wages he had earned at the store. After many days of riding he arrived at John Chisum's ranch late one evening. His horse was worn out; he was hungry and dirty. There was no one at the ranch except the cook, who took one look at him and proceeded to make him welcome.

After washing at the stand outside the kitchen, Bennett combed his hair and went in. The cook set out a meal of cold victuals, the first full meal the boy had eaten in days.

When John Chisum returned home, he was impressed with the young Texan and gave him a job as horse wrangler. Bennett soon learned to be a real cowboy, roping and riding the meanest bucking horses. After a time, finding him honest and reliable, Chisum made him range foreman. It was said that Bennett Howell had more influence with Chisum than any other man on the ranch.

Chisum paid wages to most of his men by branding calves with their brand. Money was hard to get in Roswell, as for many years there were no banks nearer than Las Vegas, over 200 miles away. During the time Bennett worked for Chisum, he built up a sizeable herd of cattle for himself. He was temperate and saved his money. He neither smoked, gambled nor drank.

When "Uncle John," as he called Chisum, became ill and went east for his health, Bennett was placed in charge of the ranch. John Chisum died in December 1884 and was buried at Paris, Texas, beside his parents. Bennett continued to manage Chisum's cattle business until the estate was settled. He then established a ranch of his own south of Chisum's Spring Lake Ranch on the Texas Staked Plains.

As there were no fences, all open country, a man's range was established by right of possession. There was no water on the Plains, but an abundance of fine grass. So ranchers put up windmills, dug wells, built tanks—always ten miles from another well.

The Capitol Syndicate Company had been granted 3,000,000 acres of land in payment for building the State Capitol of Texas. When they first began fencing parts of their vast holdings their south fence bordered on Bennett's ranch.

On October 22, 1885, Bennett Howell and Minerva Harris were married in Roswell by Justice of the Peace Frank Lee. There were no churches. They immediately drove to his headquarters south of the Spring Lake Ranch. In a letter to Minerva, telling her he was coming to Roswell to marry her, Bennett wrote, "It's a lonely place to take a girl, but it is the best I can do now." They lived on this ranch more than three years. It was 100 miles to the post office, which was Colorado City, Texas.

Soon after reaching the ranch a prairie fire broke out. The Llano Estacado (Staked Plains) was a vast area of flat land covered with a thick turf of grama grass and mesquite shrubs. When Bennett arose one morning, he saw smoke in the distance and knew what it meant. He took wagon, team, water barrels, and he and Minerva joined up with other ranchers to burn fire guards. Mother did the cooking. This happened more than once.

THE YOUNG COUPLE made an occasional visit to Roswell. I was born there at the home of my Grandmother Harris, on May 6, 1887.

Life was unbearably lonely on that ranch. Sand hills. No shrubbery except mesquite bushes. One day before I was born Mother discovered a mockingbird's nest in a mesquite bush near the house; it had five eggs in it. My dad built a cage around the bush to keep skunks, coyotes, hawks and other predators away. Mother closed the gate at night and opened it in the morning to let the parent birds out. When the eggs hatched, Mother was fascinated by the number of trips the parent birds made feeding their young. She became a "baby-sitter" and went out and caught grasshoppers to add to the supply. Neither the young birds nor the parent birds had any fear of Mother. Later they would fly out and, when evening came, Mother would call and the young birds would answer. They were her only company when Dad was away.

One day my dad came home and told Mother that a family named Stone had moved onto a ranch some twenty or twenty-five miles away. The settlement was later called Dimmitt. As Dad was going to be absent for some time, he suggested she drive over and stay with them until he returned. Dad had a fine, gentle team of matched bays, so Mother hitched the horses to the hack and started over to the Stones' ranch. Father had given her specific directions on how to get there, but somehow Mother missed the way. She followed a dim wagon track which led to a cow ranch, reaching there late in the afternoon. There were only a few men at the ranch. As it was getting so late, the foreman of the ranch suggested that she stay all night and one of the men would put her on the right road the next morning. But Mother thought she should not stay because no women were there, so the foreman gave her directions on how to continue. She started off but had not gone far when she realized she was lost again. The road played out and there was nothing to do but go back to the ranch. The men welcomed her and again invited her to spend the night. Again she insisted she must go on, so one of the men saddled a horse and accompanied her to the Stones' ranch. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when they reached their destination. Mother remained with the Stones until my father returned. Was he mad!

"You insulted those men!"

"How?" my mother asked.

"By not staying all night there. You would have been perfectly safe. No cowboy ever insulted or molested a *lady!*"

MY PARENTS lived on the Plains about three years. Then the XIT began to throw more cattle on the range and Dad saw that eventually he would be crowded back into the sand hills. So he began to plan to move. He formed a partnership with Gross-Blackwell and Company of Las Vegas, New Mexico, and leased the Preston-Beck grant, an area ten miles square, for ninety-nine years. The south border was twenty miles north of the present town of Santa Rosa. He bought a half interest in the A_ (A L) brand and was to be the general manager of the ranch. He also had a herd of cattle of his own branded ‾V‾ (Flying V).

After completing the transaction in Las Vegas, Dad began moving his cattle from Texas to the Quervito in New Mexico. This range had a stream of water flowing through it that never dried up, even in the driest weather. There was a good stand of grass and among the rough canyons would be shelter for cattle in storms.

Father had two helpers on the drive, Felix Lutterell and Charles Turner. They started the cattle on the trail, while Mother, with her fifteen-year-old brother, brought up the rear in a wagon. The wagon not only held food and bedrolls but also Mother's trunk and a few household utensils.

Travel was slow, as the cattle were allowed to graze along. At night they watered the stock at a windmill, then bedded them down and camped. Three men took turns standing guard but, in spite of efforts to keep them out, other cattle would get into the herd. So, before string-out each morning, the XIT man stationed at the windmill would come and help Dad cut the herd, driving back all XIT and other cattle owned by ranchers living in the district. Cattle belonging to owners farther up the trail were kept in the herd.

All went well at first. Then came the last morning they were to be on the XIT land. Two Syndicate men came and cut the herd, for they wanted no cattle belonging on the Plains to be driven off that area.

Camp was broken, the horses hitched to the wagon, and the cattle started on the trail. Suddenly two men rode up, threw their guns on Dad and his men, and told them to turn around and ride back. My dad asked, "What do you want?" and the answer was, "You are under arrest for cattle stealing."

Dad asked to see their warrants. They said they had none but would get them when they reached Tascosa. My father invited them to inspect the herd. They ignored him. Then they said to my mother, "Turn your team around and follow us."

"Oh, no, I won't!" my mother replied. "I have stolen no cattle and you can't arrest a woman."

"What do you mean to do?" they asked.

"I am taking this herd on to our New Mexico ranch," she answered angrily.

At this point Dad broke away and tried to persuade Mother to let the cattle go, but Mother was stubborn. Then Dad tried to persuade her to drive back to Roswell. That didn't suit her either. After parleying, the ruffians put their guns to Dad's back and commanded him to "get going."

Mother watched the murderers (as she assumed) ride away with their guns at Dad's, Charlie's and Felix's backs. Then turning to her brother, really a small boy, she said, "Johnnie, you and I will save the cattle!"

She climbed on her horse, riding sidesaddle, took me, a child one and a half years old, into her lap, and started toward the cattle. Johnnie led out and soon they had the herd strung out on the trail. Then Mother returned to the wagon, tied her horse to the back end and, climbing on the seat, drove the team behind the herd. When evening came, they made camp. Johnnie attempted to bed down the cattle while Mother cooked supper. A norther began blowing and she could not make the buffalo chips burn. Mother said I was cold, hungry and crying. To make matters worse, John rode up and announced, "Sister, I can't hold the herd; they have started running and I can't stop them!"

Mother sat down on the wagon tongue and gave way to grief. It was at this moment that out of nowhere a man rode up. Without asking many questions, he got down off his horse, built a fire, then, remounting, he called to John to "Come on!" The two overtook the cattle and kept up with them until they began to tire. Then they managed to get them circling and soon the cattle lay down exhausted.

**PPP outfit on the Ute Creek, 1880s. Louis Bays is the second from the left. All the others are unidentified.**

JOHN R. JOYCE & CO. GROCERIES AND HARDWARE

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

**Roswell, New Mexico, 1895, where the Harris family settled.**

S. K. Sydes and John took turns standing guard all night. The next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Sydes left us and rode to a cattle ranch east of Tucumcari. The place was known as Liberty. There he called the foreman out and told him he had left a young woman with a small child out on the Plains. In less time than it takes to tell, a group of men were galloping to meet Mother. They took charge and drove the cattle on to Quervito, where there was water and grass. After a brief stay, they returned to their ranch.

Mother was left in an old empty, two-room house. During the first night she gave birth to a premature baby. The next morning, her young brother buried the child, hitched the team to the wagon, and drove us to Roswell. My grandmother quickly summoned Dr. Sutherland, for by that time Mother was running a high temperature. The physician, a skilled country doctor, restored her to health.

MOTHER still had no word from my father, and she felt very sure that he and his helpers had been murdered. She also thought the outlaws had intended coming back to get the cattle but, thanks to Mr. Sydes and a kind-hearted group of cowboys, the herd had been driven to safety. After leaving the young woman and her baby and small boy alone in that bleak country, the outlaws had forced Dad and his two friends to ride on ahead of them. They soon came to the small settlement of Tascosa and were riding past the general store when a man rode up and recognized my father. He dismounted and came up to him, saying, "Hello, Bennett, what are you doing here? I thought you were moving off the Plains into New Mexico."

When the man spoke to Dad, the outlaws started to ride away. Dad quickly told the fellow, who was a deputy sheriff, what had happened. They, of course, made a claim that they had caught Bennett and his partners stealing cattle and were bringing them to justice. My father immediately demanded that the accusation be brought before the court.

In the meantime, Dad had located Perry Cox and the other man who had helped cut his herd that last morning, and both were subpoened as witnesses. They testified that they had examined the herd and found no stock that were not Bennett Howell's save some he was delivering to ranchers in New Mexico.

The two who had caused all the touble were ex-convicts. One had served three years in the penitentiary for cattle stealing and the other had served two years for stealing hogs. When the grand jury met, the evidence was examined and Bennett Howell was exonorated of any crime and his name cleared.

When at last he was free to go, Dad hurried to Roswell to learn if his family had arrived. He found us at Grandmother's home.

Charlie Turner remained at Dad's new ranch and worked for him for many years. I never heard what became of Felix Lutterell. Years later, after I was married, I met Mr. Sydes in Tucumcari —the man who saved our lives. He was a wonderful old man then, loved by everyone, and well he should have been.

MY EARLY CHILDHOOD was spent on the El Cuervo (Crow) Ranch, twenty miles from the present town of Santa Rosa, New Mexico. Our house, a two-room structure built of native stone, was about 200 yards from a stream. My father dug a well in front of the kitchen door, but found the water heavy in alkali. He then crossed the stream, dug a shallow well and found good, soft water. Hence, from then on, all our household water had to be carried from that well across the stream to the house.

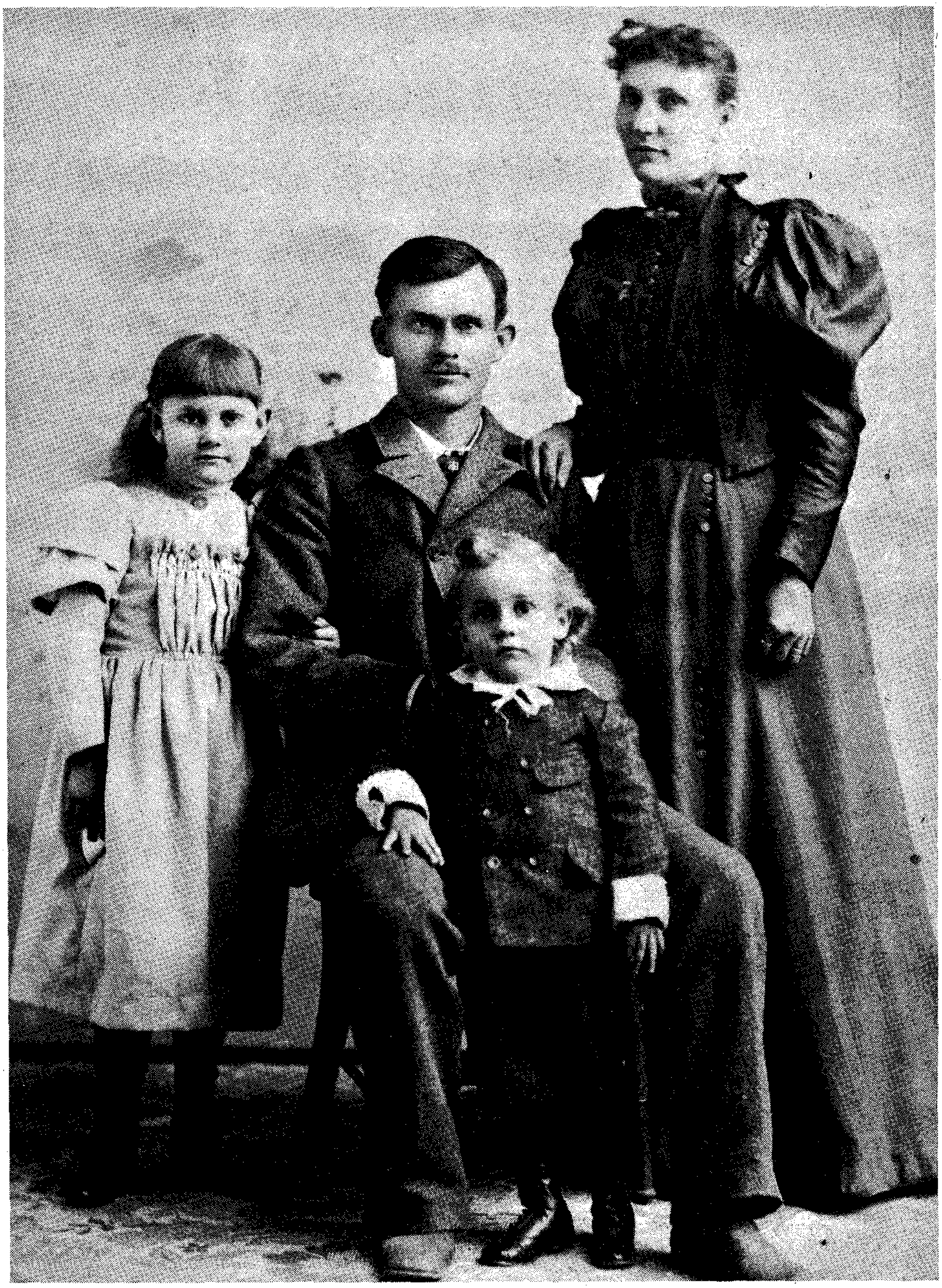
Dad put a three-wire fence around the entire grant. This was one of the first fences to be built in that area. Before then the cattle had wandered on open range. Each spring and autumn a roundup would be formed by all the ranchers. Each rancher sent one or two men and a string of eight or ten horses to join the gathering.

When my dad had to be away for the roundup, Mother, my new brother and I were left alone on the ranch. Sometimes the men were gone for a long time. The roundups would start in Texas and work on north to Colorado. At the beginning all cattle within a half-day's riding radius were driven in to the herd. After dinner, the calves were branded the same brand as their mother. Then the herd moved on, leaving the cattle whose owners lived in that vicinity. The next day was a repetition of the first, dropping the local and taking the rest on. Sometimes cattle were found in Texas belonging to ranchers in New Mexico. The foreman carried a tally-book with brands and owners' names and locations.

One time when Dad had been gone overly long, a man rode by and told my mother that several outfits were coming to Ft. Sumner for a big roundup. So Mother hitched her team to the hack and drove to Ft. Sumner. There she was told that the roundup was out on the mesa. She drove on and soon we saw three men riding toward us. Mother recognized one as my father.

After greetings, we started to make camp away from the main chuckwagons. However, it started to rain heavily, so we drove to Ft. Sumner and decided to camp in the old officers' quarters of the fort. This was the building which had been occupied by Pete Maxwell when Pat Garrett killed Billy the Kid. We went around the building to a side door which opened onto a stairway. Going up, we came into a large attic-like room lighted by dormer windows. It was very dusty and gave off an odor of mice.

My dad went to a door opening on a balcony. There, on the balcony, my parents spread out our camp beds and we slept soundly, disturbed only by lightning and thunder. The next morning my



Courtesy Bennett and Daisye Howell

**Mr. and Mrs. Howell with their children May and Morton, January 1894.**

dad rejoined the roundup and Mother drove on to Roswell where we visited her parents, Jake and Eliza Harris.

After an extended visit, Mother drove back to the ranch. Grandpa had loaded the back of our hack with onions, white potatoes, sweet potatoes and Hubbard squash, watermelons and cantaloupes. We had no garden as there was no water to irrigate and rainfall was too light to grow things. When we finally reached the ranch, we found my dad had arrived ahead of us.

THE WORK for a ranch woman of my mother's generation would be impossible for a woman of today. Although my dad chopped the wood, or left a man to do it, the rest of the chores fell upon Mother. She fed and raised chickens, ducks and turkeys to supply meat and eggs. Often in summer she milked from ten to eighteen cows. These were young heifers with young calves. As they were used to life in the wild, they were usually as wild as deer. Some would kick and had to have their hind legs tied. Others had to be tied by their horns to the snubbing post.

After the cows were milked in the evening, the calves were turned out to run and exercise during the night. Early next morning, they were usually standing by the fence waiting to be let in to their mothers. It was always an interesting sight to see the little fellows run to their mothers and start getting their breakfast. As the warm milk poured into their little stomachs, their tails wagged like dogs', in perfect ecstasy. As autumn approached, the cows began weaning their calves and had to be turned out to pasture for the winter. Then we had no more milk.

Mother was a thrifty soul, and we had butter all winter. She would skim the milk and churn every morning. The butter in one-pound molds was secured in cheesecloth sacks and immersed in a barrel of salty water. When the barrel was filled a canvas was fastened over the top and it was set aside for winter use.

Mother also made cheese. Into a tub of fresh milk, my Dad dropped a few drops of rennet. Just a few drops caused the whole tub of milk to clabber. Father had made a press of boards and five-gallon oil cans, and the tub of clabber was poured into in. Then a squeezing process began by turning a wheel with cogs like a screw. Out came the whey and the curd remained. Little by little the whey was extracted and a head of cheese resembling those in the markets was left. The heads were white at first, but Mother melted butter and greased them; then sewed them in cheesecloth to prevent flies or insects reaching them. They were placed on a shelf in the adobe milk-house. Every day for three weeks the cheesecloth was removed, the butter scraped off, and a fresh application of melted butter applied. We never tasted them under three weeks, and usually Mother would wait a month or six weeks before opening one. Such cheese I've never tasted since.

Mother also made all the clothing for the family except my father's pants.

WHEN MY FATHER had to be away from home for any length of time, we would often go to a little mountain on the ranch. Mother would climb up the steep slope and sitting on a projecting rock, look out across the plains through our field glasses. Brother and I played around under the projecting rock. One day Mother saw Dad coming far across the plains, in the white-topped hack. She came scrambling down and we hurried to the house, then on to meet Dad, nearly a mile from the house. The atmosphere was so clear we could see long distances.

Supplies were freighted from Las Vegas, 75 miles away, or from Amarillo, Texas, 125 miles. Although the distance to Amarillo was much greater, the roads were better. There were no mountains to climb nor rough canyons as found on the Vegas road. Supplies were obtained every six months. One day as Dad was leaving, telling us goodbye, he stooped to kiss me and asked, "What would you like for me to bring you from town?"

Without hesitation I answered, "A pair of earrings!"

"All right," Dad said, "but you'll have to get your ears pierced."

He had hardly driven out of sight when I asked Mother to pierce my ears. Mother was reluctant to do so, as she thought probably Dad would not remember. But I persisted. So taking a needle with white thread, she boiled them and then, after pinching my ear, thrust the hot needle through the earlobe and tied the thread. Every few days she would pull the

*(Continued on page 52)*

# The Clay

## Fortune handed the old man a ticket to a life of ease, then when saying goodbye spoiled it all by tossing him a bouquet of larkspur!

TINE GRAY stared at the carcasses of his three burros in astonished disbelief. It couldn't be, that they were dead! All winter they had grazed near camp in southern Utah's Davis Canyon while he panned for gold.

The grass on the floor was beginning to green up, lifting out of the sand in a thick mat. They had been grazing when he saw them last—just before midnight under the brilliant light of a March moon. No air can be more clear and sharp than in Utah.

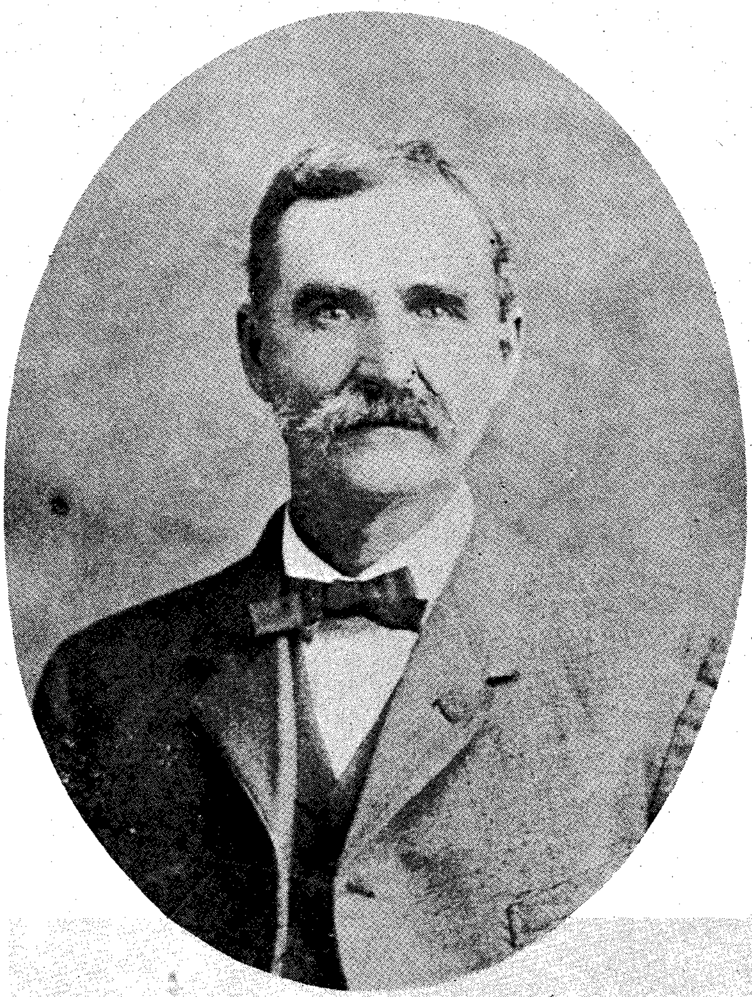
Stunned, hardly knowing what to do, the aging prospector realized that the burros' deaths had to be caused by something they had eaten or drunk. The water running more than a foot deep over the sand and gravel in the canyon was crystal clear. There was no taint of mineral in it such as might have come down with the beginning of the spring run-off. Certainly the grass contained nothing noxious.

The burros' tracks were all over the canyon floor. Walking along, pondering the tragedy that had befallen him, Gray gradually reached a point rather far from camp. There he discovered fresh hoofprints coming in from the north side. They were particularly noticeable for being thrust deep into the sand. Disturbed by something and frightened, his burros had been running toward camp when those new tracks were made.

His pulse leaping, Gray hurried over to the base of a cliff where several deep green plants were distinguishable from all the others. Pulling one from the ground he examined the budding top, then dropped it slowly. He saw where the burros had bitten off many tops of the luscious plant, and there no longer existed any doubt as to what had killed his pack animals. But what possessed the smart animals to eat this particular weed? The poisonous plant was larkspur.

Returning to the carcasses, Gray turned back the eyelids for an inspection. The white of the eyeballs had developed small brown spots. That evidence was conclusive. The prospector sat down beside the still bodies to ponder his next move.

TINE GRAY had come into Davis Canyon from the village of Escalante the



# Pot Nuggets

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

past August, 1892. He was seventy years old. For forty years he had been a wanderer and prospector. He had been told that in a remote and nameless canyon off the Escalante River entering the great Colorado several pounds of peanut-size gold nuggets were once found. Gray entered southern Utah, and following the rough descriptions which had been given *him*, within a few weeks wandered into Davis Canyon. After a week of prospecting near the head he had found not one color. Morever, the geological formation was not of the type in which gold was normally found. But he kept on pottering around obeying the adage that "gold is where you find it."

Gradually working downstream, moving camp twice, he still panned nothing which glinted yellow in the sunlight. September was almost at an end and Gray was half-way along the canyon when the first nugget appeared in the bottom of his black pan. After so long *a time had gone* by *without finding* anything, he stared at it in mild disbelief.

It was tested with a pocket knife and then acid. And the peanut-sized nugget with two oval ends was certainly gold. Gray did not become unduly excited. In his time he had found gold in California and Colorado. He had also labored like a dog in other locations and recovered not one color for a grubstake.

After panning the first nugget in Davis Canyon Gray moved on a few yards and obtained a dozen or so. From then on he worked early and late. The nuggets were contained in a six-inch thick layer of light colored sand on each side of the shallow stream. This indicated an old deposit, obviously washed in from somewhere else. Gold in the sand where the water coursed through had long ago washed on into the river.

After making these discoveries Gray hunted the old twisted beds of the stream. Across the canyon floor it had changed course many times. Where it had made bends, nuggets were plentiful, caught in gravel and rocks on one side. Only twice did he recover any larger that a peanut. One as big as a walnut he carried for a pocket piece.

Every day Gray labored with shovel and pan. Even when winter set in only the big storms stopped him. Any ice in the canyon usually melted at noon under a brilliant overhead sun. By late February he had accumulated quite a hoard of gold. That month his grub supply ran out but having a little salt left, he killed deer for meat. He was thus enabled to exist until March weather began warming the country. Down in the canyon it was like late spring.

Knowing that the three burros could carry no more than the gold he had panned, which he estimated at a little more than 700 pounds (avoirdupois), he prepared to leave. Also, for the three preceding weeks the recovery of nuggets had dwindled to a point where several pannings very often produced not a single one.

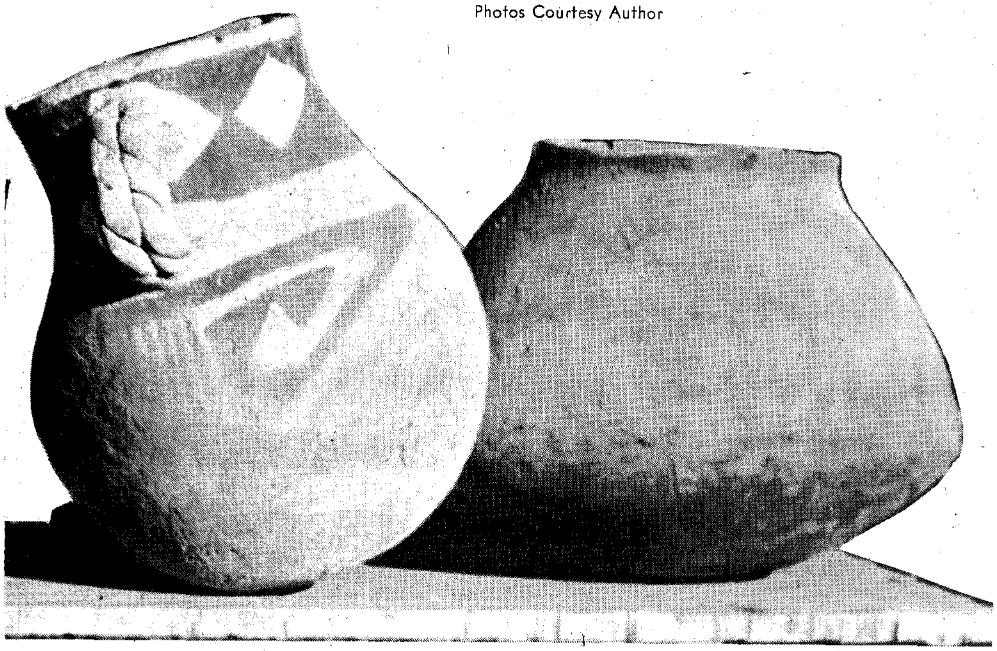
Gray cut the deer hides and fashioned them into small sacks holding about ten pounds each. Then on the morning he had intended packing up and quitting Davis Canyon, his burros had been found dead.

THE SITUATION posed a grave problem but not an insurmountable one. Gray figured he could carry fifty pounds of gold plus the last of the jerky and a sleeping blanket. But where would he head for? Careful rationing of his food had left him in a weakened condition and he would not be able to travel far. Returning to Escalante was out of the question; maybe Henrieville to the north was best; on the other hand if he walked southwest toward Kanab chances were that he would come onto settlers where he might obtain help.

Gray had heard that there was a "polyg" village on lower Paria Creek almost on the Utah border. Such a village was one where the extra wives of Mormons took hiding from federal officers after passage of the Edmunds Act forbidding plural marriages. The prospector did not know that several ranchers lived farther west on Johnson Creek, not far east of Kanab.

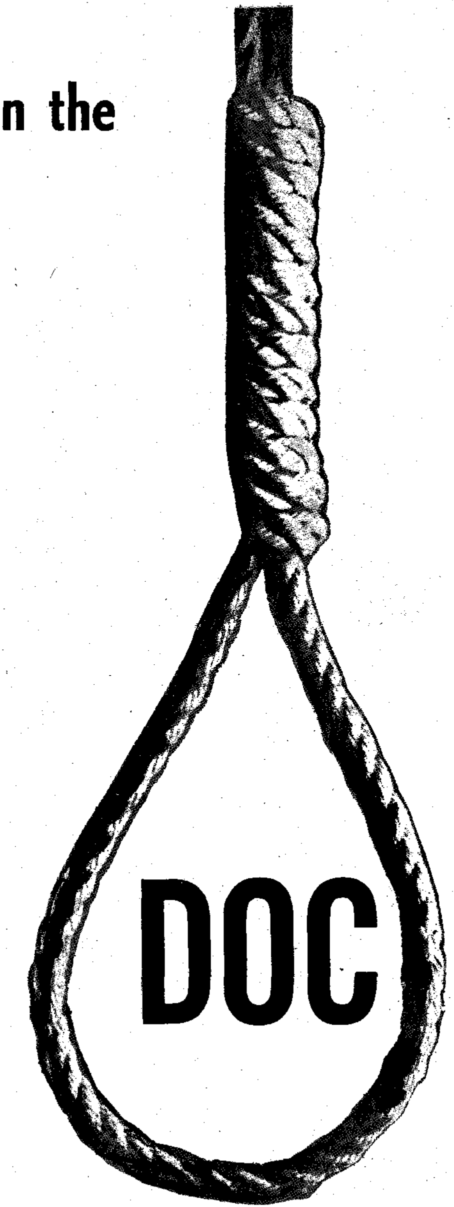
In trying to settle the problem of how to safeguard the several hundred pounds of gold he couldn't take with him, Gray remembered a cliff dwelling he had found during the summer. Not a big one, but it did contain several rooms in which a large number of pottery jars which its long-vanished, aboriginal inhabitants had left lying around. Gray's first plan of burying the gold in the hide sacks was discarded. Unless he managed to return soon they might rot in the ground. Hiding the nuggets in the clay pots was the answer. Accordingly he went to the cliff ruin, and after several trips brought back about twenty large jars which would hold three quarts to a gallon. Gray emptied the sacks into the pots, filling

*(Continued on page 43)*



**Left, southern Utah canyon country, with Navajo Mountain in the background. Above, left, Tine Gray who cached his nuggets and died.**

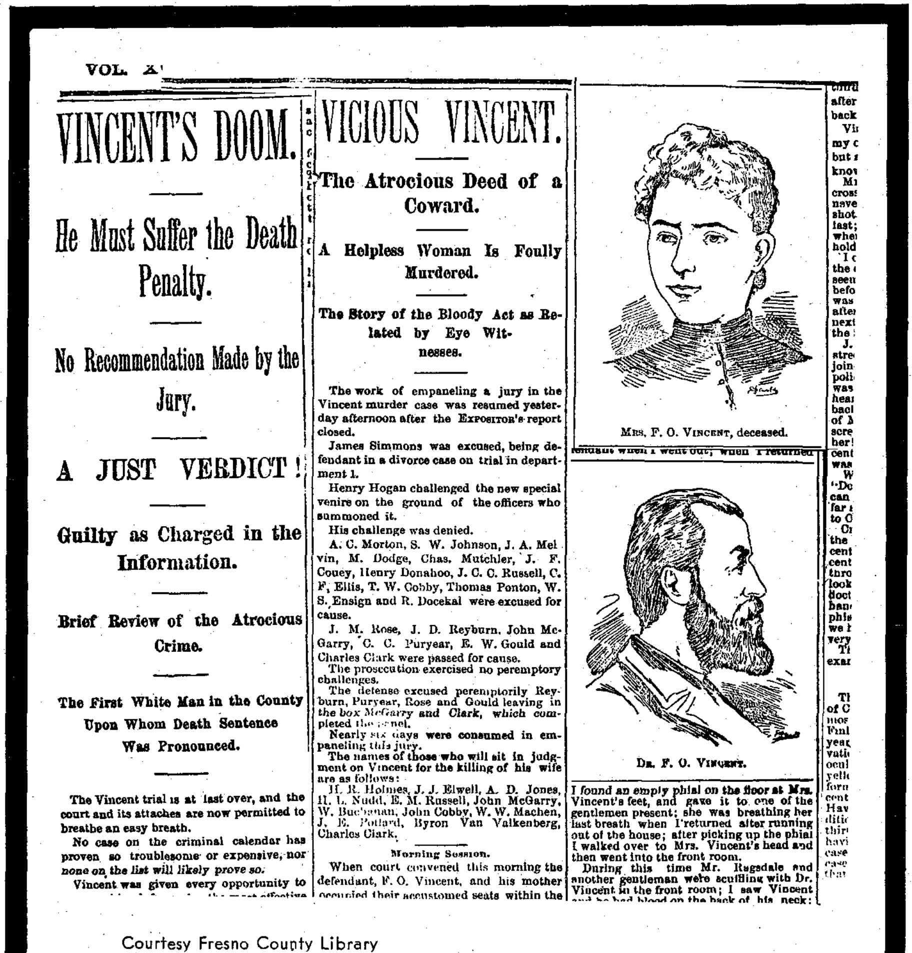
# THEY'RE HANGING DOC



## In the West where the gallows was often the only cure for downright viciousness, it might also have been a crucifix of air for the insane...

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author



VOL. X

# VINCENT'S DOOM.

## He Must Suffer the Death Penalty.

## No Recommendation Made by the Jury.

## A JUST VERDICT!

### Guilty as Charged in the Information.

### Brief Review of the Atrocious Crime.

### The First White Man in the County Upon Whom Death Sentence Was Pronounced.

The Vincent trial is at last over, and the court and its attaches are now permitted to breathe an easy breath.

No case on the criminal calendar has proven so troublesome or expensive, nor *none on the list will likely prove so.*

Vincent was given every opportunity to

# VICIOUS VINCENT.

## The Atrocious Deed of a Coward.

### A Helpless Woman Is Foully Murdered.

### The Story of the Bloody Act as Related by Eye Witnesses.

The work of empaneling a jury in the Vincent murder case was resumed yesterday afternoon after the EXPOSITOR'S report closed.

James Simmons was excused, being defendant in a divorce case on trial in department 1.

Henry Hogan challenged the new special venire on the ground of the officers who summoned it.

His challenge was denied.

A. C. Morton, S. W. Johnson, J. A. Melvin, M. Dodge, Chas. Mutchler, J. F. Couey, Henry Donahoo, J. C. C. Russell, C. F. Ellis, T. W. Cobby, Thomas Ponton, W. S. Ensign and R. Docekal were excused for cause.

J. M. Rose, J. D. Reyburn, John McGarry, C. C. Puryear, E. W. Gould and Charles Clark were passed for cause.

The prosecution exercised no peremptory challenges.

The defense excused peremptorily Reyburn, Puryear, Rose and Gould leaving in the box McGarry and Clark, which completed the panel.

Nearly six days were consumed in empaneling this jury.

The names of those who will sit in judgment on Vincent for the killing of his wife are as follows:

H. R. Holmes, J. J. Elwell, A. D. Jones, H. L. Nudd, E. M. Russell, John McGarry, W. Buchanan, John Cobby, W. W. Machen, J. E. Pollard, Byron Van Valkenberg, Charles Clark.

**Morning Session.**

When court convened this morning the defendant, F. O. Vincent, and his mother occupied their accustomed seats within the

MRS. F. O. VINCENT, deceased.

fendant when I went out; when I returned

DR. F. O. VINCENT.

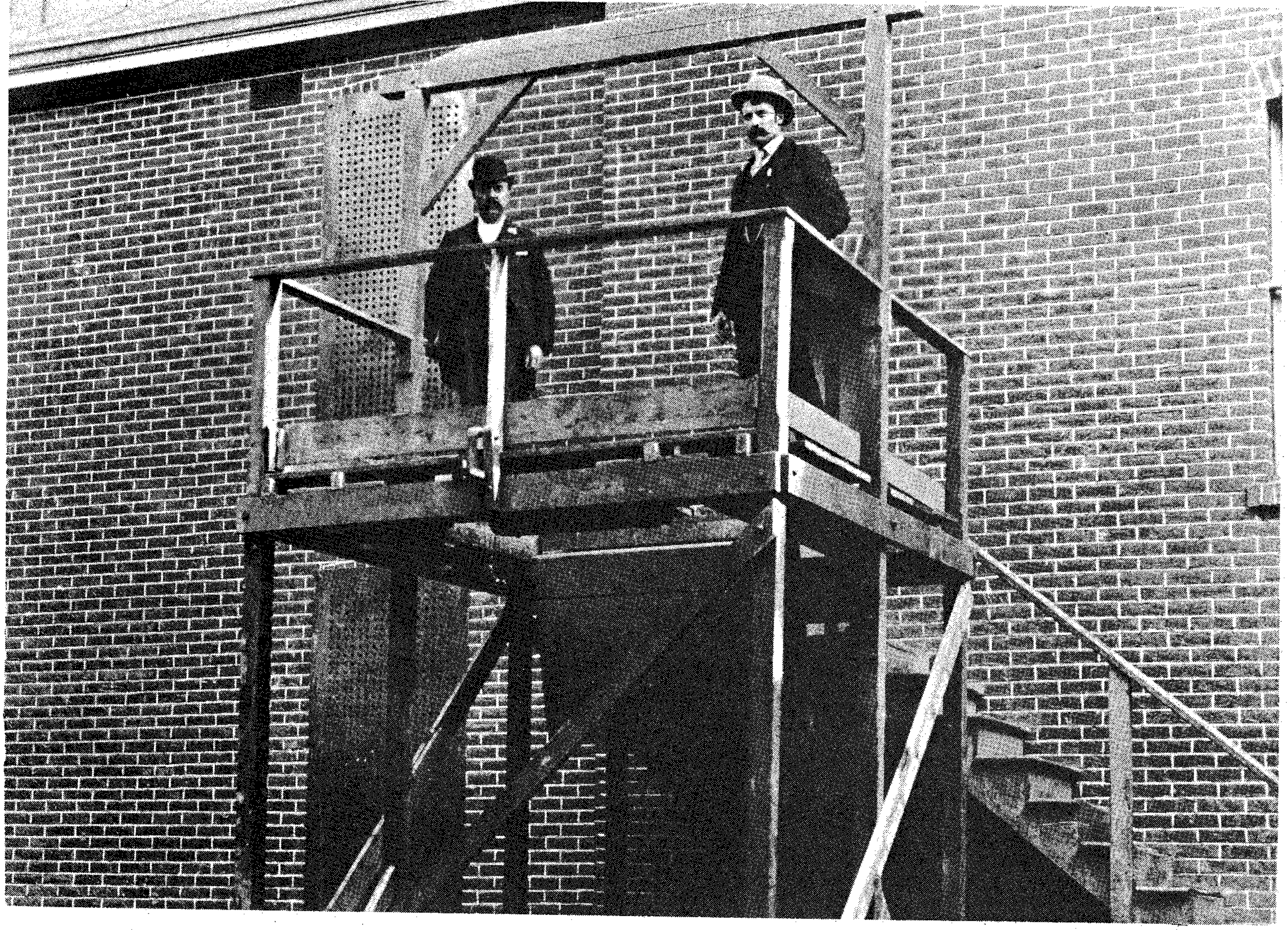
*I found an empty phial on the floor at Mrs.* Vincent's feet, and gave it to one of the gentlemen present; she was breathing her last breath when I returned after running out of the house; after picking up the phial I walked over to Mrs. Vincent's head and then went into the front room.

During this time Mr. Ragsdale and another gentleman were scuffling with Dr. Vincent in the front room; I saw Vincent and he had blood on the back of his neck;

Courtesy Fresno County Library

**Newspaper stories did little to encourage sympathy in Doc Vincent's case.**

THE STARK and ugly gallows was shielded from public view by a twenty-foot-high board fence. Within the enclosure workmen were busy on the last details of assembly. The fence was butted to one side of the courthouse, and prisoners in the jail stared out through several barred windows overlooking the scene. The populace looked forward to the event with a strange mixture of anticipation and dread. In the thirty-seven-year history of the county there had been many lynchings, but never before had a legal execution taken place. In this year of



The gallows on which Vincent was hanged. Sheriff Scott stands on the left with an unidentified man, probably a deputy.

# VINCENT TODAY!

1893, the town was just beginning to emerge from its frontier days.

The man most interested in the hammering outside the courthouse languished in his cell on an upper floor of the jail. He was handsome, red-bearded Frederick Oscar Vincent and a more fit candidate for the gallows would be hard to come by. A physician, known derisively as "Doc" Vincent, he was a clear-cut villain whose case left little room for sympathy except in its broader aspects. If Fresnans had to have a hanging, Doc Vincent was by all standards the most deserving subject to be found.

Annie Laura Poole was a lovely young farm girl living with her parents near Tehama, California, in 1880. Doctor Vincent was practicing in nearby Red Bluff where he also operated a drug store. Vincent's sauve manners and handsome appearance captivated young Annie and the two were married in 1881 despite spirited objections from her relatives. It was known that the doctor was a drinking man and even his own mother tried to prevent the marriage.

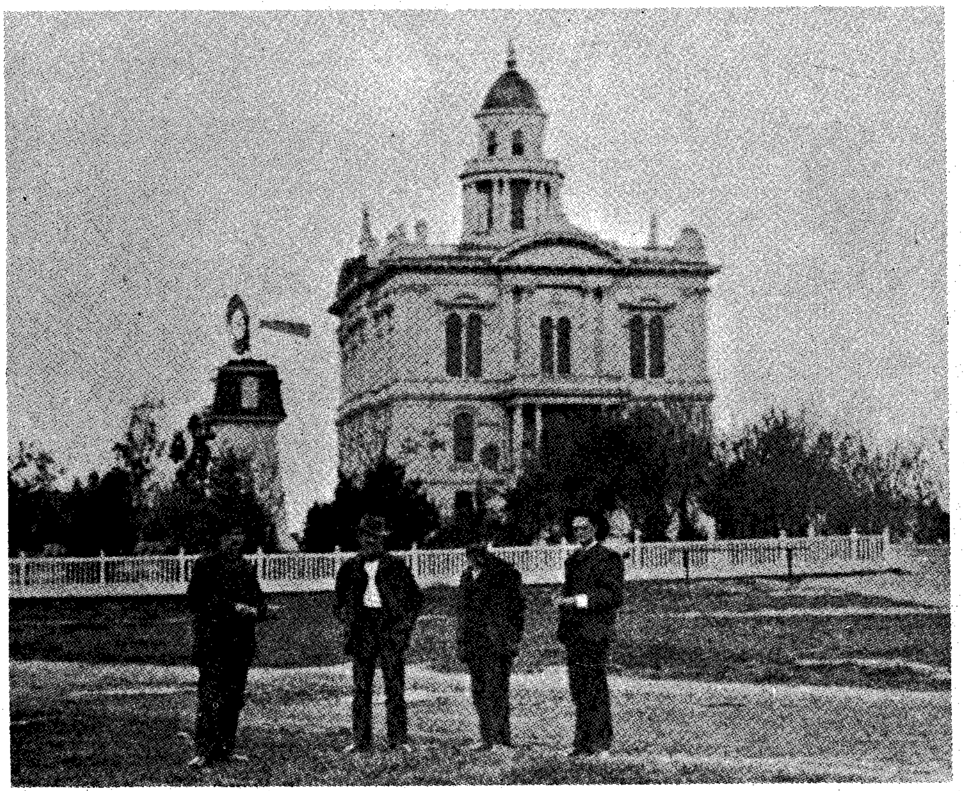
The young couple lived in Red Bluff for a time, then moved to Fresno in 1885. After residing at several locations in the city, the Vincents established a home at 1459 I Street.

For a time the doctor and his wife were able to keep up appearances, but it soon became obvious that Vincent was something more than a mere social drinker. He evidently practiced out of his home, but as his patients became fewer he resorted to dispensing medicine from the local saloons. He seems to have tried to quit drinking several times, but it was a losing battle and he rapidly acquired a reputation as one of the town drunks. To make matters worse, he was taking drugs and was seldom in a normal condition.

Doc's medical practice finally reached the point where an irate former patient inserted the following notice in a Fresno newspaper: "Would it not be wiser and in better taste for a certain noted physician to refrain from attending the funerals of his patients? It seems too much like a tailor following his customers home."

ONE DAY Vincent staggered into the undertaking parlor of J. E. Williams, so drunk he could hardly stand. Williams and some friends dumped the doctor in a casket as a joke and he slept there for a half hour. He was a whiskey-soaked wreck by now, with no medical practice left and the butt of jokes all over town.

Annie Vincent was taking in sewing



**The Fresno County Courthouse as it looked in the 1880s. Here Doc Vincent was tried and then hanged on a gallows erected in the adjacent park.**

in 1888, trying to support her family. There was a six-year-old son by this time and for his sake Annie did all she could to hold the family together.

By the summer of 1890, Annie knew that her situation was hopeless. She insisted to her husband that one or the other of them would have to leave the house. Vincent pleaded with her and finally promised to go away for a month and try to stop drinking. He went to San Francisco and Annie patiently hoped for the best.

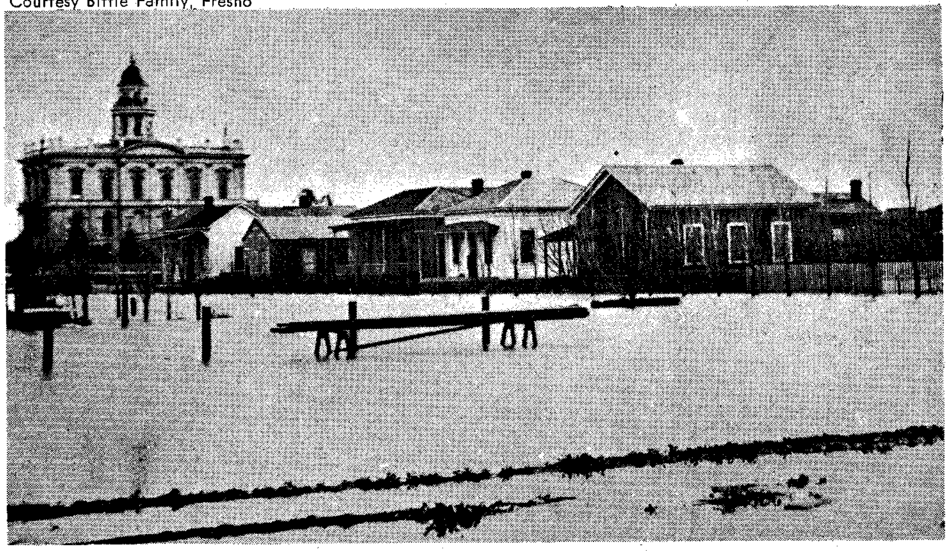
When Vincent returned, the family lived together for a few months, although it was soon apparent that he was worse than ever and between the whiskey and narcotics, was becoming violent. One day he brandished a pistol and a knife in a local saloon and threatened to kill his wife. Several bystanders called on Mrs. Vincent later in the day and repeated what they had heard. The doctor was in the house at the time and, stepping into the room, accused the men of meddling in his family affairs. When he reached for his pistol, Vincent was seized by the men and hustled out of the house.

Annie refused to see her husband after this and locked him out of their home. Doc responded by staying drunk most of the time and sleeping in the back of the saloons whose owners would tolerate him. He was despondent and one day while drunk he staggered into a drug store and asked the clerk to shoot him.

Annie had finally given up all hope of trying to save her marriage. Divorce proceedings were instigated and the formal papers were served Vincent on December 13, 1890, by Constable Childers. When given the papers, Vincent commented that the case would never come to trial. That night, at Annie's request, Childers kept an all-night vigil at the Vincent home.

**View taken from Merced and M Streets, Fresno, 1884. In those days, the courthouse, seen in the background, was visible from any point in town.**

Courtesy Bittle Family, Fresno



The following Thursday morning, the 18th, Vincent chose a course of action which was to climax his wasted and tragic life. He spent the morning walking the streets of Fresno trying to coordinate his thoughts. On Mariposa Street he met Fred Curran and asked to borrow a gun with which to kill a dog. Curran told Vincent he had no gun and went on his way. Doc then went into Hershey's gun shop and asked if he might borrow a pistol. He again said a dog had been pestering him and he wanted to shoot him. Hershey lent him a .38 calibre Smith and Wesson, and Vincent then walked down to the Grand Central Hotel where he hailed a hack.

Annie Vincent was at her home talking to two friends on that fateful afternoon. It was close to one o'clock when the three women heard a step on the front porch and Annie stiffened in her chair. Fearing it was her husband, she asked Mrs. H. L. Rodgers to accompany her to the door, but just then Vincent stepped into the room.

"Annie, I want to see you for a minute," said Vincent after a low and courtly bow. Afraid to be alone with her husband, Annie asked Mrs. Rodgers to go with them into the parlor.

Earlier in the day, Vincent had asked Mrs. Rodgers to intercede with his wife and he now asked her if she had any news. When Mrs. Rodgers replied that things didn't look good, the doctor turned to Annie and bluntly asked if she were going to withdraw the divorce suit. She replied that she would not.

"Take this then," Vincent said and offered his wife a small vial which was later presumed to have held poison. Realizing it was hopeless to try and reason with him, Annie Vincent now stood up to terminate the interview. "Take it yourself," she replied and then opening the door she called to Mrs. Red in the adjoining room. "Get Mr. Ragsdale next door."

Annie Vincent turned back toward her husband just as he drew a pistol from his coat pocket. "Take that then," he exclaimed and shot his wife twice in the body. Her face a mask of shock, Annie staggered back to the door and Doc fired again into her back. As the dying woman lay sprawled on the floor, Vincent stood over her and fired a fourth shot into her chest. The two terrified women visitors fled screaming from the house.

SPECIAL POLICEMAN J. E. Ragsdale, who lived next door, had just finished eating when he heard the shots. Running out the back door and past the two fleeing women, he bounded into the Vincent house and saw the doctor standing over the still form of his wife.

"Don't take me!" Vincent screamed. "Let me stay here and try to help her!"

From the cries of the women, Rags-

1888
Grand Central Hotel.

Courtesy Bittle Family, Fresno

**The Grand Central Hotel was a popular gathering place in Vincent's day. It was from here that he took the hack which carried him to his home and murder.**

dale had surmised what had happened and, grabbing Vincent, hustled him outside. The murderer was hysterical and determined to stay. Finally Ragsdale forced him from the premises, commenting later that he "wasn't very gentle about it."

While Vincent was being carried to jail, crowds quickly gathered at the scene of the murder and on street corners around town. "Threats of lynching were frequently made," noted a local newspaper, but trouble never got past the talking stage. Vincent himself seemed to greatly fear a lynching and he asked his captors to shoot him rather than turn him over to a mob. The murderer was a sorry sight as he hunched in his jail cell. His clothes were ill-fitting and the years of dissipation were etched deeply into his face. His hands shook as he talked to reporters and he made rambling, incoherent attempts to somehow justify his terrible crime.

The trial was set for March (1891) and it took nearly six days to empanel a jury. Almost every prospective juror had already formed a definite opinion as to Vincent's guilt. Finally on the morning of the 19th the trial began.

In his opening statement, the defense lawyer, Henry Hogan, stated that he would show that Vincent had a long history of alcoholism and that he had unsuccessfully tried to overcome his intemperance by the use of drugs. He further intended to prove that Vincent was mentally unstable at the time of the murder, having inherited both insanity and alcoholism from his late father.

The prosecution called a number of witnesses, establishing beyond a doubt Vincent's exact movements on the day of the murder. Mrs. Red, Mrs. Rodgers and Officer Ragsdale told of the events leading up to and following the crime. The defense tried to establish that Vincent had two vials of poison on the day of the murder and that he had tried to take one after murdering his wife. Witnesses could not corroborate this fact, however, and the matter was soon dropped.

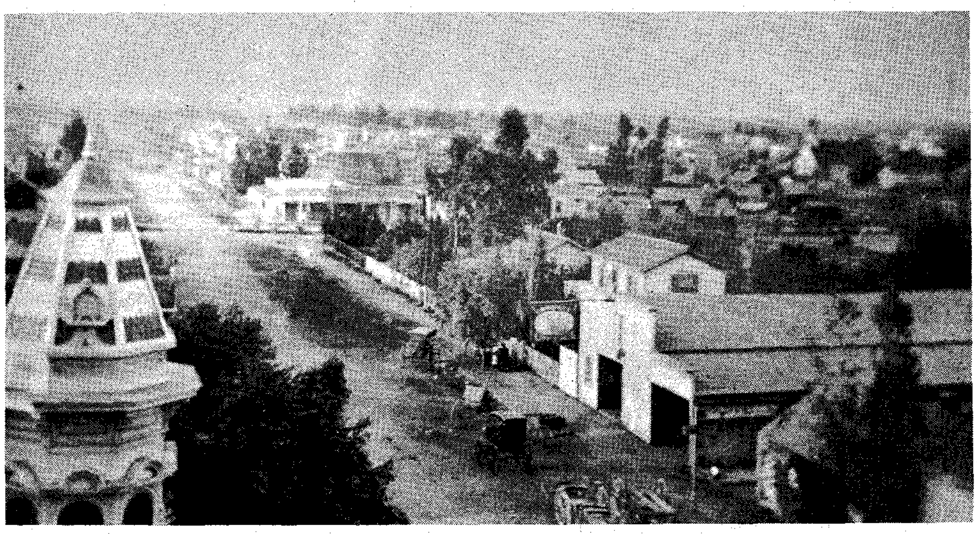
The defense concentrated on proving that Vincent was a hopeless alcoholic and in this they succeeded beyond question. Eight saloonkeepers testified on March 20 that Vincent was a hard-drinking man who was seldom sober. A number of other witnesses also testified as to the defendant's drinking propensities, leaving little doubt in the jury's mind as to the doctor's fondness for alcohol. When Vincent himself took the stand he testified that he was a "drinking man; have been for twenty-five years; I estimated last night the amount of whiskey I have drunk during my lifetime, and I place it at 600 gallons, or fifteen barrels at forty gallons each."

The second portion of the defense consisted of an effort to prove that Vincent was insane. His mother, Mrs. Ellen Chapell, testified that her first husband, the defendant's father, was an alcoholic and dangerously insane. The elder Vincent

*(Continued on page 28)*

**Fresno, California as seen from the third floor of the Grand Central Hotel, 1883.**

Courtesy Bittle Family, Fresno

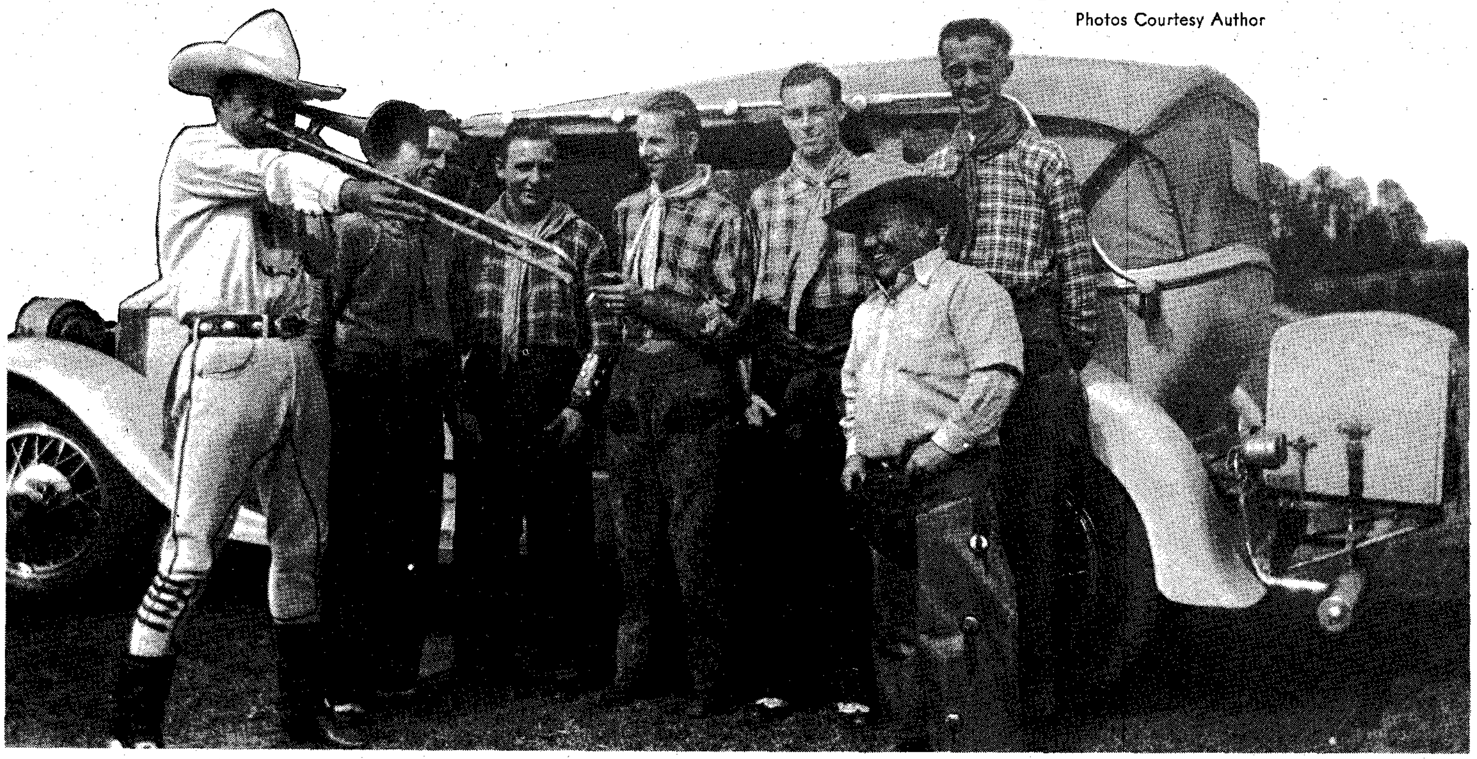


**A rough stone can turn just a little and pick up another light. Surely where this controversial man is concerned, it's all in the eyes of the viewer...**

# Tom Mix WAS MY BOSS

### By C. O. ROBINSON

Photos Courtesy Author



Tom Mix clowning with his band in Warm Springs, Georgia, 1933.

THE OUTLOOK for musicians was more than a little dim in 1933. I had worked in picture theatres since the old John Bunny days but my profession had suffered two serious blows right on the heels of each other—the advent of sound in the theatres and then the depression. Jobs were scarce.

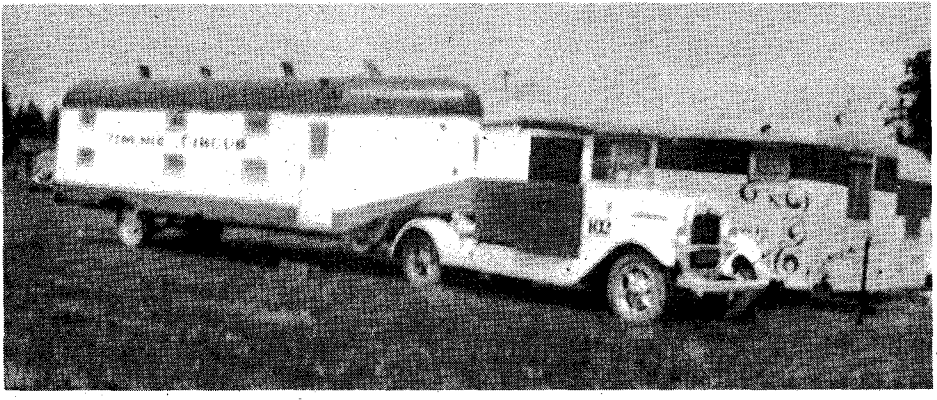
I had taken out a small band with a vaudeville unit which had folded and was, as we called it, "at liberty." I might add very much so. I jumped at the first contract offered and was told to take my band to Tallahassee, Florida and join a vaudeville unit at the theatre there. When we arrived I learned that my new boss was Tom Mix.

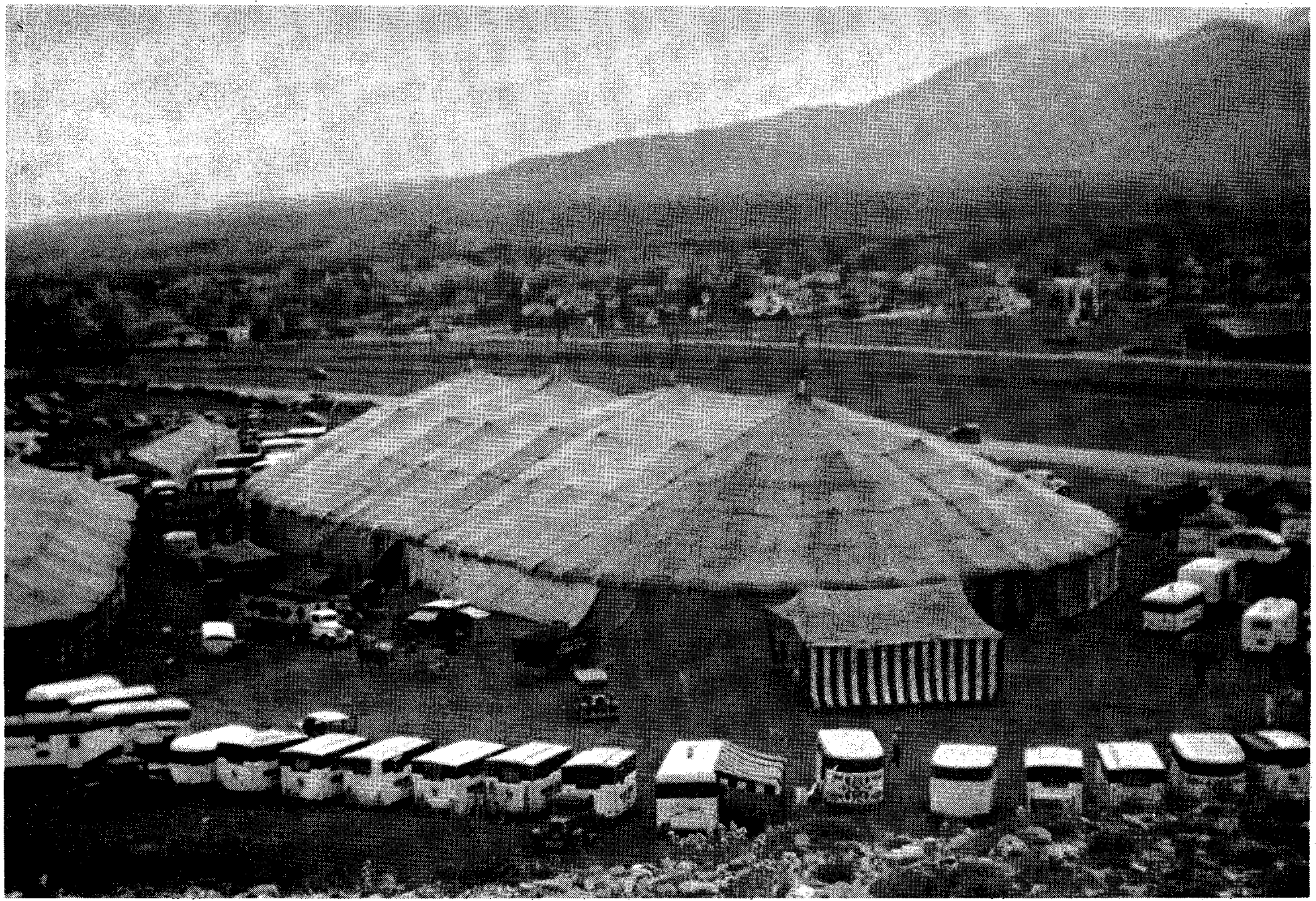
Much has been written about Tom Mix, the famous cowboy star of silent films. There has been, however, much less mention of what I think was an important chapter in his life, the five years he owned and operated a circus.

The show I joined at first was a stage unit consisting of Tom; Mrs. Mix and her sister Erma Ward; two cowboys, Herman Nolan and Ed Hendershot; and Jack Knapp, rodeo clown. John Agee was master of ceremonies and Joe Bowers, stage manager. Tom did a shooting act and worked a couple of horses. The two ladies did a beautiful aerial act and the cowboys did rope spinning. D. E. Turney managed the act. We furnished the music.

Tom's popularity at that time had diminished very little, if any at all, and we played to packed houses throughout the southeastern states. At times the crowd around the stage door made it difficult to get in or out of the theatre. It was a pleasant engagement and Tom treated us with consideration at all times. I will always remember the Christmas and birthday parties he gave us that winter.

The circus band's traveling home.





**"Back yard" view of Tom Mix Circus showing the trailers in which the performers lived. The trailer with the small striped canopy was Tom's headquarters.**

It was in Shreveport, Louisiana that Tom called me into his dressing room and asked me if I had any circus experience. I had, so he went on to tell me that he had been offered a partnership in a circus and might accept. He asked me if I wanted to take the band if he did decide on it. Of course I said yes. Soon after that he closed the stage unit and went home to get ready for the circus season.

THE SHOW opened that spring (1934) in Hot Springs, Arkansas. It was a motorized show, the first I had ever seen. In my earlier circus experience all travel had been by train or horse-drawn wagons. With all rolling equipment painted the same color, it was a beautiful outfit and when lined up on the highway made a sight never to be forgotten. Tom and Mr. Dill, his partner, were a good team. Sam Dill was a master showman and knew all the ins and outs of circus management. I had worked on shows with him twenty years before. Mr. Mix handled the performance end. He insisted on a good show and a clean show.

His equestrian director was John Agee, who had held that position with Ringling Brothers for years. He knew how to present a show. It was an outfit one could feel proud to be with. The depression seemed to be growing worse but Tom's popularity was still so great that business was enormous from the start and we often had to give extra performances to accommodate the crowds who wanted to see him. Our living conditions were a bit rough that first season. Tom realized it and promised that we would have more comfortable quarters next season.

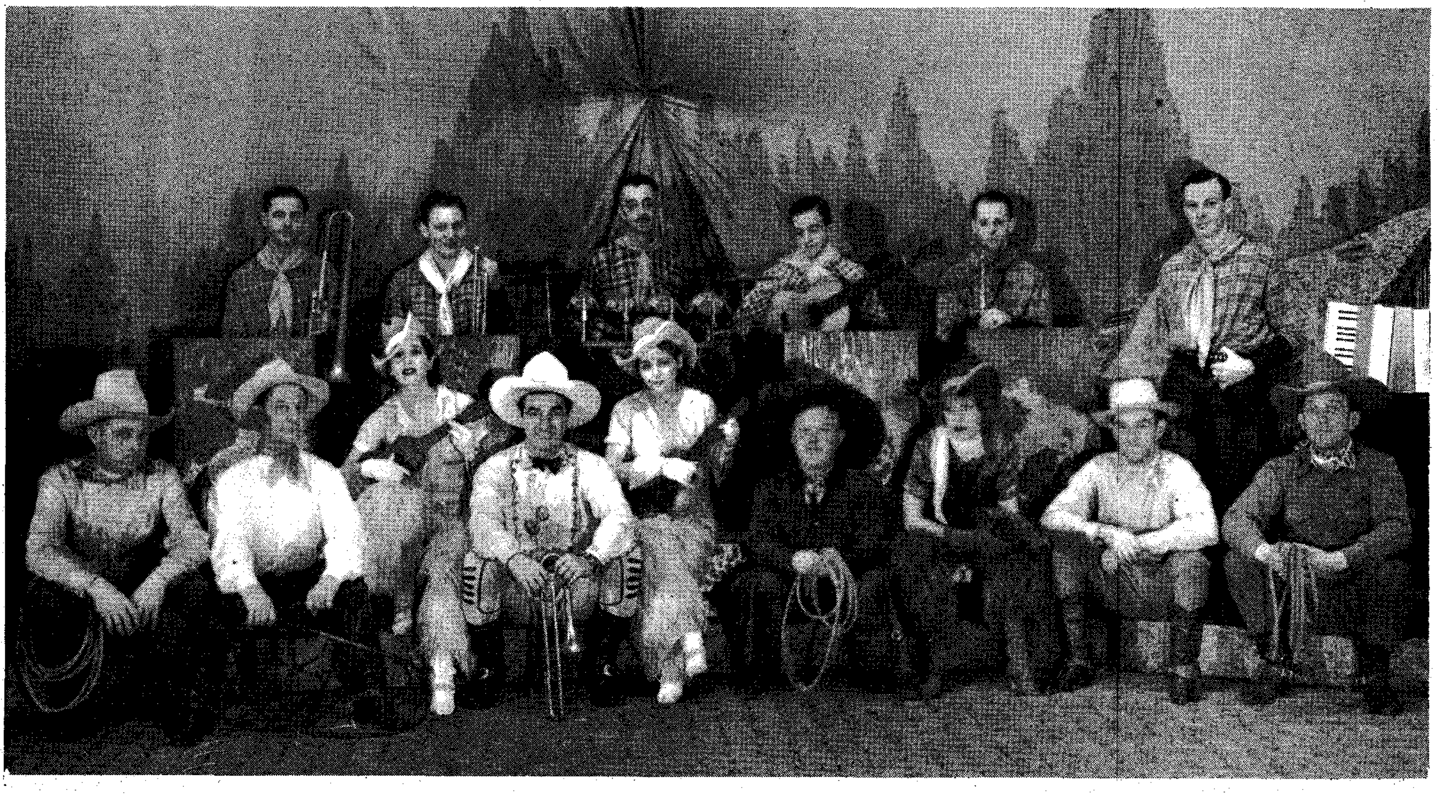
The show went into winter quarters in Compton, California in the fall of '34. Mr. Dill died that winter and Tom bought his interest and became sole owner. We opened the season of 1935 in Compton and played a five-day engagement in Hollywood before showing up the coast to Bellingham, Washington and then starting east. Much new equipment had been added and the show was larger. Mr. Turney was manager.

As Tom had promised, we had comfortable quarters in our own semi-trailer equipped with twelve berths, clothes lockers, a place for instruments and running water. No motorized show ever had anything like it before. It was our home for four years.

Tom ran a fast moving show. We crossed the continent four times, playing almost all the principal cities between the northern and southern borders of the land. I don't think any motorized show ever covered so much territory in so short a time. Contrary to the practice of most motorized shows, we made all moves during the daylight hours instead of at night. Leaving at dawn we drove on to our next stand and so were able to see the most beautiful scenery in America. More important, pay day was as regular as the clock. Most of the personnel returned year after year and we came to be rather like a small community with Tom as mayor. It was a good life.

At the close of the 1935 season, Tom again put the show into winter quarters in Compton. Our route book describes the 1936 opening: "Flashing away from Compton, California where it had wintered and played the opening stand of a new season on Wednesday, March 11, the Tom Mix Circus in a glittering array of modern motorcars, streaked northward along the Pacific shoreline on the first leg of the most sensational journey in circus history. A journey that was, in all truth, a veritable triumph from beginning to end. Roaring along cool mountain trails and across blazing drought lands, through humble wayside hamlets and clamorous modern cities, buffeted by elemental vicissitudes, breasting always the ceaseless rush of traffic on bustling highways, Tom Mix and his circus swept forward to undying fame as the first of all motorized big shows to play an unbroken string of dates the length and breadth of our mighty nation."

Tom ran his show with the same reckless courage that made him scorn the use of a double for the more dangerous stunts in his pictures. On June



**Tom Mix Roundup, winter 1933-34. Left to right, sitting in front of the band: Herman Nolan, John Agee, Mable Mix, Tom Mix, Erma Ward, Jack Knapp, Karin—, Joe Bowers and Ed Hendershot.**

29 of that 1936 season, he took the show into Chicago to open a ten-day stand at the Coliseum under auspices of Goldlatt Brothers, owners of a chain of department stores. This was the most spectacular engagement ever played by a motorized show. It proved to be a record smashing success in every way. During those ten days 102,875 people saw our show. Two turn-aways were recorded. No other motorized show ever equaled that. After a successful season, we went into winter quarters in Anniston, Alabama on November 5. It had been a wonderful summer, one to be remembered.

We opened the '37 season in Anniston, and for the first time we didn't see both oceans. Again Tom scored what I believe was another first—when he took the show into Canada for a two-week engagement at the Canadian fair in Toronto.

Our winter quarters that fall were in Texarkana, Texas and we opened the season of 1938 there. It was a bad season from the start. The recession of 1938 sent all the circuses back to the barn in the red. The Tom Mix Circus, too, became a casualty and closed, never to reopen. The tented circus, as we knew it, was about to vanish from the American scene.

IT HAS BEEN many years since all this happened. I'm an old man now but those days will always live in my memories. Looking back, I can recall many kind things Tom and Manager Turney did. My father, then in his seventies, had lost his job owing to the change in the national administration. He was up in years and discouraged. I wrote the show and asked if they could place him. I was told to bring him on with me. He was given a job taking tickets. He stayed throughout the life of the show, and one of the last things he said to me was, "I wish we could have one more summer on the Mix show."

Boots Sallee (Mrs. A. H. Simpson), a cowgirl trick rider, lives near me today. She worked with Tom for years, both on his own show and other circuses. We meet now and then, drag out the scrapbooks and photo albums to relive the old days. She recalls the summer of 1936 when she didn't go with the show. She was badly injured in an auto accident and incapacitated for a long time. Tom sent her word to join the show as soon as she could get around and she would receive her salary even if she was not able to work. Tom did things like that.

Tom wouldn't ask anyone to do anything that he wouldn't do himself. In 1934 the show bought a fine new "big top" and erected it for the first time on our first date in Texas. A regular cloudburst hit us that night during the show. Performers, property men and all hands were working in deep mud and water to complete the performance. Tom came in and looked things over. He took a dive in the mud, rolled over a couple of times and went to work as muddy as the rest of the gang.

Again, in Burley, Idaho a terrific windstorm hit shortly after the afternoon performance. The menagerie tent was flattened in a few minutes and all hands were working to save the big top. Tom was in there working as hard as anyone. Seat planks, chairs and poles were flying through the air like straws, and a section of the reserved seat flooring finally hit Tom and put him out of the fight. No one was seriously injured, though three others received minor injuries.

I don't think Tom cared much for "yes men." I formed that opinion the first season out. A difficulty had come up in my outfit and I went to him to explain my reasons for handling it as I had. Tom stopped me before I got started. "You don't need to explain anything to me." he said. "I hired you to run my band and as long as you give me the kind of music I want I will never interfere. I will never ask you to hire a certain man, fire a man, or not to fire a man. That is your job and you run it. When you can't do that to my satisfaction I'll get someone who can."

So it was for five years. He never interfered nor did he allow anyone else to do so. Our conversation was usually limited to passing the time of day, yet in those five years I never had one unkind word from him and he always treated me and my band with consideration.

Tom was a person who couldn't be pushed around. In the summer of 1935 we went to Kentucky and our first date was in a city just across the river from Ohio. Trouble with the Kentucky authorities came up regarding the trucks. This rolling equipment had met the requirements in almost every state in the union and this was the first time any difficulty had been encountered.

We were not allowed to move from the lot, and the whole show was practically under arrest. I received orders to keep the band on the lot that night and for everyone to stay close to their transportation. Everyone went to bed as usual but I noticed that some tents, not usually taken down until morning, had been taken down and loaded. Also the horses and elephants were in their trucks. Things finally became quiet and the city went to sleep. I suppose the minions of the law did the same.

*(Continued on page 42)*

**One thing in life which is virtually a cinch to turn out wrong is trying to make some extra change by working for kinfolks!**

Top, left to right: Ann and Alice; Bottom: Nancy and Sarah, 1920.

# COTTON & MUD

### By NANCY FAMBRO

Photo Courtesy Author

ONE HAZY warm day in the early fall in 1913, my three sisters and I started out on a jaunt that brought us not much money, but a lot of hardship and toil (which is supposed to be beneficial) and considerable first-hand experience (which is supposed to be even more beneficial).

The weather all through September had been dry and hot. Our family had worked real hard and had picked over our cotton crop the first time. We usually started picking by the first of September, although the cotton had not opened very much. Papa was always anxious to get out a first bale and sell it, as we needed the money so badly. And, as he said, the first cotton to open was much heavier than later on because the stalks were covered with big green leaves which kept the cotton from drying out.

For the benefit of those who never saw cotton growing, or any other way except as we buy it from the stores in the form of cotton prints, sheets, blue jeans, etc., I will explain some about it.

The cotton seeds were planted in rows. At that time we had only a one-row planter with two wheels and a tongue, pulled by two horses. The planter had a seat to ride on, and a contraption the shape of a two-gallon bucket was fastened to the axle. In the bottom there was a metal plate with holes in it. When the wheels turned, the plate also turned, letting the seeds drop through into the furrow. Two little plow shares behind turned the dirt over the seeds. The planting was done in April or May, as it takes cotton five months to make and mature. It is a first cousin to okra.

We chopped, or thinned, the stalks when they were three to six inches high and hoed out all the weeds. The cotton would form "squares" and then start blooming in June or July. The blossoms were yellow and pink and very beautiful. In a short while the bolls would appear. They were green and about the size of a small egg, and inside was the cotton which was snowy white and fluffy when the bolls opened into a five-pronged burr.

My father knew cotton pretty well. He would go out in June or July and count the squares on a few stalks, then he would count the stalks in a row, and the rows in an acre and could tell us almost to a bale how much cotton we were going to make. There wasn't any irrigating to do as we had no water. We kids hated to pick cotton, but nearly all children in central Texas worked in the fields, and although our main crop was cotton, we girls shocked maize, gathered corn and did all kinds of outside work.

All our family worked in the fields except Mama. There were four boys, three of them small, and we four girls, and Papa. That made a crew of nine and we could pick a bale of cotton a day. A bale was 1,500 or 1,600 pounds which became 500 pounds of lint and 1,000 pounds of seeds after it was ginned. Picking cotton is the hardest work one can imagine. We stooped until our backs hurt so bad we couldn't stand straight for awhile. Then we worked on our knees. The men had knee pads but girls didn't wear then. Our shoulders had callouses from the rubbing of the shoulder strap of our cotton sacks which were about eight feet long and three feet wide, made from white ducking. It dragged behind us and seemed very heavy when we got sixty or seventy pounds in it.

Our fingers were picked raw from the sharp burrs. Every night we made finger stalls, by lamplight, out of thick domestic to protect our hands. A stall, which really was a finger protector, would last only one day. The burrs would pick it to pieces. We rubbed vasoline and tallow on our hands trying to heal them overnight. Our shoes were always full of dried leaves and dirt, and we were completely tired and miserable when night came and we plodded to the house to wash ourselves a little, eat supper and fall into bed. It was our custom to pick cotton for the neighbors when we caught up on our crop at home. We were allowed to keep all the money we made, and we bought our winter clothes with it if we made enough.

ANN was twenty-two, Alice was seventeen and although they both were school teachers, they worked in the fields until their schools started about December 1. I was fifteen and Sarah was thirteen that fall.

Alice had bought a pretty white horse a year or so earlier, to work to our old trap buggy. (A trap buggy is one without a top.) This horse was a necessity as the old work horses Papa owned

(Continued on page 62)

# ECHOES FROM THE RIO GRANDE

A look at the borderland when the boundaries of a man's ranch were the boundaries of his world—and his children's world and their children's world . . .

By JOHN R. PEAVEY
Photos Courtesy Author
**Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano**

**Explanatory note: The author came to the border country when it was mesquite and cactus-covered brush land. He has served as deputy sheriff; chief scout for the U.S. Army border troops from 1916 to 1920; was assistant chief of the U.S. Border Patrol and a Texas Ranger. This article is an excerpt from his book, ECHOES FROM THE RIO GRANDE, in which he remembers "The Valley" before lots of people and lots of water made it what it is today.**

FOR MANY YEARS the big ranches of the Southwest raised not only cattle, horses, and mules but also their own cowpunchers and other help needed to run the ranch. Many of these people were born, grew up, married, and raised their children on the same ranch, one generation after another. They worked and lived within the boundaries of that ranch and cared little about what went on outside of their birthplace.

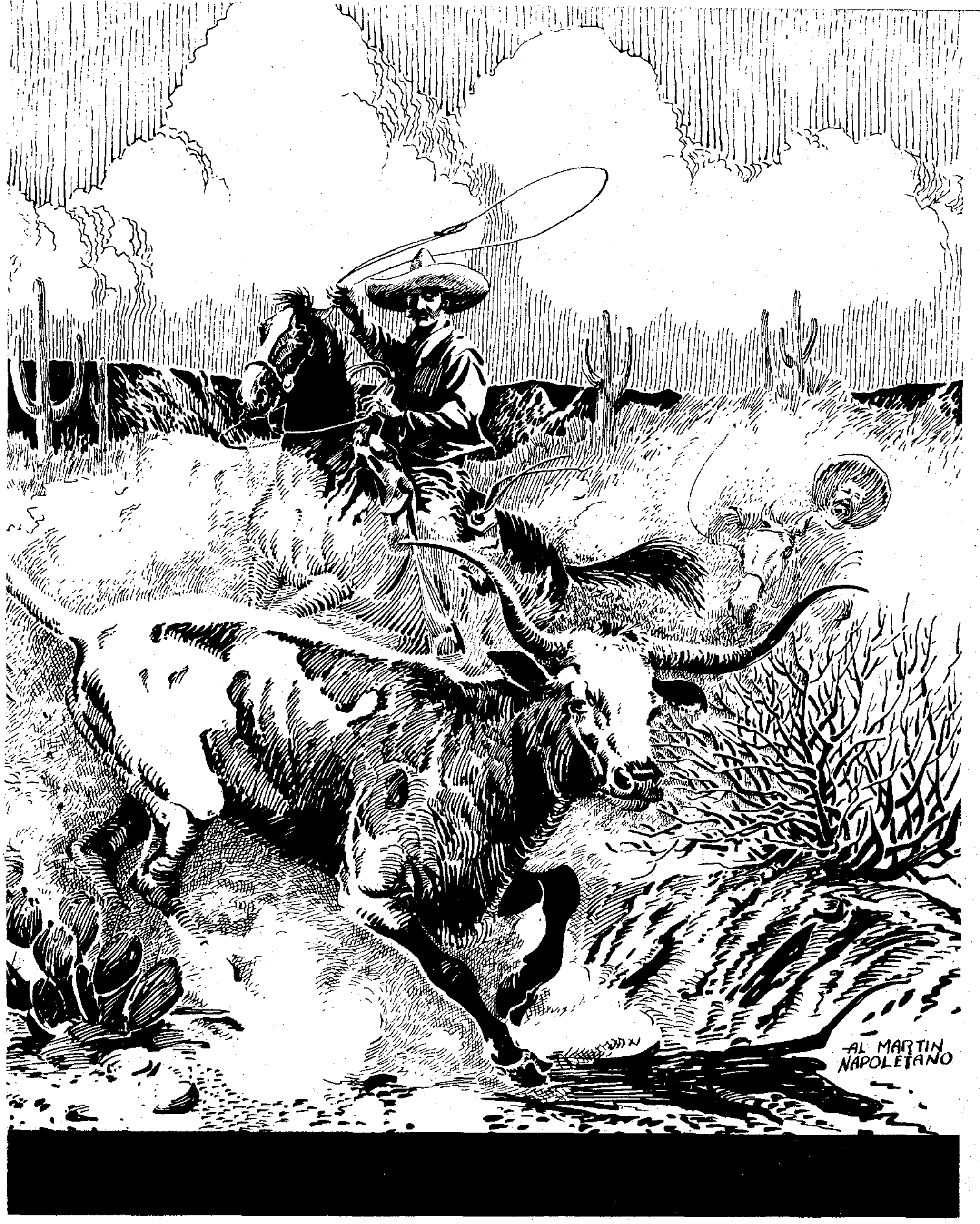
They always had good living conditions by their standard of living; they seemed happy and satisfied. Lower grade schools were provided for their children, either by the ranch owner or the county. As soon as the boys were old and strong enough they always accompanied their fathers at the roundup of cattle and other operations on the ranch when they were not in school. Naturally, they learned to ride, rope, and handle cattle at a very young age.

When they were old enough to work on the ranch they were well trained and they developed into dependable, loyal, and resourceful men. I know that most of them were some of the most contented people that I have ever seen. Their songs, laughter, and mysterious stories of the old Mexican *ranchos* along the Rio Grande, known to the old-timers as "El Rio Bravo Del Norte," were always amusing and entertaining. When told in the Spanish language these yarns are much more expressive and entertaining than the same stories told in English.

I had the occasion and pleasure to visit one of the early border cattle ranches a short time after my arrival in Texas in 1905.

As I approached this ranch over a narrow, winding, sandy road bordered on both sides by miles of unfenced mesquite tree and cactus-covered pasture land, I passed an old Mexican leading a pair of head-yoked oxen hauling a cartload of wood toward the ranch. I next came to a mesquite log corral full of longhorn cattle. On the other side of the road I saw a pen and a few saddle horses. At this point I had to stop to allow a flock of Spanish goats to pass; they were being driven by a squinting-eyed long-haired Mexican herder. He was wearing sandals, a blanket over his shoulders and urging his flock along with a long stick.

As I waited I could see at some distance beyond, a cluster of white-plastered adobe *jacals* with thatched roofs and surrounded by several large trees. About this time several flea-bitten ranch dogs announced my approach. As I came close to the houses a man called off the dogs. Although their barking was annoying I knew they were an essential part of a



ranch, needed as guards against the night-prowling, chicken-stealing coyote, and useful in locating wild steers of which there were many on these early ranches.

I remained on my horse while I waited for the head man to come from one of the houses. Soon a middle-aged Mexican wearing a short *rancho*-type brush jacket, knee length boots and a broad-brimmed Mexican sombrero came out. He was very friendly and invited me to dismount and come in.

I introduced myself and told him the purpose of my visit. He spoke a little English and I had learned a little Spanish. He said that he was the owner of the ranch and the livestock thereon and that the ranch descended from many generations of his family dating back to the original Spanish grants and that it contained many thousand acres.

Like his father, he had been born and raised on this land and expected to remain there the balance of his life and if the good Lord was willing it was his hope that one of his sons would carry on after him. He and his family were happy and contented, for they had many horses, cattle, goats, and mules which provided them with a good living.

WHILE we were talking I could not help noticing the construction of the houses with their thick adobe walls plastered inside and out with white lime plaster. Screen doors were unknown—*jacals* featured crude solid wood doors hinged with rawhide. A heavy mesquite post set deep in the ground in the center of the room helped support a thick-thatched roof of palm leaves. The floors were made of brick just a little above ground level. At the rear were several other rooms. Furniture consisted mostly of chairs with rawhide seats, four-poster French-type beds covered with snow-white sheets and plenty of large pillows. At the foot of one of the beds there was an old round-top trunk of European style and design—a genuine antique. Through an open door in the rear I could see into the kitchen where a very large open fireplace took up all of one side of the room.

Apparently the evening meal was being prepared by several women using many large pots and pans made of copper, cast iron, and clay. A coffee mill was nailed to a post in the center of the kitchen; a water barrel and a large heavy table rested to one side. At the doorway to the kitchen several chickens and a pig were waiting around for scraps. The air was filled with the aroma of mesquite smoke, barbecuing meat, *tortillas,* and the smell of boiling coffee. This alone was enough to make any man hungry.

In the yard were several big pigs and many little ones trailing them; like the chickens, turkeys, and dogs, they had the run of the yard. My host suggested that we walk out to his corrals to see his horses. These people were always very proud of their saddle mounts and most of them had exceptionally fine ones.

We passed several adobe buildings stocked with corn, milo-maize, and pumpkins raised on some of his ranch's farming land. In another building I saw the family carriage which was used by the women and children when they traveled to the nearby town or to visit neighboring friends; the men always rode horseback.

All of the corrals and pens were built of mesquite logs. My host explained that all of the buildings, fences, and corrals had been built by the early settlers long before he was born, and all materials used in their construction were found right on the ranch.

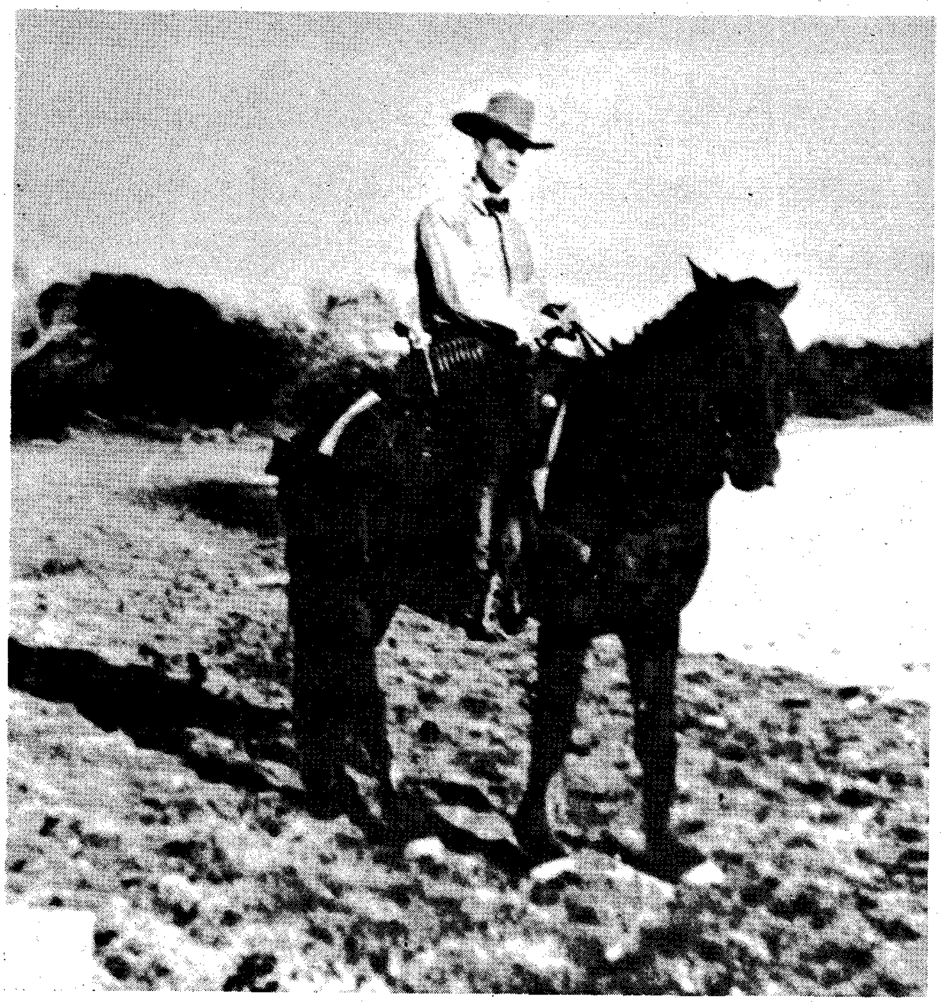
A very large Eclipse windmill pumped water for the livestock, replacing the old rawhide bucket of only a few years before. The only modern equipment I saw was the coffee mill, a mouldboard turning plow, and the windmill. The rancher said that he never had to look for buyers for his cattle; they always came to his ranch, and if they purchased any of his cattle they always paid in United States silver dollars. After they were paid for, he and his men would deliver the cattle to the shipping pens at the railroad. He always got his money before the cattle were driven from his ranch.

He said he was expecting a few friends and relatives at the ranch for the evening and they were going to have dinner, then the younger folks would have a dance. He invited me to remain and meet his friends, and I accepted. On returning to the house we found that some of the visitors were already arriving in carriages and wagons. I was introduced all around and soon it was announced that dinner was ready to be served.

Tables had been arranged under a large portal and these were loaded with barbecued beef, *cabrito,* fried beans, *tortillas,* and chicken *tamales.* The air was filled with the scent of chili pepper, onions, garlic and barbecued meat. We were told by our host to take our places. Most of the women and children gathered around one of the tables, while the men sat at another.

The dinner was attractive not only to the people but also to the domestic animals that had the free run of the yard, for they gathered around in an outer circle turning wistful eyes toward the diners.

Everything was proceeding very peacefully with little talking and much eating



**Chief Scout John R. Peavey, U.S. Army, at Fort Brown, Texas, 1916.**

when some excitement was generated by a little boy pitching a bone to his favorite dog. A fight broke out between the pigs and the dog over the bone. To climax it all, the table where women and children were sitting was upset by a big pig ferociously determined to get the prize. This was not amusing to the women, but from their laughter the men got a big kick out of the affray. Our embarrassed host ordered the animals driven away, and the dinner continued peacefully.

THE HOT afternoon sun was setting, and a few of the men began leaving the table. They disappeared out behind one of the houses. When I had finished I followed them and found them enjoying a cockfight, which lasted until dark.

We then returned to the houses where several kerosene lanterns had been hung from high poles, illuminating a freshly swept hard-packed piece of ground. Here the younger women and their chaperons had assembled on wooden benches.

About this time three men appeared from one of the houses carrying a big drum, a violin, and an accordion, and the music began at once. A young man would step up, pay his respects to the young lady's chaperon and ask the young lady for the next dance. After each dance she was escorted back to her chaperon, and her partner would join the other fellows standing around. I was witnessing my first open-air Mexican *baile* (dance) and enjoying it immensely.

I noticed that the older men had again disappeared behind the houses, so I stepped around to see what was going on and found them gambling with a deck of cards around a blanket-covered table. These people were always intensely interested in any kind of gambling, such as cockfighting, horse racing, and playing cards. The older women were gathered in one of the houses smoking corn shuck cigarettes and enjoying a little neighborhood gossip—always considered a necessary and permissible evil.

Very often a romance would develop at one of these dances, and two of the young people would become interested in each other enough to decide to get married. Now the first consideration would be permission from her parents. According to tradition, it would be highly improper for the young man to approach the parents directly with the subject—this would constitute an affront. Instead, he would solicit the assistance of some of his parents' closest friends, usually three older men who would approach the parents of the young *señorita* and in a very diplomatic and roundabout way, ask permission for the young man to marry the girl. If the answer was affirmative, the word of consent would be conveyed to the young man and his parents would then approach her family and preparation would be underway for the coming wedding. The prospective groom would furnish the girl's mother with sufficient money to pay for the purchase of a trousseau. The wedding was followed by a dance and feast at the home of the bride's parents.

Occasionally there was an elopement when objections to the marriage on the part of the girl's parents interfered with the young folk's plans. This was called "stealing a girl" and was considered an unpardonable sin by the girl's parents. A strained relationship lasted until the first child was born, at which time the elopers received parental blessings and complete forgiveness.

Parents demanded complete obedience and respect from their children, and they exercised very strict supervision over the young. Juvenile delinquency was unheard of among them. Young people wouldn't even dream of smoking in the presence of their parents. If a father entered a room where a son was smoking, the cigarette was discarded until the old man left; not that he objected to the boy smoking, but it was just a traditional courtesy to the father. And by "young" I mean grown men well into or past their middle-twenties.

Doctors in many places were scarce or nonexistent, and people depended upon the services of a *curandero* (Mexican herb doctor) who generally traveled about the country in a wagon with a basket of herbs. When called on to treat a patient he would boil up some of the herbs, making a tea as they called it, and sometimes it was strong enough to cure or kill.

BECAUSE of floods the course of the old Rio Grande was continually changing one way or another. And each time the new channel found its way deeper into Mexico, small or large tracts of land were shifted to the Texas side.

When a strong current would cut through a narrow neck of land, the rushing waters would naturally seek the course of least resistance and there establish a new channel, by-passing the old route. Occasionally it would cut a slice from the Texas side and put it over on the Mexican side. This very thing seemed likely to happen in 1909 at old Fort Brown, and had it occurred it would have caused a national sensation.

The normal river channel surrounded the old fort on three sides, with the National Cemetery, a beautiful plot, almost in the center of the reservation. This was surrounded by a horseshoe-shaped *resaca* or lake of water. From the west side it had the appearance of an island with a graveyard in the center. It had been a National Cemetery since 1846 and was always well maintained.

During the big flood on the Rio Grande in the spring of 1909—a flood that will be remembered by old-timers as one of the most destructive of the early days—the river was cutting away the earth along its east bank directly back of the Fort Brown administration building which was near the heel of the horseshoe *resaca*.

When the floodwaters receded, the normal channel of the river was within fifty feet of the target. Had the flood lasted only a few days longer, the course of the river would have changed by cutting away the balance of the normal flow of the river to enter the *resaca* thereby relocating part of the administration building and all of the National Cemetery on the Mexican side of the stream.

Congress, made aware of the danger, appropriated $10,000 for removing the remains from some 1,800 graves to a National Cemetery at Alexandria, Louisiana. The contract for this work was awarded to Norman E. Randell, a construction engineer of Brownsville, Texas. The grave markers in the old cemetery were made of white marble about six inches square and three feet long. These stone markers were not removed with the remains. Several years later I noticed that they were being used with red brick in the construction of a two-story building in downtown Brownsville.

**Lon C. Hill tells Senator William Jennings Bryan some humorous Texas tales at Mission, 1910.**

A SHORT TIME after our arrival in Texas I was sent into Brownsville on horseback for supplies needed at the ranch. The weather was very hot that day, so after I had made my purchases I decided that it would be better to wait until the cool of the evening to make my return trip to the ranch. After the July sun had settled down in the west and evening breezes were cooling off the dry dusty streets of the old town, I started riding down Twelfth Street along the narrow-gauge railroad track.

As I passed the old Cameron County Courthouse I was joined by an elderly, dusky-looking fellow riding a large roan-colored horse with a heavy stock saddle. He greeted me with a friendly, "Good evening, Son, where are you a-headin'?"

I told him my name and that I was going back to the ranch where we lived. He told me he was Lon C. Hill and was glad to meet me and he was headin' for the Mesquite Ranch and from there on to Paso Real, then to Harlingen where he lived.

**"Snake" King exhibits one of his prize Diamond Rattlers. He handled these snakes by the thousands and was never bitten.**

His general appearance impressed me very much. He had that rough and ready sun-baked look about him that only Texans acquire. His long, straight, black hair reached down to his broad shoulders, his wrinkled old face and his dark eyes almost concealed under his heavy eyebrows. His shirt was open at the throat showing a very shaggy chest. He was wearing a large black John B. Stetson hat and an old faded dusty-looking coat which hung over his cartridge belt and holstered a single-action .45 Colt six-shooter. His Texas-type cowboy boots were full length to the knee, and his riding spurs were silver mounted. Compared to him in size I was only a half-pint.

We rode together for about eight miles and our conversation was very interesting —to me. After we parted and I was alone with my thoughts on the remainder of my trip home, I began to realize that I had met a very important man who was deeply interested in the building and development of the Rio Grande Valley, and from then on I felt that there was something different about Texas people. Each one that I had met was the kind of man who looked you right in the eye while talking to you, and whose warm friendly personality made me proud to be living among them.

For many years the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio, Texas, was the meeting place for cattlemen and Texas Rangers. No old-timer ever passed through the city without stopping at the coffee shop. Captain Frank Hamer of the Rangers told me the following story many years ago, and I know that it was true because he said it was.

He said that he and Lon C. Hill were seated in the Gunter Hotel lobby one hot summer afternoon surrounded by some six or eight of the roughest looking old ranchmen that ever got together—all talking, spinning yarns and laughing. Suddenly Mr. Hill took his cowboy boots off; apparently they were a little uncomfortable and he was the kind who believed in comfort wherever he happened to be.

Soon a beautiful lady came into the lobby carrying a shaggy little Pekingese dog. She took a seat not far from where the old ranchers were seated, then turned her little dog loose on the floor to allow him to stretch his legs. The little dog immediately started on the prowl and made straight for Mr. Hill's feet and took a long sniff. The lady kept watching the dog.

Mr. Hill jerked his feet away and pulled them up under himself on the seat. The lady noticed what had happened and said, "Oh, I'm sorry he scared you—he's perfectly safe, he won't bite you."

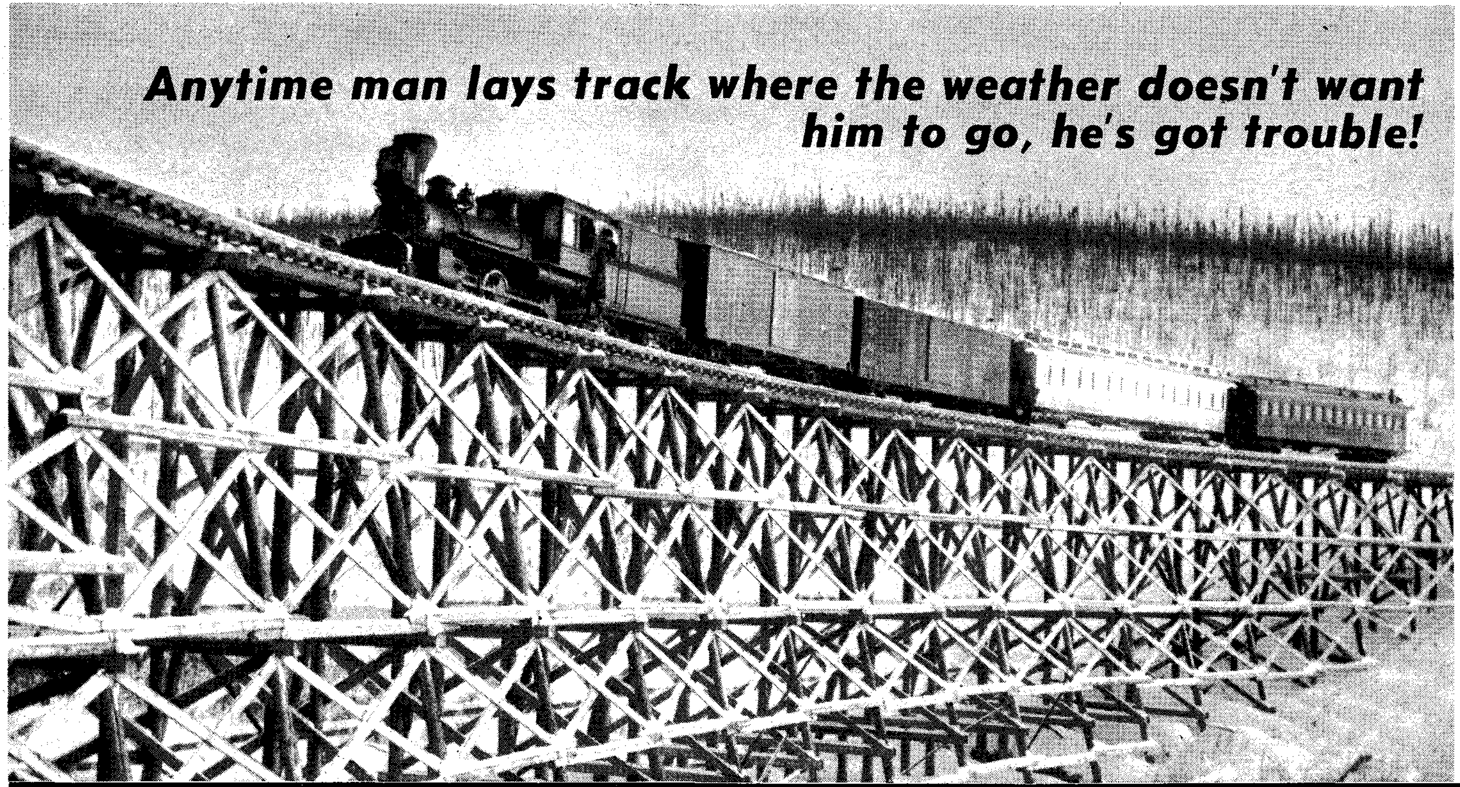
With a very sober face Mr. Hill replied, "I wasn't afraid that he was going to bite me, but he was lifting up his hind leg and I was afraid he might kick me!"

A few seconds of dead silence followed, then the hotel lobby rocked with laughter. The lady picked up her little dog and laughingly ran to the elevator and disappeared. There was one thing about these old-timers, whenever they got together something always happened to create some fun and laughter. Despite the rough and oft-times lonely lives they led, they managed to see the bright side of everything.

I recall another Rio Grande pioneer who brought fame to the area by way of a business which was considered strange by most people. I refer to W. A. "Snake" King who came to the Valley from Brooklyn at the turn of the century. On the outskirts of Brownsville, on the old Alice Road, he set up a place he called "Snakeville." I well remember a large sign over the entrance that read, "This is Snakeville — population, 17,209 (snakes)."

All the words on the sign were large except the last one—you had to get up real close to make it out. This "mighty Barnum of Texas" was not very tall by

*(Continued on page 28)*



**Anytime man lays track where the weather doesn't want him to go, he's got trouble!**

# The TANANA VALLEY

**Above, the Tanana Valley Railroad bridge at Fox Gulch, Alaska.**

IN FAIRBANKS the Alaska Railroad freight shed was on the west side of the track about thirty-five yards north of the depot. On the west side of the freight shed ran the track of a narrow-gauge railroad which curved back again to join that of the standard-gauge in front of the depot.

This narrow-gauge railroad, the Tanana Valley, extended from Fairbanks down to Chena at the mouth of Chena Slough where it emptied into the Tanana River, a distance of about ten miles. Leaving the standard-gauge track near Happy Station, the same narrow-gauge went from Fairbanks out to Chatanika, a distance of about thirty-five miles. Stations along the way were Fox, Olnes, Gilmore, Ridgetop and Eldorado. Fox and Olnes were towns even after 1923, but each of the others had faded to a small shack, about 8 feet by 12 feet, into which freight could be unloaded if the consignee were not there to receive it.

While the T.V.R.R. was a short line, it did have one passenger coach, one baggage and passenger coach, a couple of refrigerator cars which could be iced for transportation of meat, six boxcars, a dozen gondolas and a lot of flat cars. All of these cars were reduced in size to suit a railroad with a narrow-gauge track. Freight brought to Fairbanks over the Alaska Railroad and destined for some station out the narrow-gauge had to be transferred from one track to the other. Boxcar freight could be handled through the freight shed on hand trucks, but all the rest had to be handled down in the lower yard at what was known as the transfer track.

When the Fairbanks Exploration Company started operating out among the creeks, a lot of their heavy freight was handled at the transfer track. Especially do I remember their four-feet-long wood which had been cut at Mile 451 by Milo Saulich and his woodchoppers, and at Mile 457 by Eddie Drouin. There it was loaded onto flat cars which had high racks on both ends between which eighteen cords of wood could be piled. These cars were switched to the standard-gauge track of the transfer and spotted beside two narrow-gauge gondolas; then the wood was moved from the standard to the narrow-gauge gondola by muscle men who made a specialty of this work.

The greatest of them all was Art Loftus, whose record of transferring wood was never equalled by any other one man, and not by some crews of four men. Art was attending classes at the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines, and did this work at night after class hours. Old-timers will remember him as one of the three Loftus brothers, all of whom attended college at the same time. These three, along with the two McComb brothers, comprised the basketball team of the college and those five were hard men to beat. (As this is being written, all the Loftus boys are living in Oregon; the McCombs in Canada.)

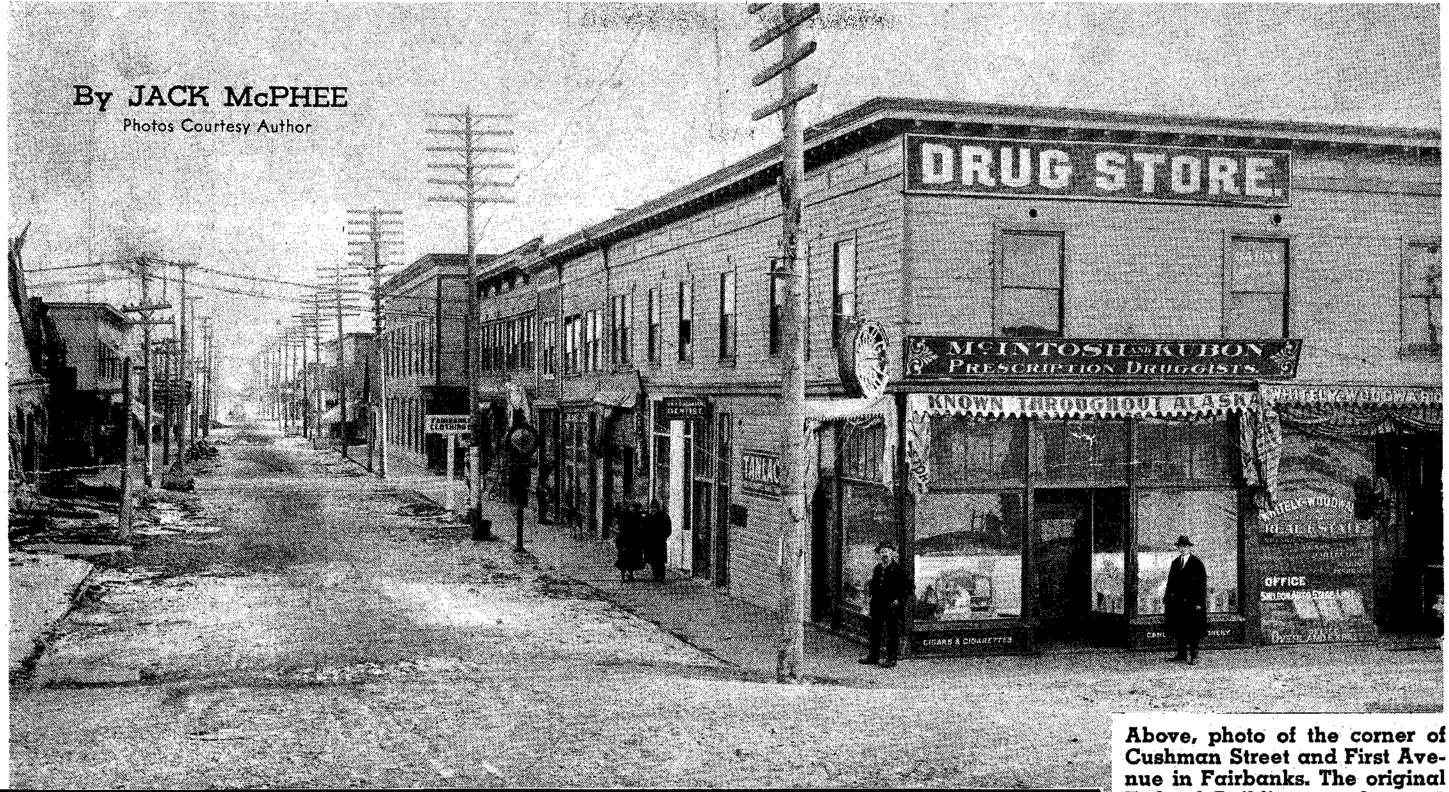
THE POPULATION of Fairbanks in those days was about 2,000. Until the advent of the Alaska Railroad, jobs were few and mostly consisted of working at a placer mine for about five months during the warm weather. There were also a few jobs available during the summer with the Alaska Road Commission. For those who didn't have steady, year-round employment, winter meant a time of either resting or going out in the hills to trap, chop wood or do assessment work on claims. Winter in Fairbanks was a quiet time.

There were a few more jobs available when the railroad arrived, and many more when the Fairbanks Exploration Company started operations.

The men who handled the freight in the freight shed those days were Henry Loer, Bill Cruikshank and Emil Van Raes, all old-timers who had seen Dawson at the height of its boom and also had

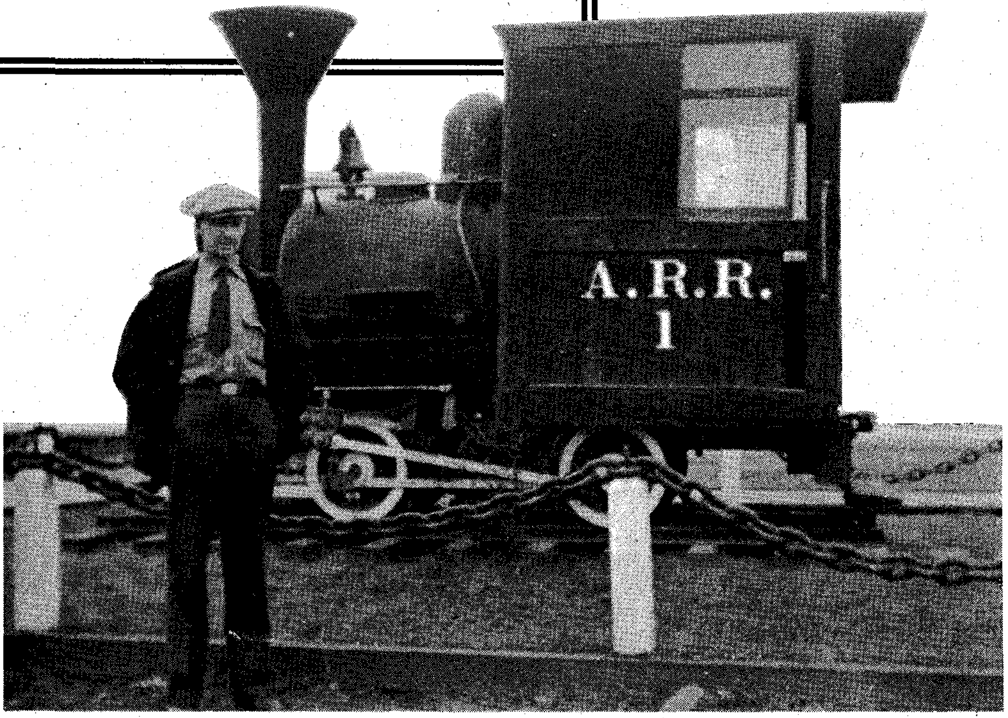
By JACK McPHEE

Photos Courtesy Author



**Above, photo of the corner of Cushman Street and First Avenue in Fairbanks. The original Federal Building can be seen on Cushman Street beyond the sign of the Fairbanks Clothing Co. The couple standing on that street are Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly. Peter Steil stands on the corner and on the right is Harry Woodward. Below, Jack McPhee and the Alaska Railroad Engine No. 1.**

# NARROW GAUGE



lived through the original boom at Fairbanks. Those men were made of iron, and before a steam crane was brought to Fairbanks, they handled anything that was too heavy for hand trucks with crowbars and rollers. The entire Nome Creek Dredge was handled through the shed. Even the dredge spud, of many tons' weight and great length, was taken off a standard-gauge flat car on the east side of the shed and rolled across the floor to the narrow-gauge flat cars on the west side by bars, rollers and muscle.

In the freight office, A. A. Budnik was the cashier, assisted by Walter V. McDevitt and Howard Leonard. All three were subject to call for muscle when the freight got too heavy, or too many consignees called for their freight at once. McDevitt and Leonard did most of the checking.

Nobody ever knew for certain when a train left for Chatanika at what time it would return. Anything could happen on that line. Starting with the spring breakup, Goldstream overflowed its banks and the railroad as well. But when the train was staffed by Conductor Jimmy Rodebaugh, along with Brakemen Tommy Hoover and John Nordbye, no matter what happened they always brought the train back the same day.

I made a trip to Chatanika with them one spring when we ran into water on the roadbed in the Goldstream Flats. Pulling on hip boots, Tommy climbed out on the cow-catcher with a pike pole and waded through the water, checking to feel that the track was not off and down the embankment. There were times when the force of the water running across the track floated the ties and rails out of position so that the train couldn't proceed.

In the summer, despite all efforts of the section crew, grass grew high on the right of way, fell down over the rails and made them so slippery at times that the engine couldn't pull the train. In the fall when the grass had dried, sparks from the locomotive often set fires which burned the ties and offered another hazard. But when winter came, *anything* could happen.

*(Continued on page 66)*

## They're Hanging Doc Vincent Today!

*(Continued from page 17)*

had a brother confined to an asylum and Mrs. Chapell testified that a daughter by her first husband was also an alcoholic and a dope addict. Her life with William Vincent and her son had been a nightmare and she frequently broke down and wept on the stand. She had divorced Vincent in 1865. He had been confined to an asylum a few years later.

Several other witnesses were introduced to substantiate the fact that the elder Vincent had been insane and had died in the San Francisco asylum. A local physician, Dr. J. H. Adair, testified that he had made a study of insanity and that the affliction could be induced from excessive use of alcohol. He further stated that insanity was hereditary and could be passed on from father to son. Other witnesses testified to Vincent's irrational behavior. After summing it up, both sides made their closing remarks to the jury on March 24.

The jury filed back into the crowded courtroom after deliberating slightly over three hours. When called upon by the clerk, the foreman stood and read the verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree."

The capacity audience immediately burst into applause and it was all the sheriff and deputies could do to maintain order. Vincent managed to keep his composure and, after a date for sentencing had been set, was quietly led from the courtroom.

AS WAS EVIDENT from the applause in the courtroom, the verdict was a popular one. The Fresno *Daily Evening Expositor* noted that Vincent's attorneys, in trying to prove him insane, only aggravated his situation and made him appear more guilty. "Never, probably, in the history of criminal jurisprudence was a stronger case of murder made out than that which was presented to the court and jury in the Vincent case."

On April 8, 1891, after the usual motions for a new trial by counsel, Vincent was sentenced to be hanged. Recently a new law had been passed which specified that all executions would take place at the state prison at San Quentin. Sheriff Hensley was therefore relieved of responsibilities and costs of the execution. But almost before the sheriff had finished sighing in relief, it was discovered that Vincent had been sentenced to hang just one day before the new law was to go into effect. It was decided that the condemned would have to be hanged in Fresno County after all, but in the meantime various appeals had been successful and the execution was postponed until November.

When November rolled around, the execution was postponed until December and in December it was put off until January of 1893. Vincent's lawyers were doing their work well and the prisoner became convinced that he would never hang. He even became something of a celebrity and never seemed to lack the company of curious visitors. Another stay of execution was issued in January of 1893 pending an appeal to the Supreme Court, but this was dismissed in May and the murderer was again scheduled to hang—this time on October 27. By now his attorneys had run out of legal steam. Vincent's last hope was an appeal to Governor Markham, but in a long letter dated October 23, the chief executive refused to interfere in the case.

Vincent's last few weeks on earth were spent in receiving visitors, writing letters and trying to keep his hopes up. Chris Evans, the noted outlaw, was in the Fresno jail at this time and between the two of them they drew large crowds of the morbidly curious. On October 24 and 25, Evans' wife and daughter were in Fresno acting in their play, "Evans and Sontag," in an attempt to raise money for the outlaw's defense. The venture was very successful.

One of the Fresno newspapers, the *Expositor*, noted in its columns that "pious and saintly" deacons would be found in attendance at the play. Vincent's spiritual counsel in his last days was the Reverend J. H. Collins who grew quite indignant at this supposed slur. He blurted out in the rival newspaper that "if any elder or deacon in a church in this city attends the play in question, [I will] give an oyster supper to the *Expositor* force, beginning with its editor down to the printer's devil." On the day after the play, an article in the *Expositor* noted that at least one high church official had been in attendance, and probably others. In short they were "ready for the oysters," but Collins claimed that he was only speaking for the seven Evangelical churches in Fresno, much to the disgust of the *Expositor* staff. Perhaps this silly little episode provided some amusement to Vincent in his last days of life.

By October 26, the hordes of visitors had become so great that jail officials finally had to do away with the privilege. Vincent remained calm outwardly, but his constant pacing and nervous actions indicated that the strain was beginning to tell. On the last day before the execution, Vincent stated that he didn't want anyone's conscience hurt on his account and he volunteered to spring the gallows trap himself if his arms could be left untied.

THE HIGH BOARD FENCE surrounding the gallows was finished on October 23 and the gallows in the next few days. The instrument of death had been shipped from Santa Barbara and had seen service before. It was set up next to the jail portion of the courthouse and kibitzers who had watched the construction noted the deep grooves in the ominous-appearing crossbeam of the device. Sheriff Broughton of Santa Barbara had accompanied the gallows to Fresno, bringing along several samples of hangman's ropes and knots.

Shortly after dawn on the morning of the execution, people began gathering. By mid-morning, hundreds of curious onlookers were on the scene trying to find cracks in the wall so they could view the spectacle. Later some forty-three holes were found to have been carved in the fence with pocket-knives. The tall trees surrounding the courthouse were full of people and the whole tragic event took on a carnival atmosphere.

"It was a sad scene," commented the *Expositor*, "when women carrying babies and leading very small children, tried to crowd their way up to see what was going on within the enclosure."

At 11:51 a.m. Under-Sheriff Berry appeared on the gallows and announced that the execution was about to take place. He asked that the men remove their hats, cease smoking, and maintain absolute silence during the proceedings. A few minutes later a deputy appeared with the straps to pinion Vincent's arms. At 11:58, the condemned man stepped onto the gallows smoking a cigar and accompanied by Reverend Collins. As his arms were being strapped, Vincent offered advice as to just how it should be done. A moment later he spoke his last words on this earth.

"To the sheriff and his officers, I wish to thank you for the kind treatment I received at your hands. To my friends, God bless you. To my enemies, God forgive them."

Some 600 people were within the enclosure and several hundred others on the outside. In a moment the noose had been adjusted and at exactly twelve o'clock the trap was sprung, eliciting a resounding cheer from the mob surrounding the fence. Doc Vincent never heard the sharp retort of the sheriff which restored quiet, however. He was pronounced officially dead by attending physicians.

Vincent's body was shipped north to his mother in Napa, California, where he was buried. In Fresno the first fall leaves blew across the courthouse park as spectators watched the gallows being dismantled—a carpenter and his helper unbolting planks. Leaves were falling, too, on the lonely grave in Napa. Strange—Doc Vincent had been born under a tree—the first white child in Colusa County.

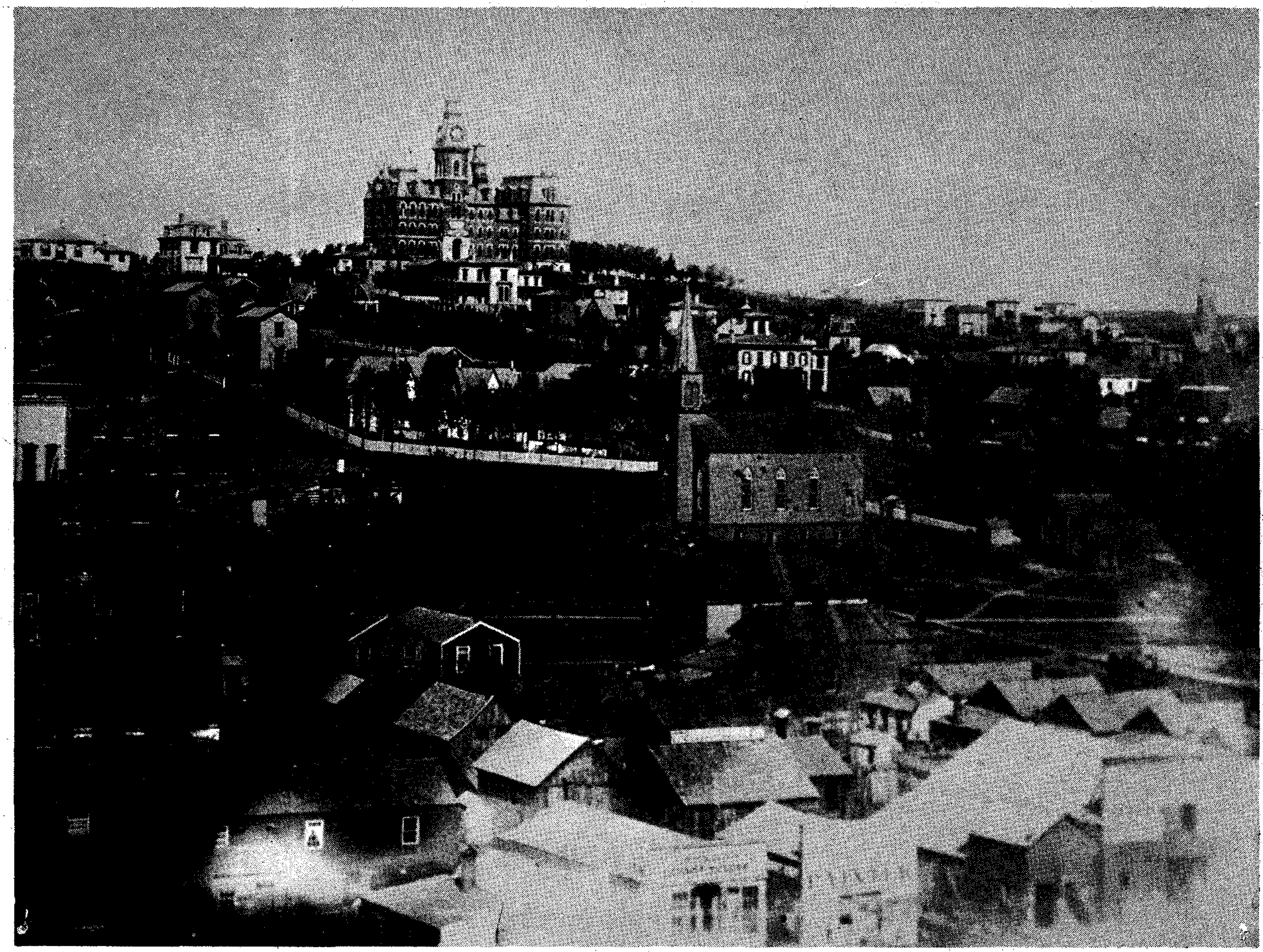
## Echoes from the Rio Grande

*(Continued from page 25)*

Texas standards, but in time King became a giant in show business.

One time during the days of the Mexican bandit-trouble, Snake King was driving a wagon some forty miles in the interior of Mexico when suddenly a bunch of bandits sprang out of the brush brandishing rifles and *machetes* and demanding *"Quien vive?"* ("Who goes there?") Now this sounds like a simple enough question, but the catch was that if you came up with the wrong answer you wouldn't be around to answer any others.

Being a quick-witted fellow, Snake King replied *"Que vivan mis viboras!"* ("Long live my snakes!") The bandits figured that anyone who went around catching rattlesnakes, always considered a deadly menace to man and beast, should be allowed to carry on the good work, and they waved him on.



Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society

**Omaha, Nebraska, 1875. View looks toward Omaha High School from the corners of 15th, Farnam and Douglas Streets.**

## Postal Inspector Furay convinces his chief that an "understanding" sleuth can speed up a capture more than somewhat!

# Let Diamond Cut Diamond

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

IN THE LATE 1870s outlaws were operating all over the Rocky Mountain region. They held up trains, stagecoaches and freight outfits, stole horses and rifled post offices. Among the lawmen who most vigorously pursued these outlaws was John Baptist Furay, early-day postal inspector.

Furay had an uncanny ability to spot criminals and to stay on their trails until they were brought to justice. Although he knew the habits and whereabouts of many of the outlaws it was difficult, in many cases, to get sufficient evidence to convict them. Furay urged the Post Office Department to offer large rewards and to make available money to him with which he might buy his way into the confidence of some of the evil doers. His theory was "let diamond cut diamond."

On October 7, 1879, he wrote to the Chief Special Agent of the Post Office Department, Colonel D. B. Parker in Washington, D. C., as follows:

"Sir:

W. H. H. Llewellyn who is a Special Agent of the Dept. of Justice and located here (Omaha, Neb.), advises me that, on the 3rd July, 1879, three outlaws and desperadoes of the very worst and most desperate character possible even for our frontiers, named Jack Nolan, Joe Johnson and "Curley" (whose real name is unknown), in broad daylight entered the Post Office at Bone Creek, Sioux Co., Nebraska, the P. M., Ed Cook, being out on the range looking after his livestock, leaving the crude little office closed, or in the immediate charge of no one.

"These outlaws, as it seems, entered and took possession and gutted the whole concern, taking a small amount of postage stamps, stamped envelopes, etc.;

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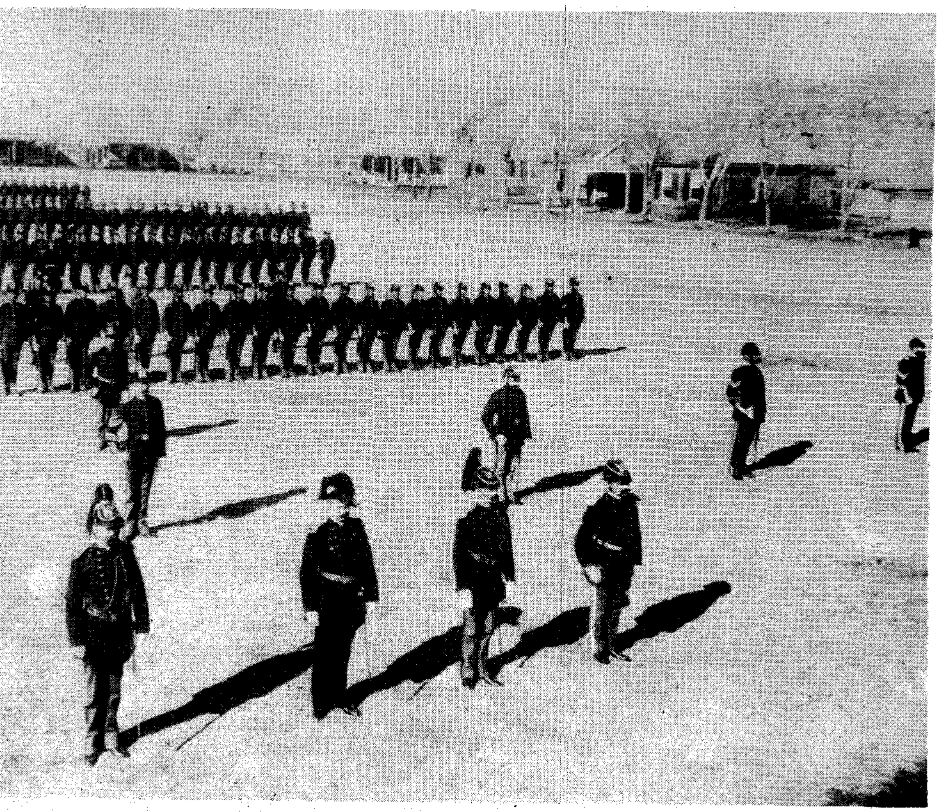


Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

**The parade ground at Fort Stanton, 1885, where Paddy Graydon's Company H was disarmed.**

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

**Colonel Kit Carson in uniform.**

**He was plain rogue, but a good fighter, and the men in his company didn't look kindly on**

# The Passing of

JAMES "PADDY" GRAYDON, a bumptious, boisterous, brave Irishman, had, along some long and devious trail, made his way to old Arizona and at the age of twenty-eight was living on Sonoita Creek in what is now Santa Cruz County.

The Federal Census of Arizona in 1860 lists James Graydon as a farmer, with property valued at $13,000. But Paddy was definitely not a farmer. When not soldiering, he operated a gin mill just off the reservation, near Fort Buchanan, and probably made more money than did all the farmers thereabouts put together. Of course, back in the 1860s there weren't many farmers in Arizona.

Whenever a call came for volunteers to go it alone or to accompany a detachment of soldiers in pursuit of Apaches who had just made another foray upon an isolated settler, Paddy Graydon forsook his gin mill and turned soldier. Then after the Apaches had been chased, and sometimes chastised, it was back to the gin mill for Paddy.

Fort Buchanan had been established in 1857 as a permanent station on the Sonoita, about twenty-five miles east of Tubac. This fort never amounted to much, and no permanent buildings worthy of the name were erected. The detachments stationed there were small numerically, and had but three or four changes of commanding officers during its existence. The first one was Major Enoch Steen, who was at Fort Buchanan a short time in 1857; then there were a couple of other commanders until, in 1860, Captain R. S. Ewell was sent out to take command.

Captain Ewell was, if occasion required, a strict disciplinarian, but his men liked and respected him, knowing he was always fair and would give the enlisted man a break, which is more than they would say for a lot of their officers.

One night at the fort, a young private, probably disillusioned with army life, deserted across the line into Mexico, taking with him the captain's favorite horse, which he promptly sold. The deserter then complicated his life by falling in love with a lovely Mexican *señorita*. She returned his affection, and when her father could not persuade his stubborn daughter to forget the *Americano*, he made an agreement with the deserter. He must return to his post, clear his name of all charges; then, and only then, might he return to claim the girl as his bride. The condition was accepted and the repentant soldier returned to Fort Buchanan.

The horse was gone, of course, and so was the money for the sale, irretrievably; so the situation required finesse upon the part of the deserter. He wrote a letter to Captain Ewell, explaining the situation in full.

In times past the young man had spent most of his pay with Paddy Graydon and figuring he was entitled to a small favor in return, quietly approached Paddy and asked him to carry the letter to the captain. The temptation was just too great. Seeing a chance to collect the standing reward offered for the apprehension of a deserter, Paddy double-crossed the trusting fellow and called the guard. In a matter of minutes he was in the guardhouse.

The letter was turned over to Captain Ewell; he sympathized with the lovelorn youth, but the fellow was already in the guardhouse and would have to stand trial. Strangely enough, however, a few nights later the prisoner escaped and disappeared without a trace.

ON THE OUTBREAK of the Civil War, Fort Buchanan was abandoned and Captain Ewell went to fight with the Confederacy, as did many another good man. Paddy's customers all marched away, and so did he.

A call had gone out for volunteers to fight the Rebels who were marching from Texas toward the Territory of New Mexico, and Paddy joined a scout, or spy, company. He was elected captain of his company, and a good one he was. This spy company was involved in many hazardous missions, and not even the briefest account of the Battle of Valverde omits mention of Captain James Graydon and the exploits of his company.

This battle, fought on February 21, 1862, was the first encounter in the Territory of New Mexico between the Army of the Confederate States and the Union forces. It was fought on the Rio Grande, across the river from Fort Craig. The Confederate general was H. H. Sibley, and the Union commander was Colonel, soon-to-be General, E. R. S. Canby. These officers were not only former comrades-in-arms in the Seminole Indian Wars, but were also brothers-in-law.

Fort Craig was on the west bank of the Rio Grande, just north of the Jornada del Muerto, across which Sibley marched his force of 1,750 Texans. The east bank of the Rio Grande in this area was a mesa, forty to eighty feet high, with nowhere a place to ford the river or even to water the army's parched horses and mules. Its steep banks extended from Pandero Crossing, some seven miles below the fort, to the Valverde, two or three miles above Fort Craig, and Valverde was the logical place for Sibley to attempt a crossing.

Major Benjamin Roberts took a detachment of Regular and Volunteer Cavalry up the west bank to prevent the Rebels from fording the river there and cutting the supply route to the fort. Graydon's spy company and several companies of mounted New Mexican militiamen had already crossed the river to scout the Texans' movements. That night, the 20th of February, Paddy viewed the Confederates' campfires and worked out a most unorthodox maneuver. He asked Major Roberts for his permission to conduct a night attack, such a one as was never devised at West Point. The request was granted.

Graydon and his chosen men loaded two old mules with explosives to which were attached long fuses. They led the mules as close as possible to the Rebels' camp; Graydon pointed the mules toward the enemy, lit the fuses and gave the perambulating "bombs" a couple of sharp smacks on their bony rumps. Graydon and his men ran to what they thought would be a safe distance to await the explosion, but the old mules were loyal Unionists; moreover, they loved the Irishman, apparently, for they turned to follow their master. Paddy and his boys ran; the mules ran after them, the fuses burning merrily away. Just as the fleeing scouts plunged into the river there were two terrific detonations, scattering pieces of mule and explosives hundreds of yards from their intended target. So ended all possibility of surprising the Confederates that night, but the affair wasn't a total loss—the racket stampeded the enemy's cattle herd into mad flight.

The Battle of Valverde was a costly one for both sides, but victory belonged to the South. Sibley unexpectedly bypassed Fort Craig and marched on to Santa Fe, which fell to his men without a struggle.

PADDY GRAYDON had many unique ways of accomplishing his purposes. To speak of Graydon is to recall the story told of how he kept the company's ranks filled. If he lost a man, whether by death or from other causes, Paddy would ride up to the next simple peon he met, call him by the name of his missing man, and put him in the ranks despite all protests of the unfortunate peon. When Paddy's company was mustered out, it was the only one with a full complement and, what's more, the men had the same names as when the company was first formed.

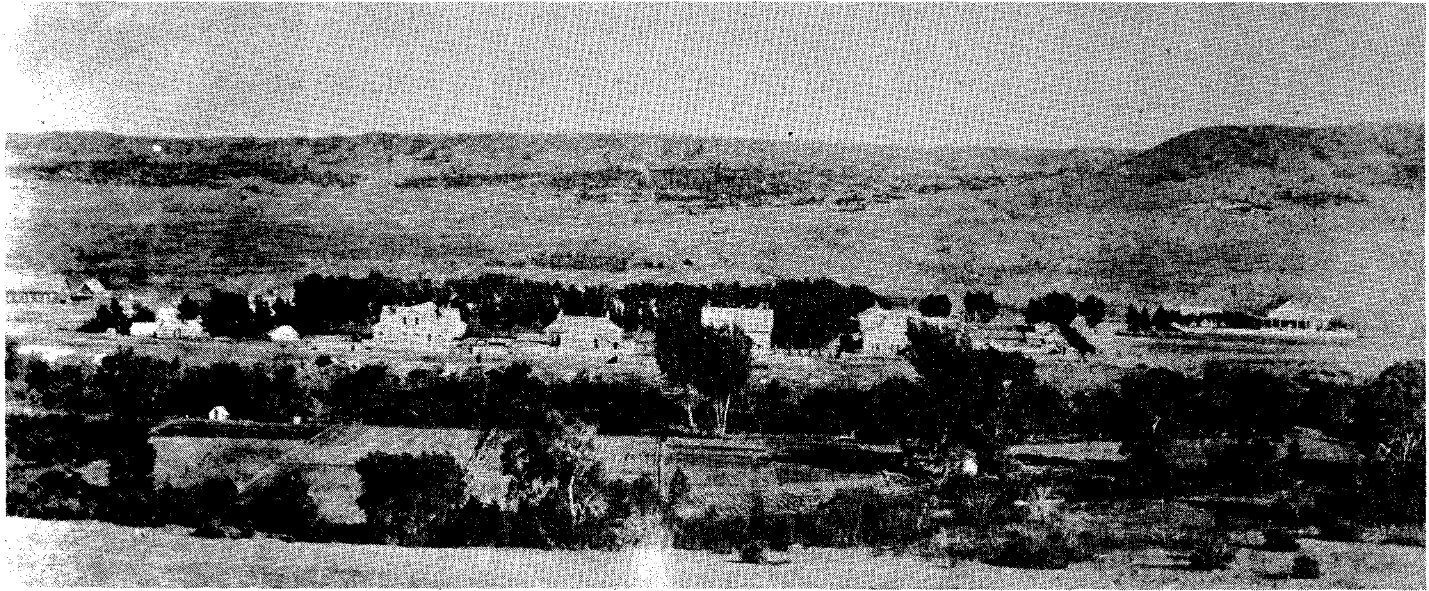
Kit Carson had resigned his office of Indian Agent in New Mexico and joined the army on July 26, 1861. By September 20, he was rated as Colonel, commander of New Mexico Volunteers. In October Carson and his men went to Albuquerque for training, remaining there until the end of January 1862. Then Carson and eight companies of First New Mexico Volunteers joined other Union forces at Fort Craig. Following

*(Continued on page 49)*

# Paddy Graydon

By FLORA HICKS

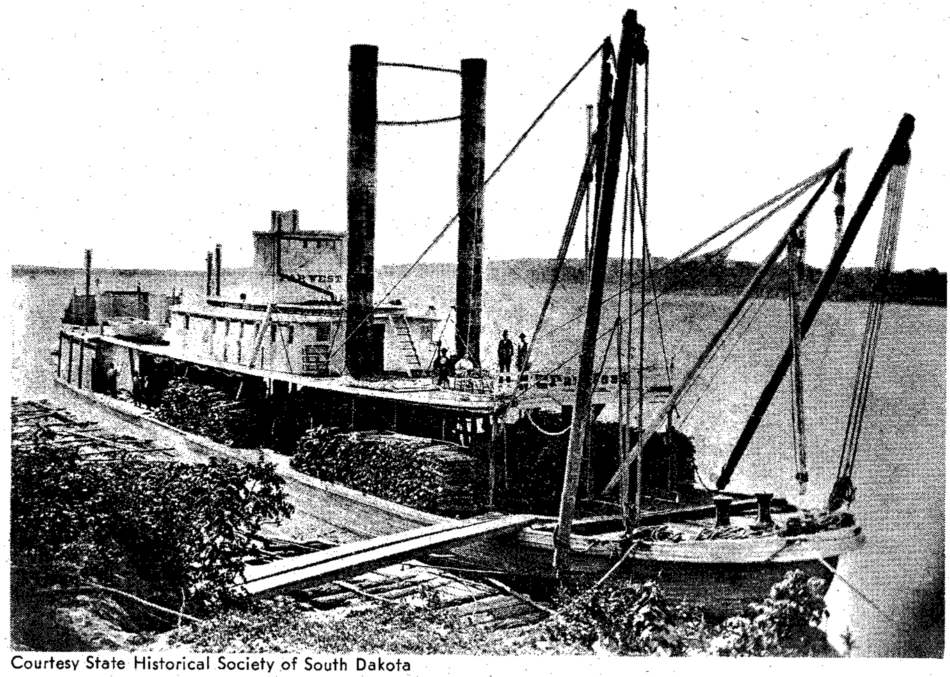
Photos Courtesy Author



**Fort Stanton as it looked in 1885.**
Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

# INDIANS and ARMY

## An uprising aboardship, with the broad river to hide the evidence, might have been a great finale to a vanquished people—certainly the braves had little to lose, but they held their hand



Courtesy State Historical Society of South Dakota

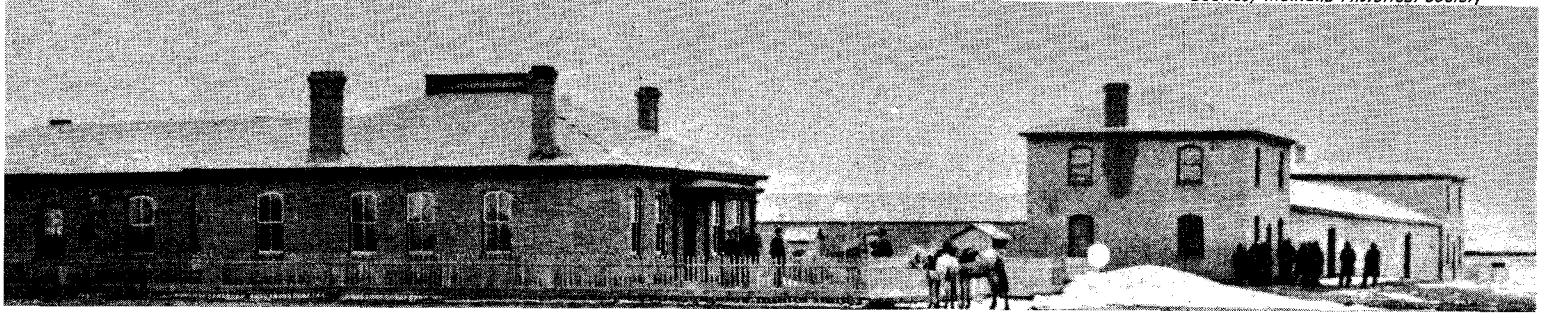
IT WAS ONLY during fairly high water that steamboats could ascend to Fort Benton, M.T. For this reason there were many applications for passage down river on the first boat to arrive. In 1881 the *Far West* led the rest of the fleet, and on it I obtained passage to Bismarck, D.T.

The *Far West* became famous during the tragic year of 1876 when it was in the government service. Commandeered by General Sheridan, it left Yankton, D.T. the middle of May to carry government supplies to Fort Lincoln, D.T., which it reached May 27th. Captain Marsh served as both captain and pilot although Dave Campbell also acted in the latter capacity. At Fort Lincoln, Mrs. Custer and other army ladies came on board and had tea. Mrs. Custer asked to be carried as a passenger to the Yellowstone River where Captain Marsh had been ordered next, but fearful of what his duties there might be, Captain Marsh would not consent. This was fortunate, considering what took place later. Taking officers and men, together with supplies for the cavalry, Captain Marsh steamed for the Yellowstone River. General Terry ordered him to the mouth of the Powder River, which he reached the first week in June; from the Powder River, he then steamed on to the mouth of the Tongue.

The *Far West* made a number of trips

**Left, Harriet Louise and Mary Pauline Rolfe, Martha Plassmann's daughters by her first marriage, accompanied her on the *Far West* (shown above). Below, the Standing Rock Agency, trading post, residence and Indian school, 1880, where Sitting Bull's tribe was to be sent.**

Courtesy Montana Historical Society



# WIVES on the *FAR WEST*

By
MARTHA EDGERTON PLASSMANN
Submitted by REX BUNDY

© Copyright Rex Bundy

Photos Courtesy Rex Bundy

**Martha Edgerton Plassmann was the daughter of the first territorial governor of Montana and Rex Bundy's great-grandmother.**

Martha Plassmann

on the Yellowstone between the Powder River and the Tongue River, serving as a dispatch boat, ferry, transport, gunboat, patrol boat, and finally to become a hospital boat. After the news of the battle at the Little Big Horn, the *Far West* was ordered to the mouth of that river. For 53 miles it ascended the Yellowstone, cautiously nosing its way between the many islands, and passed beyond the Little Big Horn under the command of Colonel Baker, and contrary to the judgment of Captain Marsh. Returning to the mouth of the Little Big Horn, preparations were made for the reception of the wounded. Soft grass was laid on the lower deck and covered with canvas. This improvised bed must have seemed luxurious to those men who had been jolted over the rough terrain between the battlefield and the mouth of the river.

HARDLY WAS I fully established on board and ready for the journey, when a mule-drawn ambulance from Fort Assiniboine drew up at the levee to discharge officers and their families, who also engaged passage on the *Far West*. Among these were Colonel Brown, commander of the post, with his wife and son; Captain Cass Durham and family; and Major Arthur, brother of President Arthur. These, like myself, chose to journey on the first boat down river to prolong their stay in the States.

But which would be the first boat? The *Far West* apparently had no further reason for postponing her departure, yet she lingered in an unaccountable manner. Presently the *Helena* arrived, drew up alongside of the *Far West*, landed her freight and took on passengers while we watched, wondering why our boat was tarrying. The others wondered, some out loud, while I simply thought the captain knew his business.

I overheard one of the army contingent inquire, "I wonder if we are to take on those Indians?"

"What Indians?" I asked. I hadn't heard about moving any Indians.

"Why, Sitting Bull's band that is to be sent to the Standing Rock Agency." I hadn't even known the Sioux had capitulated.

The *Far West* finally cast off the lines and headed down the river and, as we looked back at the levee, we saw the *Helena* following. The excitement of the departure drove the thought of Indians from our minds and we enjoyed the scenery to be observed on either bank as we sped down river. The trip would have been delightful but for the growing fear that our boat was to be the one to take the Indians to Standing Rock Agency in Dakota Territory.

The weather favored us and the season was not advanced far enough for the mosquitoes and buffalo gnats to be troublesome. From early morning until late at night we sped down the river, tying up at the bank, generally at a woodyard, when it became unsafe to travel because of the difficulty in determining the channel and the danger of sand bars and snags.

We passed the mouths of the Judith, Musselshell and Milk Rivers, streams still bearing the names given them by Lewis and Clark. In all that long distance, where twenty years earlier herds of buffalo crossing the river often impeded the progress of the boats, only one was seen. This one, an ancient bull, wandered into the sheltering willows close to the water and became the target for every gun on board. When the bull was finally killed, the boat drew up alongside, where, with the aid of a donkey engine, the crew hauled it aboard. This to the consternation of one of the army ladies, who anxiously inquired,

*(Continued on page 40)*

# NUGGETS

## SLIM LINK—TRAPPER

BY CHARLES K. GREEN

IN THE early days Slim Link ran his lines from a small log cabin he had built on the east side of the North Fork of the Flathead River, a few miles south of the British Columbia border in Montana. The cabin was located on Kishenena Creek at the edge of a small meadow, a location that was to be in a few years, part of Glacier National Park.

Some homesteads had been taken up on both sides of the river in the early 1900s and an oil boom was underway at the upper end of the valley on both sides of the border. A primitive road had been pushed through the woods on the east side of the river and freighters with their heavy wagons, powered by four or more horse teams, were moving the heavy oil machinery to the locations each summer after the road was dry.

Slim was a man of about forty, tall, slender, with bushy black hair, friendly with his few distant neighbors but extremely reticent to discuss his personal life. No one knew him by any other name, nor where he came from. Many such men roamed the country then. What their names were, where they hailed from, or where they went, was no one's business but their own.

Slim made his living trapping in this wild and beautiful country with lines on the headwaters of several creeks on both sides of the border. The now rare black marten were plentiful, and with lots of beaver in the creeks, along with otter, mink, and an occasional wolverine, the sale of his pelts each spring furnished an ample income.

In the fall of 1907, Slim went outside for the winter. Where or why, no one knows, but early the following spring he stopped at Matt Brill's cabin one evening with a pack sack full of groceries, his trusty .45-90 Winchester rifle, and the small black dog which was his constant companion. He spent the night with Matt and, before going to bed, told him a large grizzly had been prowling around his cabin the previous fall and he intended to shoot it if it showed again.

When he left the next morning, Matt walked down to the river with him. Slim took off his shoes and socks, put them on his back pack, and calmly started wading across the cold deep water with the dog swimming ahead. Matt said he stopped midstream, knee deep in rapids, slung his rifle over his shoulder, took out a sack of Bull Durham and rolled a cigarette. Then he lit it, waded on across, turned to wave goodbye, and vanished into the woods.

Brill's cabin, the last place Slim was seen alive.

A WEEK passed before Matt was suddenly awakened one morning by the little dog barking at his door. He let the pup in and seeing he was hungry, fed him. Then the dog almost begged Matt to follow him back to the river. With spring work and company coming, Matt couldn't leave, so he wrote a note to another trapper living up the river, asking him to go to Slim's cabin to see what was wrong. He taped the note to the dog's collar in some waterproof paper, and walked down to the river. The dog was overjoyed but when he realized Matt wasn't going with him, swam the river and raced up the trail for home.

Matt's company arrived that day and at bedtime the next evening they heard a whimper and an animal scratching the door. Here was the pup again, dejected, bushed, and famished. The note was still on his collar which proved he had failed to find the neighbor up the valley. The three men discussed the problem, decided to investigate the next day, fed the dog, and went to bed.

After breakfast the next morning the pup romped around while the men saddled their horses. When they headed for the river, the dog was in the lead urging them on. He swam the river ahead of them and ran up the trail the three miles to the cabin.

Upon arrival they found that tragedy had struck over a week before. Slim had evidently been killed a day or so after he arrived at his cabin. Slim had put up what is called a set gun, across the trail in front of his cabin, using an older weapon he had at the cabin. With these lethal traps a gun is anchored so that it will shoot across a trail and is triggered by a string or wire across the pathway. The gun was an old single shot rifle, but an empty cartridge was lying on the ground, and another was in the chamber.

Brill and his companions believed Slim had set the device, and during the night the bear had been shot. Then Slim had gone out, found no bear, and had reset the snare. When the wounded bear charged out of the dark, Slim must have walked or been pushed into his own gun, and the bear had finished him off before he could reach his Winchester. This gun was found leaning against the wall beside the cabin door.

What was left of his corpse had been dragged over in the timber and picked clean. The bear had ransacked the cabin and in his fury had destroyed everything in it. The stove was turned over and the bedding ripped to shreds. Out in the yard were balls of fabric which showed the bear had stripped off all of his victim's clothes, torn them in pieces and scattered them about. The grizzly had lost considerable blood both in the cabin and out in the yard, but the beast must have survived, for a search of the area failed to locate its carcass. The dog, on this wild dark night, probably had watched the carnage taking place and somehow had escaped to go for help.

Brill and his friends buried what was left of Slim Link, and on their next trip to town reported his death to authorities. A search of the cabin revealed nothing to indicate who the man was, his next of kin, or where he was from. No doubt that was the way Slim wanted it and that is the way it was.

Matt took the dog home where it stayed until it died of old age. He said the dog would leave each year near the anniversary of Slim's death and be gone a couple of days. No doubt the pup would go back to the cabin hoping to find his master waiting for him at his old home.

These set guns were used in the early days by elderly crippled men to get meat to survive, and in some cases by men too lazy to hunt normally. Generally, but not always, they were located on some older man's land across a deer trail on posted ground, and had signs on the trail warning of the device. When I was a kid, an old Irish neighbor was deer hunting on a trail in the woods, and walked into a set gun without a warning. The blast of the .30-30 shot a hole through his new mackinaw coat and burned his backbone. He was very upset and wrapped the rifle around a stump.

Another neighbor had a grizzly bear killing his stock and the old bear was too smart to walk into a steel trap or show himself in daylight. George outsmarted the bear by using a baited set gun, installed in a log pen so no one could walk into it. He used a .35 Winchester automatic attached to the rear end of the pen with the bait tied to the trigger. The bear yanked on the bait, received a lethal shot in the head, but kept hold of the bait in his death struggle until he emptied the rifle. He was a very dead bear, his hide so full of holes it was useless.

Here in northwest Montana, down through the years since, bears have killed several other people, some known and others who just vanished and were never found, for grizzlies, if unmolested, will generally carry their kill for miles and bury it. In these heavy forests Mother Nature soon removes any sign of her earth's being disturbed, and history records another mysterious disappearance.

## THE DOORS SWING IN, THE DOORS SWING OUT

By Christine Ferguson

*Don't worry about the wood, Mother*
*I'm coming home with a load*

IN THE gold rush days a good portion of each evening, particularly weekends and emphatically after a big strike, men gathered in the old-time saloons in the Mother Lode country, whether they were tents, tin shacks or fancy girl-baited high class establishments. A scarcity of female companionship quite likely forced an anti-boredom alternative between "shooting it out" or being entertained by reading the hand-drawn verses or notices on the saloon walls. Many of these old rib-ticklers are still preserved on the walls of bars, museums and stores in the area of Highway 49, known as California's Golden Chain.

One once-thriving hotel, now a quiet stopping-off place for a cold beer, has a fine collection of some of these ribald sayings. One example goes like this:

**The wonderful love of a beautiful maid**
**And the love of a staunch true man,**
**And the love of a baby unafraid**
**Have existed since life began.**
**But the greatest love, even that of a mother,**
**Is the tender passionate infinite love**
**Of one drunken bum for another.**

Humor played a big part in the life of the old-time miner, or he might never have survived the hardships endured while trying to locate his elusive fortune. It was also easy come and easy go, and when he lost his poke of gold dust at the gambling tables and resorted to a few elbow benders to ease the pain, perhaps such lines as these might even seem to have made sense:

**Our drinks are twice as good**
**And twice as big,**
**So for twice sake**
**Twy one.**

Any man could excuse himself comfortably as he ordered the next drink when thinking of a lost buddy or faraway friends:

**I drink to your health when I'm with you,**
**I drink to your health when I'm alone.**
**I drink to your health so darn much**
**I've almost ruined my own.**

The bleary-eyed one might have difficulty in even reading this laconic suggestion:

**You've had enough if both bartenders refuse to serve you—we only have one bartender.**

As you get up from the solid mahogany bar before leaving the saloon of the old Jeffrey Hotel at Coulterville, this gem over the doors holds the attention:

**Mary had a little lime,**
**And quite a lot of gin.**
**Everywhere that Mary went,**
**She didn't know she'd been.**

Old hotel registers show many famous persons "slept here" and no doubt read many of these chuckle provokers. Included were President Teddy Roosevelt who claimed nearby Yosemite Valley residency, Frank James, Mark Hanna, John D. Rockefeller and Prince Kialaumiakoca of Hawaii, to name a few. But an unexpected registrant was on February 16, 1901 when Mrs. Carrie Nation, the anti-saloon agitator, stopped over at a then thriving hotel on 49. There is no record as to whether she raised her eyes to read the ribald verses but it is hardly likely that she missed such an opportunity to "persuade" the grog drinkers to refrain. In any event there are no hatchet marks on the walls today. It may have been one of her "quiet days."

Then, if you look back nostalgically, the old swinging halfdoors impress a pungent reminder:

**The doors swing in, the doors swing out**
**Some pass in, some pass out.**

Perhaps humor reached the top rung when the settlement, Drytown, got its moniker. The town had twenty-six saloons!

## INDIAN VISITORS

BY WILLIAM N. GIETZEN
As told to Mary Ann Evenson

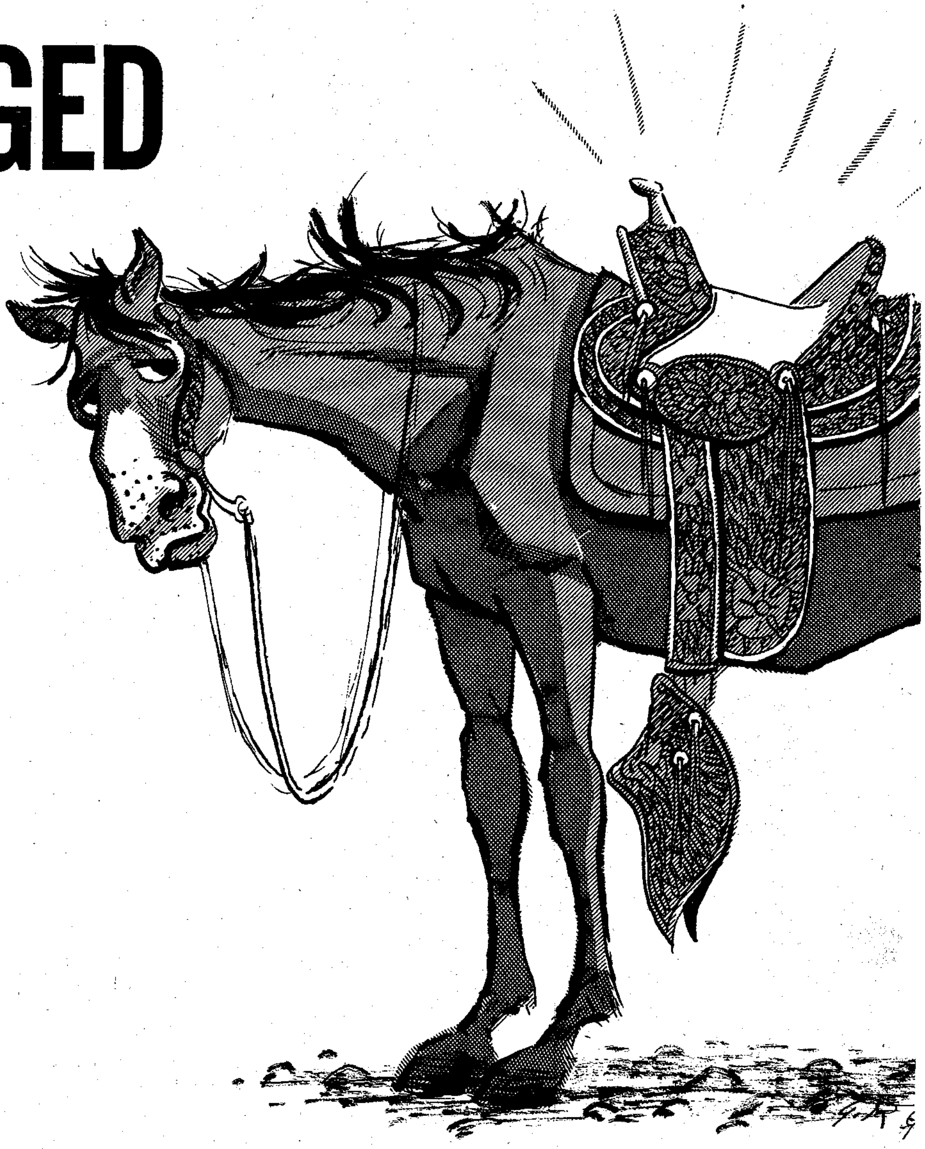
THE LITTLE settlement of Glen Ullin, North Dakota was a tough town from the beginning. Around 1880 the toughs and outlaws from the Grand River in South Dakota to the Knife River north, Fort Rice on the Missouri southeast, to Dickinson west, all congregated there, especially during the winter months.

The first known settler was Daniel P. Barnes, a Scotsman with a love of poetry. One of his favorites was "Ullin's Glen" which can be found in Appleton's 4th reader from "Stag at Eve." After looking over the terrain, he recommended the name "Glen Ullin" for the little hamlet to the Northern Pacific Railroad. For reasons unknown the Indians avoided Glen Ullin as much as possible.

Hebron, eight miles to the west, was

*(Continued on page 64)*

# FOUR-LEGGED MEMBERS of the FAMILY



By ELIJAH L. JACOBS

Illustrated by John R. Jones

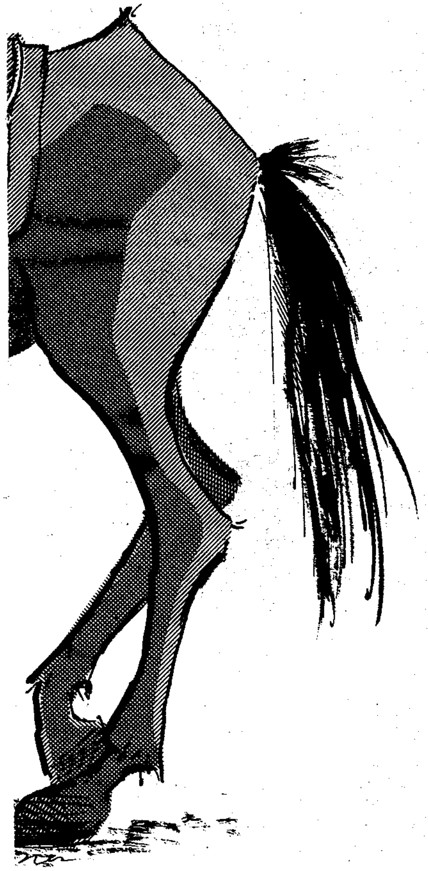
## Remember when most any household had a horse or a mule that had been given everything but voting rights?

WHEN I WAS A BOY, we knew our neighbors and we knew their horses. We judged a man not merely by how he treated his wife and children but how he got along with his livestock. Either could be amenable, and either could be cantankerous. Either could also be the test of a man.

I knew a woman who would dump a second piece of pie on a guest's plate after he had declined it; another would take a spoonful of a farmhand's coffee when he asked for more sugar, taste it, and tell him it was sweet enough for anybody. The husbands of those girls needed, for the good of their own reputations, to have horses with better manners than their wives.

A man could be excused for not being able to keep his wife and daughters in hand if he could show elsewhere that he had force of character. Let him show that he could drive a straight row with his corn planter or that he could get his team to pull steadily on a mired wagon, and he had a right to respect. If he could manage neither his womenfolk nor his horses, people laughed.

The horses were part of the menage. They had their part in whatever drama the family annals contained. I can remember a few tales of my great-grandmother, whom I never saw. I remember more vividly the story of my grandfather's mules, an opinionated pair that believed in bolting for the house when Grandmother rang the big dinner bell. My grandfather could make them go on to the end of the row they were cultivating when they heard the bell, but if the hired man was working them, they turned right where they were and cut across the field for the barn and the feed box. I never saw those mules, either, but they were as truly a part of



# or a donkey

the family tradition as my great-grandmother was.

My father was one of those men who had a fondness for animals that other men found unruly. The balky ones would pull for him, and the ill-tempered ones didn't bite him. Consequently, I grew up with a succession of beasts that had taken my father's fancy but for which I had no affinity. Not all these eccentric ones became immediately well adjusted to life, even when my father worked them. But somehow he kept the peace with them; they made allowance for one another.

Once he got a handsome bay horse from a neighbor, and had no suspicion that the animal was vicious—no man during a trade tells all he knows—until some days later when the neighbor came visiting us. He happened to be standing in a stall when the horse came into the barn. The man saw himself trapped there, and came scrambling up over the manger as if vindictive fate were after him. Father kept this horse for several years, and he behaved admirably as long as nobody else took hold of the lines. Let some other man try to drive him, and he would both balk and kick. For some years after Father sold Old Bill, he used to regret from time to time the treatment that he knew some other man would be giving the horse. He felt that he had betrayed a friend.

WE LIVED in Oklahoma Territory until I was nine years old, and many of the horses I knew there were broncos with brands on their flanks. Farmers used them not only for riding but for plowing, hauling—such work as really demanded bigger horses. They were small, unruly, high-spirited little beasts, not readily reconciled to drudgery, but they were cheap and many of the men who settled on Oklahoma homesteads were poor enough to take what horses they could get.

It was a common saying that once a man had broken a bronco to work or to ride, if the weather turned wet and the animal ran in the pasture for a week or two it would go wild and have to be broken again. My father had a beautiful little bay mare that he liked to ride. She was slender and graceful, and could trot faster than many ponies could run. But whenever Father rode her anywhere, once during the trip she would try to throw him off. After a little pitching she would decide that this was not her day and go on peacefully, making no second attempt. Father loved her.

He had another, later, for which even he could feel little affection. When this colt was a two-year-old, Father undertook to tame him. My father got a harness on the colt, fastened a rein from his bridle to the hame of a steady older horse, and got the little fellow to pull, without much plunging about, his part of the drag of a harrow. After three or four hours, when he thought the colt would be too tired to put up much of a struggle, Father unhitched the team, sent the other horses to the barn ahead of him, and mounted to the back of the little bronco. The colt went along wearily and meekly enough until they came to an old apple-tree stump that had not been grubbed out of the field. And suddenly he was no little exhausted workhorse; he was a rebel. He pitched. He went back and forth over that stump as if it were the landing place he had chosen from the beginning, the spot on which he had planned to dump the man on his back, this man now clamping his legs on the scrawny barrel of the pony and holding on for dear life. The murderous little horse gave up after a bit, and Father was glad to discontinue the lesson. There was never a meeting of minds between those two. But though my father did not learn to like the little horse, he did seem from that day on to admire the animal's wicked ingenuity.

One could always dispose of a horse, of course, without admitting that he was intractable or, like a mule my father once possessed, insane. This mule had a compulsion to go round and round in a circle until he became dizzy and would fall. But every farmer thought he had a gift for beating any other farmer in a horse trade. My father's mule could be kept tied to a manger when somebody came to look at him. A horse that has been overheated could be traded off when the weather was cold and he did not breathe in the telltale short and labored breaths. A spavined horse could be kept idle long enough to walk across the barn lot without limping.

And men might trade horses, of course, without guile and without deception, to the benefit of each. My father thus came into possession of a beautiful chestnut mare, a pacer, whose highstrung temperament was beyond the understanding of the man who had raised her. He had kept her until she was five years old without breaking her to drive. He had tried once or twice, but had given up when she kicked the doubletrees apart. He had used her for a saddle horse—and she would be well on her way before he got his leg across her back. He was a ludicrous sight, with one foot in the stirrup and the other hopping along while he grabbed wildly at the saddle horn with the mare getting into the swing of her gait. We used her for a saddle horse, too, and we trained her to work after a fashion, though we never persuaded her to like that bondage. She would go along, docilely enough, pulling her half of a loaded wagon until we stopped. When we started again she would usually go up on her hind legs, lunge forward to see whether she could wreck something, and come down—if nothing had broken—to go again without more experiment until the next time we stopped. We had no reason to suppose that she felt any affection for us, if any horse has a fondness for any man, but no matter how far from home she was, when she found herself free she took off at a good stiff pace. Once she left me six miles from home. And once, when a bit broke and came out of her mouth, she took me along in the saddle. No command to "Whoa!" troubled her. I could come along or get off while she was in motion and be left behind. Curiously, she never attempted to return to the farm where she had spent the first five years of her life.

I HAVE SAID that a man was judged by the treatment he gave his horses and by his control over them. He was judged, also, by his conforming or failing to conform with certain conventions. One did not refer to the right-hand or left-hand horse in a team; a city man turned farmer would give himself away by the words. The right-hand horse was the off horse, and the left-hand horse the near one. This terminology was not at all logical, for a man driving a team

*(Continued on page 68)*

# OUTLAWS

**Oklahoma's partners in crime realized the importance of good fast horses, but they made a fatal mistake when they cast their longing eyes on an Indian pony herd!**

### By F. HORACE HUGHES

WHEN the land openings began in Oklahoma Territory with the first one of 1889, followed by the opening in 1892 of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe country, there was great excitement in southern Kansas and many people left to secure free farms. Cattlemen were forced out of the Territory and some of their cowboys who had been thrown out of work became outlaws rather than trying to break sod and follow a plow.

In a remote place like western Oklahoma, where law enforcement was very lax and the country thinly populated, citizens joined the few law officers to capture or shoot men suspected of robbing or killing.

Being a small lad I didn't know much about the Cheyenne and Arapahoe lands into which our family moved by covered wagons from Kingfisher, about sixty-five miles distant, but I was to learn quickly that we had located in what, only a few years past, had been prime bandit country.

I heard tall tales about famous outlaws who had operated in this territory since its opening in 1892, most of whom had been killed or captured by the turn of the century. Boys and girls who were among the first settlers were especially anxious to tell the Hughes children about the notorious Isaac Black and Dick Yeager horse-stealing raid. It was still fresh in their minds.

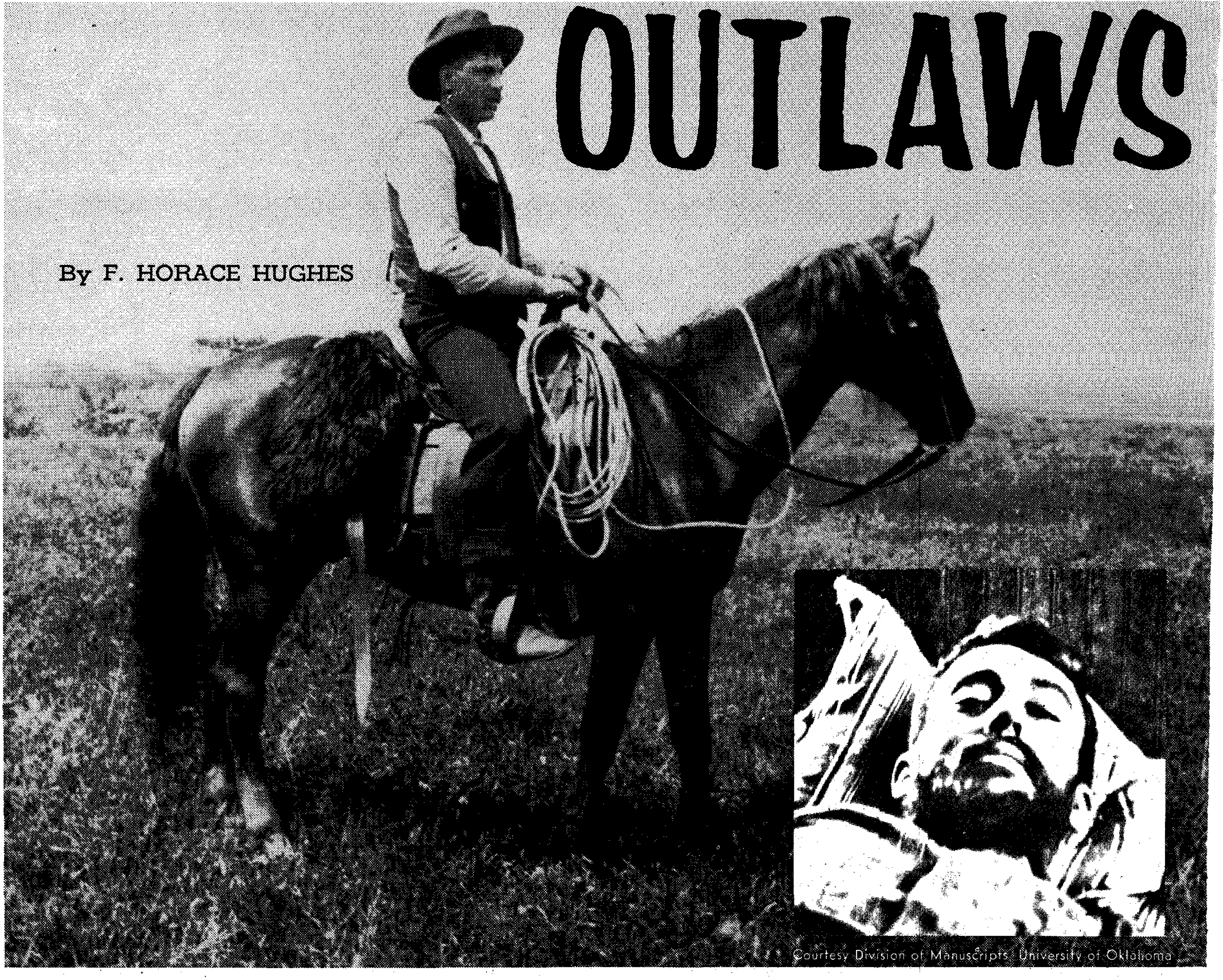
THE SUPERINTENDENT at the Indian school, Mr. Wilson, told me that the big attraction for outlaws at Cantonment was horses. Indians owned great numbers of them and they grazed unattended on the unfenced prairie.

The number of horses owned by an Indian denoted his wealth and social status. No sane Indian would walk any distance if a horse was handy to ride, and when the family traveled, the squaws did the driving and the bucks sat and smoked hand-rolled Bull Durham cigarettes in the back of the wagon.

A brisk demand for horses existed among the white settlers, too, for farm power and other uses. Roads were just

**Below, Dick Yeager, good cowboy turned outlaw, photographed by Prettyman in the Cherokee Outlet, 1893.**

Courtesy Cunningham Collection, Stillwater, Oklahoma



Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma trails in that new country and usually wandered from one point to another, ignoring the ungraded section lines without bridges.

Although the Black and Yeager raid took place five years before our family moved to the Territory, some of the grown folks were still telling their children to be good boys and girls lest these two outlaws carry them away.

Dick Yeager, sometimes called Zip Wyatt, was one of a family of eight. His father, John Wyatt, was a veteran of the Civil War and married Rachel Quick during that war. In 1889 the father filed on a claim about twelve miles northeast of Guthrie and engaged in farming.

In 1891 Zip (Nelson "Zip" Wyatt) married Annie Bailey and to that union was born a daughter, but marriage failed to settle down young Zip Wyatt, as he very soon got into a big fight at Mulhall.

A warrant was issued for his arrest and placed in the hands of the sheriff at Guthrie. Zip fled to Kansas with his wife and two brothers, where the men worked in the wheat harvest for George Cook.

The Fourth of July was coming up, and the four went to nearby Greensburg to the celebration. They stopped at the livery barn of Mr. Roberts for the noon hour, and the horses were fed and rested while the folks ate luncheon. After they left, Mr. Roberts discovered several items missing, among which was a pair of riding gloves, a lasso rope, and a watch. Knowing that horse races were scheduled that afternoon at Pryors Grove, about twelve miles away, Mr. Roberts had a warrant sworn out for Zip Wyatt and it was handed to deputy sheriff Balfour, in the absence of the sheriff who was out of the state.

When the deputy found Wyatt at the grove and started to serve the warrant, Wyatt pulled out a six-shooter and shot the officer in the stomach. The bullet hit the spinal cord and the officer died within a few moments, but not before he shot Wyatt two times, one bullet hitting the hand and another hitting the hip. Neither wound was too serious.

Wyatt, who was now on the run, left Kansas in a hurry and returned to Oklahoma where he knew the country well from his early cowboy days. For a short time he eluded all efforts to effect his capture, although a $1,000 reward was on his head.

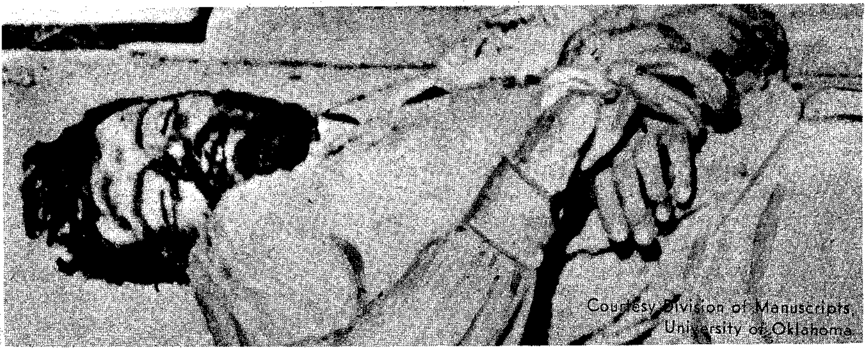
Before long, the sheriff at Guthrie learned that the outlaw was back at his old home in Indiana. Securing a warrant, Sheriff Bonsall went to Terre Haute and enlisted the aid of Sheriff Powers. The two went to the small town of Cory and arrested Wyatt. The officers then took the prisoner back to Terre Haute where Bonsall was detained a week while Wyatt tried various legal maneuvers to get released from custody. When these efforts failed, Wyatt was returned to jail at Guthrie, Oklahoma.

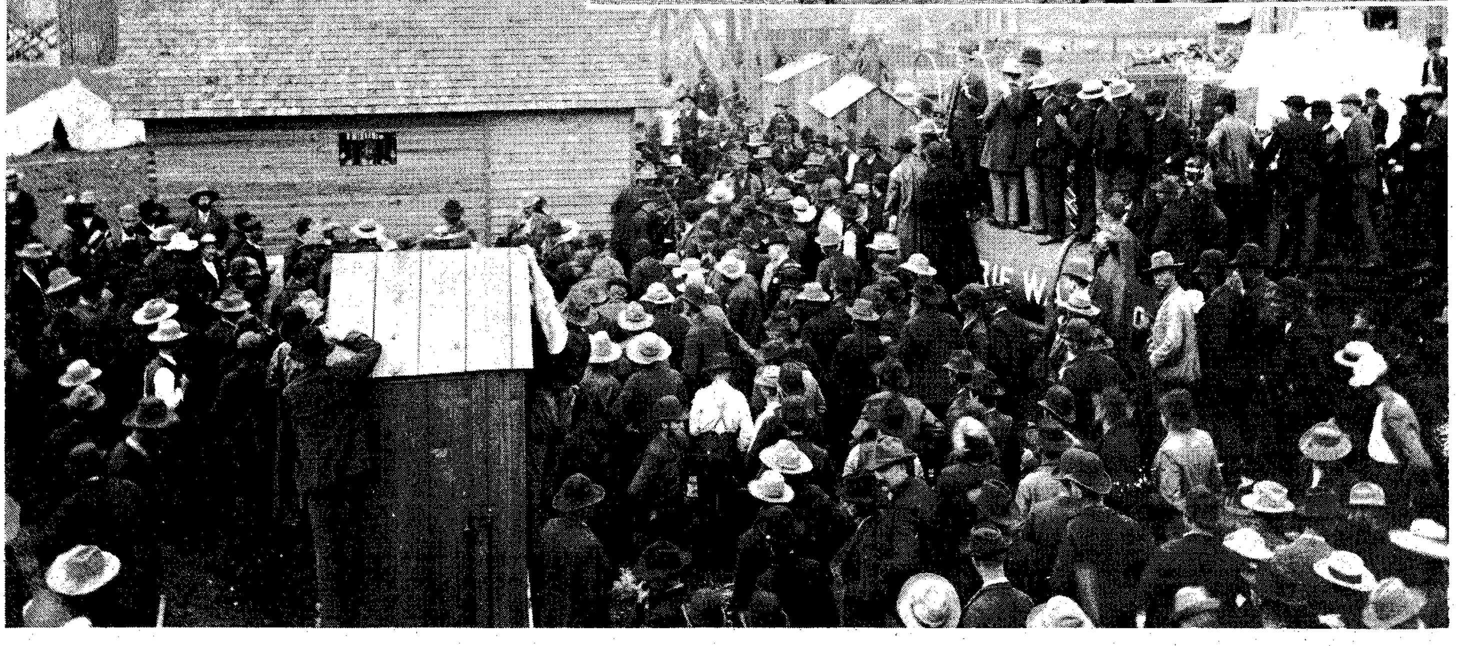
Territorial jails were not strong

*(Continued on page 50)*

# BLACK and YEAGER

**Insert at bottom, left: Photo of Dick Yeager taken before he died in the Enid jail from wounds inflicted by Poak and Smith of the Kingfisher posse. Right, Isaac Black, killed by officers near Cantonment. Below, a prisoner in the Guthrie, Oklahoma jail was big cause for excitement in this May 26, 1889 photo. Yeager was jailed in Guthrie three times but always managed to escape.**


Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma


Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

## Indians and Army Wives on the *Far West*

(*Continued from page 33*)

"Do you think they're going to feed us on that?" The sight of the carcass certainly wasn't appetizing, and for days afterward, whenever meat was served, the lady referred to would ask the waiters, "What kind of meat is that?" The reply was always, "Buffalo meat, ma'am." That woman became a vegetarian for the remainder of the journey.

One afternoon, when several of the civilian women, myself among them, were seated in the bow of the boat, we caught sight of a large river on our right that stretched like a shining ribbon through the brown plains. What made the scene more impressive was a steamboat hurrying down it, emitting a long trail of smoke that shone white in the intense rays of the sun. An army woman stood behind me, her hands pounding my shoulder as she exclaimed, "See there! See that boat! It's going to join us. That makes it sure we are to take those Indians." Then her thoughts and speech took another direction. "I wonder if there are any nice people on that boat," she remarked and then, lest she be misunderstood, added, "any army people." This was too much for the civilians, one of whom retorted, "I wish you to distinctly understand that not all nice people are confined to the army."

Her prophecy regarding the Indians proved to be correct, as we learned at Fort Buford, when the three boats, the *Helena*, *Far West* and the new arrival from the Yellowstone drew up side by side at the landing place.

The officers of the fort came down to call on their brother officers on our boat, and what they had to say did not tend to calm the fears of the already alarmed army people. That the rest of us feared the less may be attributed to our ignorance. Every effort was made to have the officers' wives and children remain over until the next boat. They were to stay at the fort, but the rest of us received no such invitation.

Whether or not there were sufficient accommodations for all the women and children at the fort or it was thought civilians would be in less danger, I cannot say. However, after thoroughly debating the question, the officers on our boat decided to run the risk of a possible uprising by the Indians rather than lose a few days in the East.

THAT NIGHT, at their encampment, the Sioux held a dance and a dog feast. Many of our passengers attended and were treated in a friendly manner by the Indians. The squaws especially admired a little white girl with long golden curls. They stroked her hair as they smilingly uttered exclamations of delight.

Next morning the exodus began, and from the shelter of our deck, I watched them come aboard. Steadily the throng moved forward, with no disturbance in its ranks. Men, women and children, dressed in their best, crossed the landing planks to the lower deck and were packed in like sardines. Meanwhile, from the fort, came wagons loaded with provisions for the exiles. Of what this constituted, I do not know, aside from hundreds of loaves of bread.

Martha Edgerton Plassmann

The march to the boats was by no means a colorless affair. Blankets of every color had been provided by the agency for both men and women. Shirts and tunics of buckskin were adorned with bead embroidery and fringes. Here and there a woman could be seen, wearing a cape reaching below her waist, and worth a thousand dollars to any white man. These capes were made of rows of inch-wide blue cloth, the edges pinked and trimmed with hundreds of long, white teeth of elk that glistened like pearls under the rays of the sun. A few of the men had hats with a feather stuck in the side, but the heads of most were uncovered, unless by a blanket to protect them from the stiff breeze that blew from the southwest. A chance observer might have thought they were excursionists, not a people banished from their homeland.

On this day of their enforced departure, the warriors, although unarmed and wearing neither war paint nor war bonnets, walked to the landing place with the bearing of conquerors. Several of them carried long pipes, the stems set with knife blades, five or six in number and ranging in length from two to four inches. It struck me the pipes might prove to be formidable weapons in the hands of determined men. Men, that from sheer force of numbers, might easily overpower the 13 soldiers assigned as guards to each boat. It is not surprising that the army folks were apprehensive.

The entire embarkation was conducted in an orderly manner until the last Sioux joined us, then the cables were loosened and the three boats began their journey downstream. I have heard different estimates of the number of Indians on the three boats, ranging from 1,000 to 1,300. Whatever it might have been, there were enough Indians to alarm the white passengers.

Nearing Fort Berthold, I went to the upper deck where there were a half dozen young warriors. It was sunset, with the sky ahead glowing pink from the verge of the horizon to the zenith. At the front of the deck, facing downstream, stood the Indians. Splendid figures of young manhood outlined against the sunset's background. They were singing, apparently ignorant of the white audience as they never once glanced in our direction. As they sang, one and then another swung part way around, pivoting on their heels. This was not the first time I had heard Indians sing but never before had I recognized any melody. This was my introduction to Indian music, and this was music although extremely primitive.

As the braves sang, shrill boys' voices from the lower deck took up the refrain, not always in the same key. Someone who professed to know said they were singing a war song. It may have been a call to battle or a lament, it was all the same to us who were ignorant of the Sioux language. Then with the growing darkness, the song ceased.

Reaching Fort Berthold the three boats tied up side by side, although the captains had been asked not to do so. Nor was this the worst. Planks were placed from boat to boat, over which the Indians could freely pass. Our passengers were thoroughly frightened at this turn of events and we gathered in the cabin to discuss it. Should we sit up all night? What would the Indians do, now that darkness was here? In sheer desperation, I decided to go to my stateroom where the children were sleeping unconscious of the danger. The door of my room gave on the deck and not on a passageway. I attempted to lock it only to find this could not be done. All I could do, under the circumstances, was to barricade it by putting the washstand against it. This accomplished I went to bed and to sleep, never wakening until late morning.

As the morning broke, an Indian child attempting to cross from one boat to another fell into the water. Immediately an Indian girl plunged in to the rescue, but the child and the maiden were drawn by the current underneath the boats and drowned. The Indians immediately raised the death wail, and that meant only one thing to the white passengers who heard it; their time had come, they would be ruthlessly murdered. But I slept calmly through this by the side of my children, my dreams undisturbed by the commotion.

After leaving Fort Berthold, none of us thought it necessary to sit up nights awaiting an attack, and the succeeding days found us reconciled to the inevitable. At this time we also came to regard the presence of the Indians as a show for our exclusive benefit. At the front of the deck we sat hour after hour, watching what was going on down below. Unconcerned by our inspection, the Indians acted as if in their own tepees. They laughed and chattered, worked at bead embroidery, ate, slept and made love. One man from Philadelphia said, "If I told the folks at home what I'd seen on this boat, they wouldn't believe me."

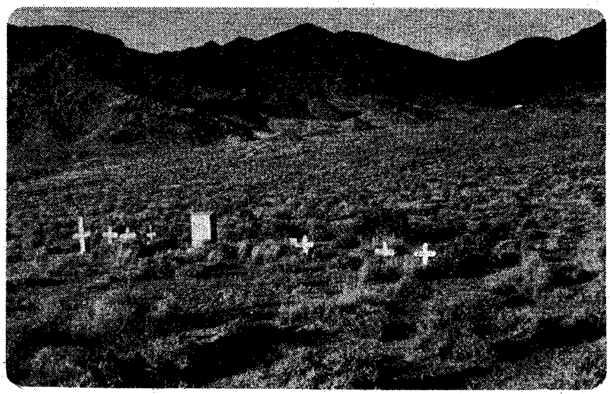
At Bismarck, D.T., I left the *Far West* and took the train for the remaining part of my journey, never realizing that I'd observed history being made.

**When Fish Springs was founded it was about as far into nowhere as a person could get—and time hasn't improved the situation. More than a hundred miles by dirt road is the price you'll pay for a glimpse of the town**

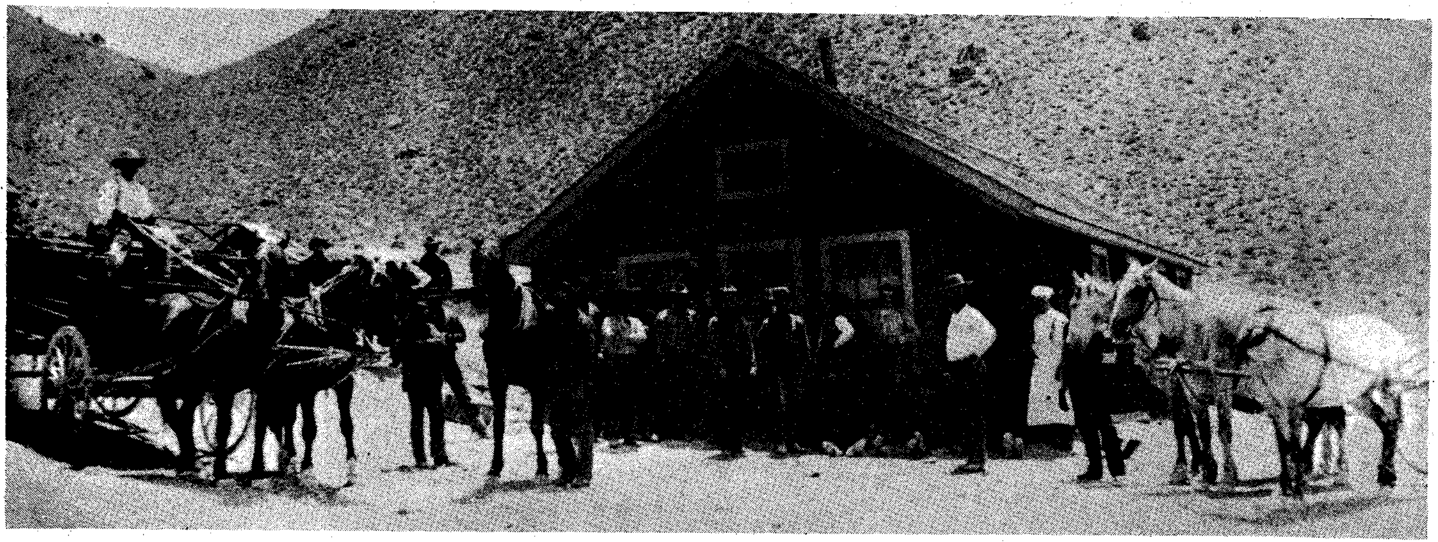
# Too Lonesome for GHOSTS

### By GEORGE A. THOMPSON

Photos Courtesy Author



Cemetery at Fish Springs, Utah, as it looks today. The Utah Mine dump can be seen in the background.



Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Old photo of miners taking it easy at Fish Springs. Walt Reid (man without a hat and standing in front of the window) ran the store. Note the boarding-house cook on the right.

AT THE EDGE of the Great Salt Lake Desert where the glaring white salt wastes meet the grey-black volcanic rock of the Fish Springs Range stands the ghostly remains of one of Utah's least known mining camps. Born in the early 1890s around the workings of the Galena and Utah Mines, Fish Springs quickly earned a reputation as a tough camp.

As early as 1858 Capt. J. H. Simpson passed by the north end of the Fish Springs Range while scouting a possible transcontinental railroad route for the army. Only a few months later the narrow iron wheels of the Overland Stage cut their first tracks across the sandy wastes, bringing an unending stream of prospectors and miners to explore the secret places of the desert. Near the northeast tip of the range a stage station of volcanic stone was built not far from the bottomless pools of water, some ice cold and other boiling hot, which had given the isolated mountain range its name. It also became an important relay station for the Pony Express when the first daring riders began racing across the desert in 1860. The completion of the Overland Telegraph soon signaled the end of the Pony Express, however, its last rider leaving Fish Springs Station on October 25, 1861.

Although deposits of gold and silver were discovered in other parts of Utah's west desert, notably at Bullionville, Clifton, and Gold Hill, the Fish Springs Range was by-passed by prospectors and remained virtually unexplored. It wasn't until the early 1890s that prospectors located the rich silver outcrops which became the Galena, Utah, Coronation, and Walton Mines. Once the richness of the ore was known, the place boomed and by 1895 heavy ore wagons pulled by sixteen-horse teams and owned by George Aldredge were making trips to the smelters at Detroit, 100 miles to the south.

Ore from the Galena Mine assayed up to 80% lead and by the late 1890s the Galena Company was paying its stockholders regular dividends. The Galena Mine was soon rivaled by the Utah Mine after its owners discovered ore with values up to 150 ounces of silver to the ton in addition to its content of 48% lead. In 1900 the Utah Mine was paying its owners a regular monthly dividend of 3¢ per share and its stock soared from only a few cents to over $10.

With the mines of the new district pouring out a steady stream of silver wealth, a rough mining camp grew up near their shafts. The nearest law was more than 100 miles away across a desert as barren as the face of the moon, and the little camp soon became known as a "tough one." Killings at Fish Springs were never an uncommon thing, although a few were unusual.

IN 1904 E. H. Weeds, a miner, drove his buckboard up to the sheriff's office at Eureka and unloaded the body of his partner, A. F. White. Weeds readily admitted killing White, and went on to explain that he and White had lived together in a small cabin at Fish Springs. Each day after their work was done

White would begin to sing both loud and long and each night Weeds would beg him to shut up so that he could read. Finally one night after Weeds had read and reread the same page, trying to concentrate in spite of White's singing, he suddenly jumped up and shot his partner dead! The judge himself had been a prospector once and recognized the signs of "cabin fever"—and since he was a sympathetic man he sentenced Weeds to ten months of "peace and quiet."

The population at Fish Springs probably never exceeded 250 bachelor miners plus several families of married men. A few lived in tents but mostly they built solid cabins and frame buildings, the latter housing the post office, saloon, bawdy house, and a general store operated by Walter Reid. It seems that Reid was a ladies' man and it was one of his amorous adventures which led to his downfall. One day a miner, remembered only as "Kolkosky," found his wife and Reid together at Reid's store. Six-guns roared but when the smoke cleared it was Kolkosky who lay dead on the floor with a bullet hole neatly placed "dead center." Reid never came to trial but still justice triumphed for a short time later he was found dead, "shot to death by persons unknown," likely by another of Mrs. Kolkosky's suitors.

Another strange tale is told by old-timers about the camp's Boothill. A soiled dove who was three sheets to the wind went into one of the shafts one day with a group of miners. An argument over her affections started, ending with one of the miners pushing her backwards, knocking her down a steep incline. She was rescued, more dead than alive, and brought to the surface where a miner was sent hurrying to Gold Hill for a doctor. The miner and doctor returned late that night but when they arrived at the mine they were both roaring drunk. The doctor staggered to the victim and with only a brief glance pronounced her dead. Another rocky grave was hastily dug on Boothill but not everyone was sure she wasn't buried alive.

FROM 1900 to 1909 the Utah Mine was the camp's leading silver producer, paying monthly dividends without fail until the unexpected happened. As mine shafts were sunk below the 800' level, water began trickling into them and with each additional foot of depth the flow increased until the primitive pumps then in use couldn't keep the mines dry. Too much water in the heart of the desert was something the mine owners hadn't counted on. The West was still in the grips of the great financial panic of 1907 and money for bigger pumps couldn't be raised. One by one the mines were allowed to flood, miners were laid off, and the exodus began. By 1910 Fish Springs was deserted.

For over a half century the little camp at the edge of the great salt desert slowly fell victim to time and the seasons. Its only visitors were rockhounds and people with arthritis and rheumatism who came to bathe in the hot mineral pools near the old stage station. Occasionally efforts were made to reopen the mines, for the rich silver ore was still there but hidden beneath many feet of icy water. Today the most promising attempt ever made is being undertaken at the Old Utah Mine by John Fritch of Park City. His miners use the camp's old post office building for a bunkhouse while the general store where Reid and Kolkosky shot it out nearly seventy years ago stands silent and alone, waiting for another silver boom.

On a barren windswept ridge near where the old saloon once stood, a row of weathered wooden crosses mark the site of the cemetery. Only one name can still be read. Six others have only the cold word "Unknown" marked on them. Ghosts still outnumber miners at Fish Springs, Utah's loneliest town.

### Tom Mix Was My Boss

*(Continued from page 20)*

Drivers were in their seats and finally orders came to move out and run for Ohio. Several bridges crossed the river at this point. As we drove off the lot one group would be routed to one bridge, the next to another and so on until the whole outfit was broken up into small units. When the law woke up, the quiet of the night was broken by the roaring of the big truck motors and screaming police sirens as we played hide and seek with the cops. We made it safely into Ohio and didn't stop until we reached Seymour, Indiana where we got together again. It was some time before we got proper advance billing, and this move had cost Tom thousands of dollars as advance reports from Kentucky had indicated business would be good. However, Tom refused to hold still for what he considered a shakedown, and had no regrets.

THE MIX SHOW was able to take care of itself in a fight. In one Montana town a gang of toughs made it a point of honor—or should I say dishonor—to tear up every circus that came to town. We showed there, and I heard rumors of trouble but discounted them. "Hey, Rubes!" as fights between show people and "towners" were called, were common happenings in the old days of the "grift" shows. However, I thought they had been obsolete for years.

After the performance that night, I and others went out to the front to get a hamburger at our snack stand, fondly referred to as the "grease joint." We found everything out there torn down and loaded except the big menagerie tent which was usually left up until morning. A rope had been stretched across the front of the lot and on the other side was a shouting mob of toughs. Rocks were flying through the air and zipping through the canvas of the menagerie tent. Just plain sightseers were mixed with the mob, so our superintendent blew his police whistle and tried to get silence. He asked everyone to leave the lot as trouble was brewing and innocent people might get hurt.

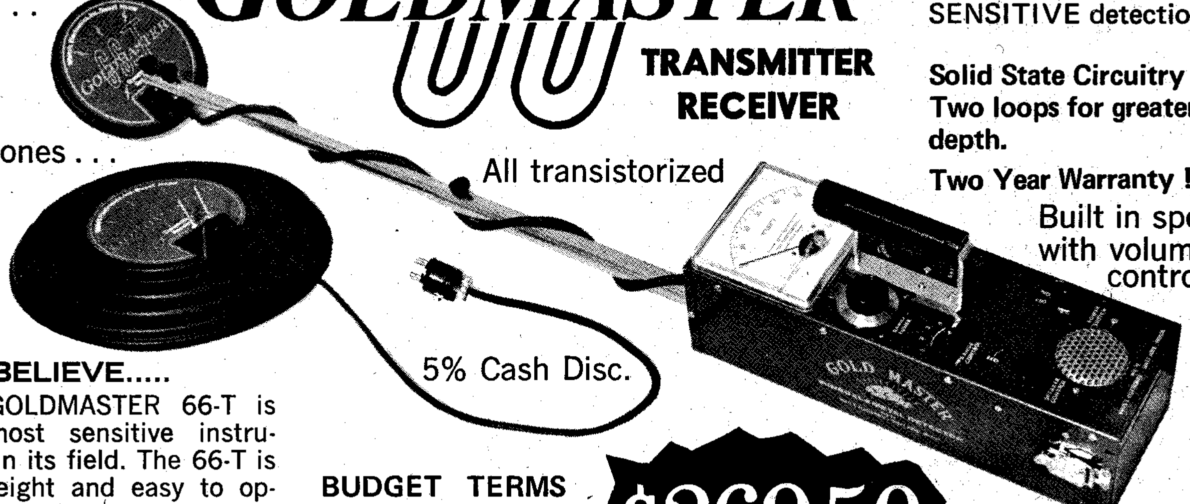
I noticed that the elephant man had led one of the elephants up to the rope and I also noticed a length of heavy chain hung over her neck. I don't remember seeing any of the crowd leave. The toughs ducked under the rope and began slashing the big tent with their knives. The super blew the whistle again. The rope went down and the side walls of the menagerie dropped. Our cowboys, ticket sellers and candy butchers rode out on horseback. Each had a spare sledge handle or club and they rode into that gang, cracking heads right and left. The elephant man handed the ole gal the log chain and gave her the order to "Shake 'em up, Babe." She walked into the crowd swinging the chain in her trunk in a big arc. I don't know how old she was but she must have dated back to the days of the grift shows. She knew her job.

The lot was cleared in nothing flat but it wasn't over by far. Our house trailers, with women and kids, were pulled up into a tight circle and the heavy baggage trucks were pulled around them for protection. A big revolving searchlight mounted on a pole was kept turning so no one could get near without being seen. However, a dry arroyo ran back of the lot and in the front was a row of business buildings. This gave the gang cover to organize an attack. At the sound of the police whistle and the call, "Down this way, here they come," we would run down there and fight them off. But by that time the call would come from the other end and we had to do it again down there. This kept up for some time. The police, who had been strangely conspicuous by their absence, finally showed up and we got off the lot. I heard that we put several of the towners in the hospital but our only casualty was my father who tripped over a guy rope and cracked a rib. It was a good fight while it lasted.

During the vaudeville tour, sometimes on chilly nights, the boys would get a little campfire going back of the theatre, and we would sit around and talk between shows. I remember Tom talking one night about how surprised he was when fame overtook him and big money started rolling in. I think he was still a bit surprised. He never seemed conceited or high hat, nor did he brag. From the stories he would tell at times around the fire, I feel sure that he had range experience. His friends were such men as Will Rogers, Irwin Cobb, Leo Carrillo and Monty Blue. Many other famous people visited when we showed around Los Angeles.

Tom, when it was possible, appeared and gave special performances in penitentiaries, children's homes, hospitals and other institutions. In the season of 1936 he gave over fifty such performances.

MANY old-time acquaintances visited Tom when we showed at towns in the West where he had lived before he became famous. From their talk I feel sure that Tom had some experience in law enforcement. I know of at least one man he shot—I happened to be the one! But it wasn't in the line of law enforcement, it was an accident during the shooting act in the first show in the Chicago Coliseum. Thousands witnessed it but no one but Tom and I knew it



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happened. No great harm was done and everyone on the show got a big laugh out of it. That is, everyone except myself. Not being able to sit down can get tiresome. However, I may have the dubious distinction of being the only man alive who was wounded by the famous Tom Mix.

When Tom died I had been in the woods all night with my hounds. My hunting companion had been a Mix fan and we talked much of him. When I returned home that morning my wife told me that the news of his death had come in over the radio. It was hard to believe. Not only did I feel a deep sense of personal loss but I felt that his passing sounded the knell of an era.

It was an era which saw the evolution of the silent movies from crude plays like the "Great Train Robbery" to the real spectaculars of the twenties; from small converted store building theatres to the great movie palaces with their big orchestras and stage presentations. It was also an era which saw the beginning of the end for the dozens of circuses and hundreds of tented dramatic shows that roamed the land each summer, for the showboats that plied the rivers, for the many minstrel shows, dramatic and musical shows that took to the road each winter to play the theatres and opera houses, for the institution of vaudeville. It also was an era which saw the death of the silent films that had made Tom Mix famous throughout the world. It was an era that revolutionized the show world.

Much has been written and said about Tom Mix—some good, some bad. I have tried to show the Tom Mix I knew and I leave the bad to others. In my book he goes down as about the best boss I ever worked for during my thirty-five years in show business as a musician.

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## The Clay Pot Nuggets

*(Continued from page 13)*

each to an easily handled weight. Then, crossing the thin running stream from camp, Gray dug a deep hole through the sand into clay. The filled pots were placed therein and covered over with flat stones. What he had would take care of him in fine style the balance of his life. Indeed, he considered himself a lucky man for certainly he could not spend much of the future hunting the elusive yellow metal. All of his equipment was piled together under the protective overhang.

Wearing his six-gun, carrying on his back the last couple of pounds of jerky and four sacks of gold wrapped in the sleeping blanket, Gray set forth walking west. Four days later he crossed the upper west fork of Wahweep Creek. He passed over two other creeks and canyons before reaching a third which he assumed to be Paria Creek. But there was no road or even a stock trail leading south.

Hungry and feverish he struggled on to what must have been Deer Springs Wash. He recalled that from this stream he guided himself by the well-known landmark of Black Rock Peak. Perhaps he was half-way there when he came upon several grazing deer. He killed a doe, built a fire, and roasted a hindquarter in the coals and hot ashes—the first food he'd had since the jerky played out. Overeating after several days of starvation made Gray acutely ill. For two days he was unable to travel. Then, still weak and nauseated, he cut slightly south instead of passing on to Black Rock Peak. In this way he finally reached Johnson Canyon below what it today known as Government Well. He rested there for a night and day, Gray remembered, but was never sure how many days had elapsed since he had left Davis Canyon.

Thereafter he made perhaps three or four miles a day, and sometimes not one. Admittedly he was weak, but not until he found himself recovering consciousness lying on the ground one afternoon did he realize fully that he was in a very bad way.

It was probably the next day that he heard dogs barking down on Johnson Creek. Moving forward a few hundred yards he stood on a promontory from which he could view a small ranch below the rim. Although greatly elated on having reached any sort of habitation, he also retained his wits. The people below would be strangers and might well rob him of the gold. So selecting a huge rock which he could surely recognize again as a landmark, he buried three sacks, keeping only one.

AS GRAY descended towards the creek he collapsed unconscious. When he regained his senses that night in a candlelit room, he was told he had been found by a member of the family and brought to the Johnson ranch house. He was in a very critical condition.

The women of the family nursed him for several days, but he grew steadily worse. In order to obtain medical care Gray was carried in a wagon to Kanab. The man who took him in there, out of the goodness of his heart, was John Findley who owned the Elephant Store. His clerk was Jesse Johnson, son of the family ranching in Johnson Canyon.

Fever continued to ravage Gray and he did not get any better. Findley, fearing he would lapse into a coma and die, asked questions about his relatives. Gray said that he had a married sister but did not know in what California town she lived. Then in another lucid moment he said that he had a friend, a young man named Oscar Lee, living at Panguitch some seventy miles north. He had stayed at Lee's ranch a few days before wandering east on a prospecting trip. Lee was a newcomer to Utah whom Gray had known at Angel's Camp in California.

For a day or so Gray hardly remembered what went on, then one morning he roused to find the gaunt, genial Lee sitting beside his bed. Still in his twenties, Lee farmed and raised cattle north of Panguitch. He took Gray home with him in a buckboard.

The following week the prospector appeared to be recovering from his exhaustion and whatever ailment he suffered which produced such high fever. And to his surprise his one sack of gold remained untouched in the rolled sleeping blanket. Given Lee to exchange for money, it proved to weigh eight pounds.

In the evenings when Lee sat with him after work Gray told him about his cache of gold nuggets in Davis Canyon. The canyon was unfamiliar to Lee but it was described in great detail as being south of the Escalante River.

When told where the three other sacks were buried, Lee declared that he could go directly to them, and did. Raking them out of a few inches of sand and pack rat debris he brought the gold back to Gray. The sacks totaled twenty-two pounds, which left Gray packing out much less than he had estimated.

As the old man's strength returned he spoke of how the gold Lee sold would outfit them in fine shape to bring out the hoard in Davis Canyon. Lee was agreeable to the plans, aware that the badly wasted old man could never make it there and back alone.

As the days passed, Gray appeared to be improving and could walk around the premises. He became increasingly anxious to go back to Davis Canyon. Lee stalled his friend on one pretext or another, realizing he was far from being well enough to travel into such rugged country.

One morning Gray did not appear for breakfast. Lee found him dead in his bunk. He was not buried in Panguitch but on a domed hill that is now on the west side of U. S. Highway 89. Several letters were written by Lee to Gray's sister, addressed to towns in the Mother Lode country where she might be. There was no reply.

NEITHER Gray nor Lee had once thought that the old man should draw a map of the canyon indicating where the cache was located. Lee, however, believed that he could go straight to it, so well had landmarks and other details been described to him. But when he began asking questions about Davis Canyon he discovered to his surprise that none of the settlers he talked to had ever heard of it.

Undaunted, Lee got Jason Adams at Richfield who knew something of prospecting, to go with him that fall. Outfitting, they rode across to Escalante. Here he learned that Gray was recalled as an old wanderer who had rested over and bought supplies there before proceeding on his way. He had revealed nothing of his plans.

Riding southeast from Escalante, Lee and Adams followed the prominent landmarks described by Gray. On entering the area where the old man supposedly had camped, they began searching canyons. The right one would be easily identified because it contained the burros' remains and Gray's equipment stored under a cliff wall.

After the first half dozen canyons were inspected futilely, the puzzled Lee climbed a high elevation and studied the vastness of the country. Surely they were in the right area, in a line between the landmarks described and approximately fifty miles southeast of Kaiparowits Peak. Back in the canyons went the two men, where they stayed until the first big snowstorm of winter drove them home.

For weeks Lee tried to recall every word Gray had said about his discovery, fearing he had forgotten an important piece of information. In January of the new year he received an answer to one of his letters to Gray's sister. It was postmarked Snelling, California. The money received for Gray's gold was dispatched to her with a letter of explanation.

Lee married a few months later. Thereafter his farm and livestock required more serious attention. But that late fall, while a young brother-in-law stayed on the ranch, he and Adams returned to searching canyons—down to the Colorado River.

After sixty days' hunting they sadly agreed that it wasn't much use to continue. Selling his ranch, Lee moved south near Kanab in Kane County. Here his first daughter was born, and that same year Piute Indians came from across the Colorado River to trade for horses. In this group was a man who said that two of his brothers had found three dead burros, a pile of pack saddles and other equipment in a remote canyon. Their speculation was—what had happened to the white man who had been there?

Spilling no information, Lee said that he would try to find out if the two Piutes would guide him there. That was agreed and in the spring, again accompanied by Adams, Lee went to Dandy Crossing where the Piutes were supposed to be. Only the elderly man who had been to Kanab showed up. One of the two who had found the burros and equipment in the canyon was dead and the other in a federal penitentiary.

Disappointed, Lee and Adams spent two weeks exploring canyons again before returning home.

Two years later Lee moved to Mancos, Colorado. It was to his improved ranch and farm that one of Gray's nephews traced him. An elderly man, he proposed hunting for Gray's golden nuggets on an even-split basis with Lee.

The ranch work and three growing children required all Lee's time, so he declined. He did give Gray's nephew all the information he had, but the man failed to find anything.

The story of Gray's gold nuggets buried in pottery jars can be heard almost anywhere in southern Utah. Many people have been into Davis Canyon in later years. But is it the same Davis Canyon of Gray's time? This could well be the answer to hunters' failure to recover the nuggets.

In November, 1934, a kid from California, Everett Ruess, wandering around with burros much like the old prospector's, stayed awhile at Escalante. While there did he hear of the pottery jars filled with gold? He may have, for heading into the vast Utah canyon country, he mysteriously disappeared. When a search was made for him at the behest of his parents, his burros and his last camp were found in Davis Canyon.

On the cliff face above the cold ashes of his campfire had been scratched "NEMO." (No one.) Today Davis Canyon—whichever one it is—is also known as Nemo Canyon.

## Let Diamond Cut Diamond

*(Continued from page 29)*

broke open a trunk where the stamps are kept; took a thousand rounds of rifle cartridges, and when Walker returned (one of Cook's men) they were shooting at a party of three men who were camped nearby, apparently seeing how near they could come to them without hitting them—'trying the cartridges' —having in this amusement (?) expended about 200 rounds of the cartridges. And it is recorded that when they got through and during the practice a more thoroughly frightened party than these three living targets were not seen in those parts, since Old Dog Tray was a small pup.

"The Postmaster never reported the affair, for the reason, as Mr. Llewellyn believes, that he is afraid to do so, fearing for his life, as these scoundrels would think no more of killing him than they would of killing a rabbit.

"Mr. Llewellyn has spent a whole summer up in that country and is of the opinion that he can, for the reward offered by the Government for the arrest and conviction of depredators upon the mails, set a trap that some or all of them will drop into. I therefore advise that this *reward of $200 be offered* for the apprehension and conviction of these three bandits.

"Again: Suppose that, in taking them, it may be necessary to kill some or all of them, or that a gang of men take the wretches away from the captors and

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hang them by the neck a few hours, what effect would this have upon the reward offered by the government?

"This is an important question very often in capturing these outlaws, who are always liable to such 'accidents' as I have suggested."

A FOLLOW-UP letter was sent to Colonel Parker by J. B. Furay on October 22, 1879, which read:

"Sir:

It gives me unfeigned pleasure to report that finally Jack Nolan the celebrated and terrible outlaw of our western borders and his most able and daring lieutenant, Joe Johnson, are now in the Omaha jail, charged with having upon July 3rd, 1879 entered forcibly, and robbing, gutting and 'cleaning out' the Bone Creek, Sioux County, Nebraska post office, with which they were charged upon a complaint by me here on October 9 and a warrant issued thereon, which at the special request of W. H. H. Llewellyn was given into his hands. He, as an officer of the Department of Justice, has been all summer at work against the thieves who have been stealing Indian horses from the Indians near our borders, and the chief of these was Jack Nolan, together with 'Doc' Middleton now in the Nebraska State Prison for five years. Nolan is also indicted in our Nebraska State Courts for murder in the first degree and has twice broken jail, and each time in escaping he simply went out of town a short distance, and waited until some of those in pursuit came up mounted, when he 'held them up' and disarmed the party and selecting the best horse rode off in profound peace.

"To my wonderment I find that I knew him well, some years ago, and a better or more generous hearted man I never knew; . . . since then he has become the terror of our whole western frontiers.

"He is now very anxious that he and his partner shall be permitted to plead guilty to the charge made against them and not be turned over to the state authorities and sent out to our eastern counties for confinement, where they say they know they will have to 'tramp the atmosphere' without a trial and so the District Attorney for the U. S. and I have concluded that we will not turn them over, although we may not tell them so for the present.

"For the capture of these men I do not claim a single particle of credit. 'Honor to whom honor is due' and in this case all the honor of the capture is due to Mr. Llewellyn who had a terrible fight with them in a house, and getting away from him there they escaped and were pursued for a long distance, where finally they were captured by the military at Fort Sisseton, Dakota Territory."

IN A REPORT sent to Washington by Furay, Llewellyn recommended that 75 per cent of the reward should be paid to the posse who joined him in the pursuit of the outlaws, and really made the capture possible. This posse was comprised of H. R. Majors, A. J. Mullen, A. J. Randall, J. J. David, R. W. McKinnley, J. N. Williams Jr., E. Heath, Wm. Tonguey and L. Lawrence. He also asked that 10 per cent be sent to Captain C. E. Bennett, Commanding Post, Fort Sisseton, Dakota Territory to be divided among the enlisted men who assisted in the final capture of Nolan and Johnson. Another 10 per cent, he recommended, should be sent to U. S. Indian Agent Clarke at Sisseton Indian Agency for himself and Dr. Peequan of the Agency, and that the remaining 5 per cent be sent to Coffein, Editor, Ortonville, Minnesota *Herald*.

A draft for $200 was sent by Furay on November 28, 1879, to D. Boone May, shotgun messenger, as the reward "for killing that infernal desperado, Frank Towle" in a robbery of the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage in September, 1878. Furay said in his letter that he understood that May was "outriding" and slipped up within range and fired willfully and deliberately at one of the robbers and saw him fall and heard his death groans, and knew he had killed the man. There had been some question about this killing.

In the letter enclosing the draft, Furay called attention to the fact that "if, in the future, 'Road Agents' escape from the captor, by being hung by a crowd, the captors' claim will receive consideration."

Then he continued: "Jack Nolan and Joe Johnson have just been sentenced for three years and six months for gutting a little P. O. in Sioux Co., Nebr. (up in

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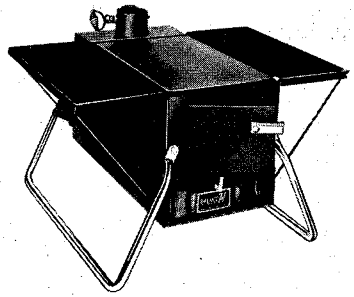

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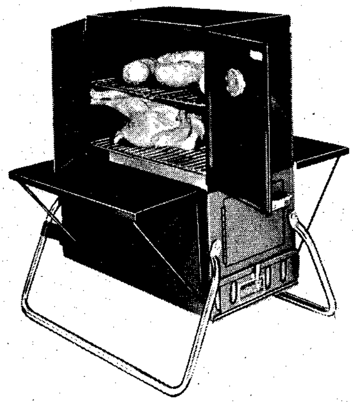

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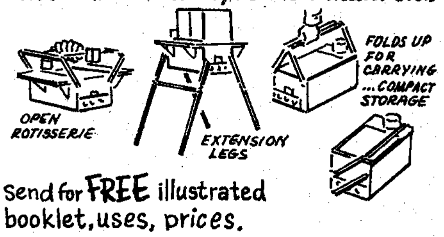
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the Niobrara country) on the 3rd day of July last, the job was done by Nolan, Johnson and 'Curley.' The latter is not yet captured, but as you see by this letter, there seems to be already allowed the one-third of $200 or $66.33 for his capture and conviction. You must know this fellow 'Curley.' He used to be down there about Lee Baker's and was also around Old Red Cloud Agency. All the Dear Brothers know him well. I have the joint written confession of Nolan and Johnson that Curley participated with them on July 3, 1879 in gutting the Ranch near the Long Pine, known as the Bone Creek P. O. They did it in broad daylight.

"Boone, you and the boys keep an eye out for Curley and if you find him, gobble right onto him and bring him to Sidney. I have a warrant out for him since October 9th as when I sent after Nolan and Johnson to Minnesota, I swore out three complaints against all three of them, separately and the U. S. Marshal of Nebraska now still holds the warrant against Curley. Nolan says he thinks his real name is 'Curley' but never heard what his first name was. If you capture him, telegraph me as soon as possible.

"Watch out for the bugger, as he is reputed to 'swing a mighty nasty pistol' but Nolan says he is not brave at all—but be careful just the same.

"I have heard that he is working on somebody's cattle ranch over in east of the Old Cloud Agency, somewhere. I think Lee Baker knows where he is, if he would give it up.

"In the future when you have any reward to collect for killing any of those devils, let the Old Man know, and I'll take pleasure in helping you free gratis—for nothin'.—John B. Furay, Spec'l Agent"

ABOUT A MONTH later, following the suggestions made by Furay, D. Boone May and W. H. H. Llewellyn succeeded in decoying Curley, whose name was said to be Lee Grimes. Curley was reputed to be an extraordinary gunman, who had perfected a system of "rolling" the hammers of his guns with both hands and firing with tremendous rapidity and accuracy. He was a dead shot and evidently had invented this system of his own which would shoot his guns more rapidly than a trigger would operate them.

Grimes was known to have driven eighteen head of horses from the Raw Hide Buttes area to the Black Hills, in addition to having taken part in the raid on the Bone Creek post office.

After May and Llewellyn arrested Curley, about fifty miles from Deadwood, they started to take him to Fort Meade near Sturgis. The thermometer was below zero, with a bad blizzard on. Some time after dark, Curley asked if his handcuffs could be taken off so that his hands would not freeze. He promised not to attempt to escape. May complied with his request.

It was not long, however, until Curley made a dash for freedom. His horse floundered in the two feet of snow off the trail. Although ordered to halt, the fugitive urged his horse on. Both officers fired. Grimes was killed.

In the ensuing months there was considerable ugly criticism against May and Llewellyn for the killing, hence they demanded a trial in order to clear themselves. The trial was held and the jury, without leaving the jury box in the courtroom, rendered a verdict of "not guilty."

Undoubtedly, John B. Furay saw to it that the reward was paid.

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## Frontier Post

*(Continued from page 4)*

Now you understand Grandfather only told us this—true or false I know not which. But you can hear our story anyway. We are Apache on my dad's side and it was his dad who had the scalps. My grandpa said that the one on the hoop was tanned good. Consequently the hair falls out after so many years because the pores are open and stretched to let the hair fall out, roots and all, and still remain good hide.

The other with hair was not on a hoop and was all swirled looking and had embedded the hair, although he wouldn't let us handle the latter because he said the hair was dead and fell out or broke out easily. So make up your own mind. I know it gave me the creeps to know they had belonged to someone once upon a time. After his death my father's side of the family tried to get the trunk for a museum but Grandpa's second wife's (a white woman) children burned it.

Also about your bird's nests which one man said were steam pits for the Indians sure answered some things for me. My brother and I used to find those things on the Navajo reservation and always wondered about them. So if his answer is not logical, I don't know what would be.

I also could write you some of my hair-raising stories on skin walkers or the wolf men on the Navajo reservation as we were raised on the reservation and found many things you would never believe and also saw things that are not supposed to still be happening. But those people still do these things the same as they did a hundred years ago.

I am twenty-eight years old and not 128. But still you should get people of this day and age to write you about history now. I don't mean space either. I mean about Indians, old cowboys and odd things that still happen and can be logically proven. You see there are still some of us who don't live far from the old days in our everyday living. Even I am learning to live as a frontier wife and I'll admit that years ago it was not easy, but it's not easy now either.

The white man taught us to live but he forgot to take out the wild in us and I'm stuck with the white man rule which says you live in a house of board. My mind keeps saying, "Boy, what a hard mess to keep this house with wood cookstove, oil lamps, hauled water and wood floors. How much easier a lodge with one fire for heat and cooking with roll-away bed mats, and all we own could be put on a pack horse."

But the white man rules and I'm still plugging. Come summer I'll go to my outdoor living and my husband says each fall he has to retame his wife. Don't get me wrong, I love being a frontier wife. It's just that I sure wish I had a frontier granny to tell me how to make soap and home remedies to take care of my family. Also how to make a list out for my winter supplies, how to keep things from spoiling in the summer. But I'll plug away and keep trying.

Please drop us a card or something and let us know we aren't forgotten up here at Endako as we live in the bush and get to the main town only once in a while. When I get there I go get your magazines—not like my girl friend who buys romance magazines. I want one that's going to help my brain as well as be enjoyable reading.—Mrs. Alen Morrison, Box 16, Endako, British Columbia, Canada

### Cowboy Actor

Dear Sir:

One of our members passed away several months ago who might be of interest to your readers. Besides being a member of American Legion Downtown Post #336, he was also a member of Screen Actors Guild. He did cowboy, teamster, mounted police and other work in films.

George McDonald was born in Miles City, Montana in 1894. His father had come from Texas about 1885 and took up land and raised cattle. When World War I broke out, George was roughing it on a ranch near Winnemucca, Nevada. He was sent to Camp Lewis, Washington where he handled horses after getting special permission to wear cowboy boots because hobnail army shoes just didn't fit him.

When he was deputy sheriff at Austin, Nevada he had a berserk sheepherder to handle. The Basque had to be taken in handcuffs sixty miles to Austin. McDonald once found a dead man out on the desert with no identification. He also found in a ghost town a stock of liquor that was still good. I looked it up later and found that it was a mining town called Berlin, which was abandoned about the time of the Tonopah rush (1904).

As near as I can figure, about 1912 George and a pal were near Orin Junction, Wyoming looking for a punching job. They were walking when a group of men with guns caught up with them. It seems that at a nearby ranch a family had been killed. The posse took George and his friend back to the ranch and would have hanged them, but the cook said they were not the men who had asked for a meal from him some hours before. It was a close thing, George said later. However, two young Eastern hoodlums were caught the next day and the cook identified them as the suspects. They were hanged at Casper.

George worked in all the big riding pictures like "Cimarron," "Custer's Last Stand," "They Died With Their Boots On," in "Rose Marie" as a Mountie, and many others.—Charles Nickum, 326 West Third Street, Los Angeles, California 90013

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# WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

**ATTENTION**

**We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.**

## LIFE ON THE CIRCLE C

Walt Coburn's *Pioneer Cattleman in Montana* (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) is the story of the Circle C Ranch owned by his father, Robert Coburn. The Circle C was located near the Little Rockies between the Milk and Missouri Rivers—Robert Coburn acquired it from the great pioneer cowman Granville Stuart. Walt spent his summers on the Circle C and his winters at the family home in Great Falls so he could attend school. In 1957 he wrote *Stirrup High*, a most fitting introduction to this fuller account of his own life on the range and of the family ranching operations over a thirty-year period, 1886-1916. There is much about the Wild Bunch in this book but this reader found Walt's account of ranch life even more fascinating. Walt's three older half-brothers, Will, Bob and Wallace, had but little time for the button but Horace Brewster, the ranch foreman, was his guide, philosopher and friend. Walt credits Brewster with teaching him "whatever I knew about punching cows." This was an exciting era in Montana range history—Walt does a great job of setting it forth. There are some fine family and range photos and a folding illustration in color of the painting Charles M. Russell did of Walt's three half-brothers. This reviewer believes this may be the first appearance in print of this particular Russell painting. The appendix reprints some additional material on the Wild Bunch—some were former hands on the Circle C, and there is an index. Highly recommended and for those who want an added touch, Walt tells us that he has supplied a number of book dealers with a printed autograph sticker with a steer head sketch by a young artist, Cynthia Rigden of a pioneer Arizona ranching family. Ask for it.

## "NO ONE METHOD IS RIGHT"

Any bona-fide rancher, practicing horseman, or "Walter Mitty" type horse fancier will want a copy of *Practical Western Training* (D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc. $5.95) by Dave Jones. This book will teach you about and increase your respect for horses and the men who train them. The title footnote describes the book—"A top professional trainer explains his methods, from starting colts and developing roping, reining and cutting horses to retraining spoiled horses and smoothing out the rough ones." Perhaps it is fitting that Florida, where horses first entered what is now the United States with Ponce de Leon in 1521, has become a leading state in breeding, training and using fine horses. Dave Jones, well-known trainer and free-lance writer, was born in Ohio. He has worked and trained horses in California, Colorado, Nebraska, South Dakota, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia and Florida. He has learned, he says, "no one method is right." Combining equine science, skill from long experience, good "hoss-sense," and excellent photographs, Jones has produced a concise guide on horse training horsemanship. This is a top item for your library whether you own a horse or just like them—and who doesn't?

## GHOST MINING TOWNS

*Ghost Town El Dorado* (Superior Pub. Co., $12.95) by Lambert Florin is sixth in the Western Ghost Town series and ninth in a Ghostly Series by the author. Typical of other ghost town histories, the present book is full of pictures of the decaying homes and business houses and mining operations in former boom towns which died when their means of support became exhausted. Brief narratives carry the story of the towns, their founding and people, business life and extinction. This book deals with western ghost mining towns in British Columbia, Oregon, Utah, Washington, California, Nevada, Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. The reader will learn about towns that oysters built in Oregon; where Joaquin Miller served in numerous capacities in a Canyon City, Oregon gold camp; about a $40,000 nugget at Carson Hill, California; dredging for gold in Idaho, and many others where western history was made.

## INDIAN CONTRIBUTIONS

*The Indian Heritage of America* (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., $10.00) by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. is a comprehensive account of the Indian in the Western Hemisphere. The Indian has been misunderstood for nearly 500 years. The name "Indian" is itself a misnomer applied by Columbus to the natives he first encountered in the new world. Yet the Indian has had a tremendous impact on cultural and social development. The many gifts of agriculture and natural produce, objects of art and utensils, and words and names largely are taken for granted. Josephy lists these Indian contributions and points out, "Among the world's total food supply today, almost half the crops grown were first domesticated by American Indians and became known to white men only after 1492." The stereotyped conceptions of the Indian are compared by the author to the real attributes of the

Indian with his tremendous diversities and wide distribution. The classification of North American language groups of Harold E. Driver and the South American grouping of Joseph Grunberg are presented to illustrate the great numbers of tribes and the major languages spoken. Josephy traces the Indian from prehistoric times to the present. As author of the well-known *The Nez Percé Indians* and *The Opening of the Northwest* and *The Patriot Chiefs: A Chronicle of American Indian Leadership* and editor of *The American Heritage Book of Indians,* Josephy was highly qualified for this definitive work. His detailed account complete with photos, maps, bibliography, and index is a major contribution to the understanding of our red brothers for both laymen and scholars.

### MONTANA BOYHOOD

*The Generous Years, Remembrances of a Frontier Boyhood* (Random House, $4.95) by Chet Huntley is a warm and entertaining account of the famous broadcaster's early years in Montana. Huntley's father was a telegrapher with the Northern Pacific Railroad. Two years after his birth, Huntley's parents moved from Cardwell to homestead in the Milk River Valley near Saco with his grandfather and grandmother. Poetic descriptions of the land, the grass, and the seasons mingled with vivid accounts of adventures, hardships and tragedies create a nostalgic picture of early Western ranch life. Anyone who experienced life on a farm or ranch will read much of themselves in this book. The Huntley family finally moved from the land back to the railroad towns and railroading. In spite of constant moving, as a result of the railroad seniority system, the family was close-knit and enjoyed each new "home." In addition to youthful escapades and adventures, Huntley shares many glimpses of important events in Montana's ranching, mining, railroading, and political history. A moving book.

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## The Passing of Paddy Graydon

*(Continued from page 31)*

the Battle of Valverde, the Colorado Volunteers and Canby's Regulars relieved Colonel Carson of his Fort Craig assignment, and by the middle of May 1862 he was in Albuquerque organizing the First New Mexico Cavalry. On October 12, Carson and his five companies were at Fort Stanton to take the field against the Apaches, who were terrorizing all of New Mexico Territory.

Fort Stanton, located on the Rio Bonito in present-day Lincoln County, had been abandoned by Federal troops on August 2, 1861, and Carson found the fort in a deplorable condition. Everything removable had disappeared; only the walls were left standing. And, lacking the protection of the fort, surrounding farms and settlements had been abandoned also. Colonel Carson's orders were to garrison the fort with one company of soldiers and hunt down Indians with the other four companies.

Toward the last of October 1862, Captain Paddy Graydon, while on scout duty

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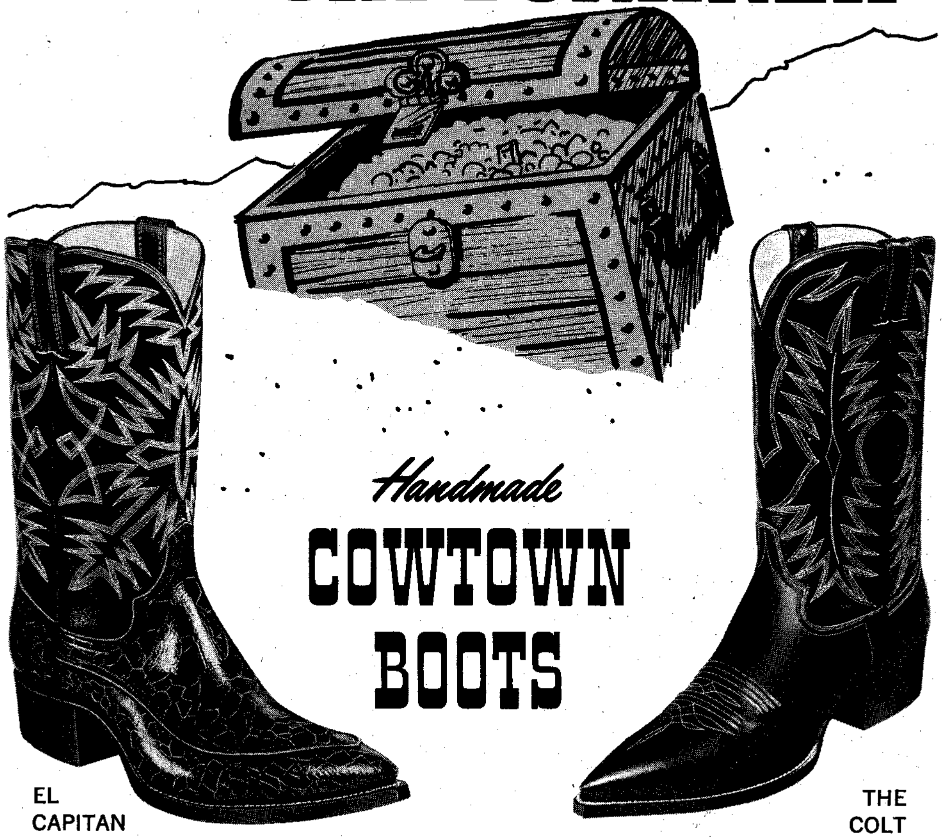

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with his troops, came upon a band of Apaches. According to orders, he fired upon them, killing among others two important chiefs, Manuelito and Jose Largo. This incident, in which seventeen horses and mules belonging to the Apaches were captured, caused considerable discussion and criticism in certain quarters. It would appear, from orders later received by Colonel Carson, that the horses and mules were in some way acquired by a certain Charles Beach of Mazana, who was ordered arrested as "an improper person to reside in the Mescalero country," and all the horses and mules were ordered restored to the survivors of Manuelito's band.

Kit Carson had much to occupy his time. General Carleton had replaced General Canby, and almost daily instructions and orders arrived at Fort Stanton. Carson, individualist that he was, had no particular liking for army rules and regulations, and tolerated a rather easy-going type of discipline among the garrison.

THIS ROUTINE was disrupted on November 9, 1862, when Dr. J. M. Whitlock arrived at Fort Stanton to ask Carson, under whom he had previously served, to sign a recommendation for his appointment as surgeon with the reorganized militia. Carson was away from the fort at the time, and the doctor was waiting at the sutler's store on the lookout for Carson, when he came face to face with Paddy Graydon who had the respect and liking of every officer and enlisted man in his outfit.

Whitlock, however, disliked Graydon to such an extent that he had written the editor of a Santa Fe newspaper accusing Graydon of misconduct, alleging that while stationed in the Mescalero Apache country, Graydon had enticed several Apaches into camp, given them whiskey, and when the Apaches were sufficiently intoxicated, had ordered his soldiers to shoot them down in cold blood.

Coming upon each other that day in Fort Stanton, the two men exchanged hot words, Graydon demanding a retraction of his statements to the newspapers, claiming they were slanderous, libelous, and reflecting upon his honor. Whitlock refused to retract a word saying vehemently he could prove everything he had said or written.

Graydon challenged Whitlock to a duel, and the challenge was immediately accepted. Unarmed at the time, Graydon went to his tent for his pistol while Whitlock waited for him at the officers' quarters. When Graydon reappeared, Whitlock was ready and both men fired. Whitlock's first shot missed, but his second hit Graydon near the heart, a fatal wound. Graydon's shot had shattered the grip of Whitlock's pistol and had wounded the doctor in the wrist. Paddy Graydon's comrades carried him to his tent, where he died a few minutes later.

Whitlock threw away his useless pistol and ran to the sutler's store. There, he obtained a shotgun, loaded it, and waited. Hearing the approach of Graydon's friends, Whitlock left the store by a back door, but was immediately shot and killed. His body was thrown into a ditch and, one by one, soldiers from Paddy Graydon's Company H passed by and shot at it, a later examination revealing by actual count 130 gunshot wounds in the doctor's body.

At this point Colonel Kit Carson returned to the fort. The "long roll" was sounded and the garrison ordered to "fall in under arms."

Company G, fully armed, was the first on the parade ground. Colonel Carson took command, and ordering Captain Graydon's Company H drawn up in front of Company G, he ordered Company G to "load" and "ready." Company G then disarmed every member of Company H, from the lieutenant down to the rawest recruit. It was said no one had ever before seen the usually calm, soft-spoken Kit Carson in such a rage. He was ready to hang them all.

Lieutenant Menhard, allowing for a brief cooling-off period, went to Carson's tent and advised him against any rash action against the entire company, but to find a way to punish the men actually guilty of Dr. Whitlock's death. Other officers, long-time friends, also helped to persuade Carson to have the leaders of the killing arrested, placed in irons, and surrendered to the civil authorities for trial.

The next day Captain James Graydon was buried. Padre Demasio Taladrid, the regimental chaplain, took as his funeral text, "Thou shalt not kill."

Three soldiers were accused of killing Dr. Whitlock, taken to Albuquerque and turned over to the civil authorities there, to be tried for murder before Judge Sidney A. Hubbell, in the Second Judicial Court. Shortly before the date set for trial, the doors of the Bernalillo County jail were forced in the nighttime. By daylight the three accused men were on their way to Chihuahua, Mexico. Members of Paddy's Company H had effected the jail delivery.

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## Outlaws Black and Yeager

*(Continued from page 39)*

enough to hold desperate men like the ex-cowboy, and he soon escaped. Recaptured, he escaped again on New Year's Day, 1892. Caught again for the third time, again he broke jail.

Zip Wyatt was a man of great physical power and a difficult man to hold under lock and key even under favorable conditions. He was an excellent shot and possessed great endurance and bravery.

NOT SO MUCH is known about Isaac Black; however, he was a former member of the Dalton gang and a confirmed outlaw who had sticky fingers and was just desperate enough to tie in with Zip Wyatt, who was, by now, the most wanted outlaw at large in Oklahoma Territory.

Black and Yeager (as Wyatt had begun to be called) hid out in the hills and were careful not to get into any big scrapes for awhile. They planned to follow the Sunset Trail that led out into Cheyenne country, steal a small drove of Indian horses, drive them across the line into Kansas, and sell them to crooked buyers.

It was about the first of August in 1895 when the two outlaws began to dodge lawmen as they started on that ill-fated journey. Because they had been quiet for several months, the outlaws had no idea that they would be recognized by a farmer and that he would promptly report them to the law, but it happened that way, and the mad chase began as they were crossing Kingfisher County near the eastern border of Blaine County. After riding at a fast pace for several miles, the outlaws had to abandon their played-out horses, hide out in the brush, then escape after dark afoot.

The following day as they approached the Gyp Hills, they came to a small house beside an old Indian trail, where a family of homesteaders by the name of Young lived. Drawing their guns, the outlaws demanded something to eat. The family, being gentle folks, was badly scared when the unshaven and desperate looking strangers appeared; however, Mrs. Young prepared a luncheon for the uninvited guests who ate as if they were starving.

As soon as Black and Yeager were through eating, they ordered Mort, one of the young boys, to hitch a team to the wagon standing in the yard and fill the wagon box with hay to hide them. He was then told to drive the team over the Gyp Hills until they came into sight of Cantonment. During that ride in the wagon, the outlaws were partly covered with hay while lying hidden, with guns threatening the driver.

Within sight of Cantonment, which was located on a bluff on the west side of the North Canadian River, Mort was told to turn the team around and head back over the hills toward home and if he met any lawmen he had better not give out any information about strangers.

AFTER WALKING up and down sand hills the last couple of miles after leaving the wagon, the bandits reached the river where they hid in the bushes and made plans to capture two horses which they saw grazing on the opposite bank. Wading the shallow stream, the two men had no trouble securing the mounts.

They were next tempted by a herd of horses grazing on the prairie a few miles northwest of the big Indian school at Cantonment, and in their excitement, failed to see the hidden guards and were caught entirely by surprise.

The outlaws' movements had been noted by a settler and a posse was raised in time to arrive and join in the chase and gun battle which followed. Black and Yeager took refuge in a corn field close by, where Black was killed and Yeager's horse shot from under him. Yeager then escaped afoot, slightly wounded, running through the tall corn in a hail of bullets.

The posse did not closely press the dangerous Yeager, although this time he was alone and once more afoot. After walking a few miles down the Indian trail through the Gyp Hills, Yeager met a small boy in a cart who was driving an old horse. Getting into the cart, he took over and drove so furiously that the

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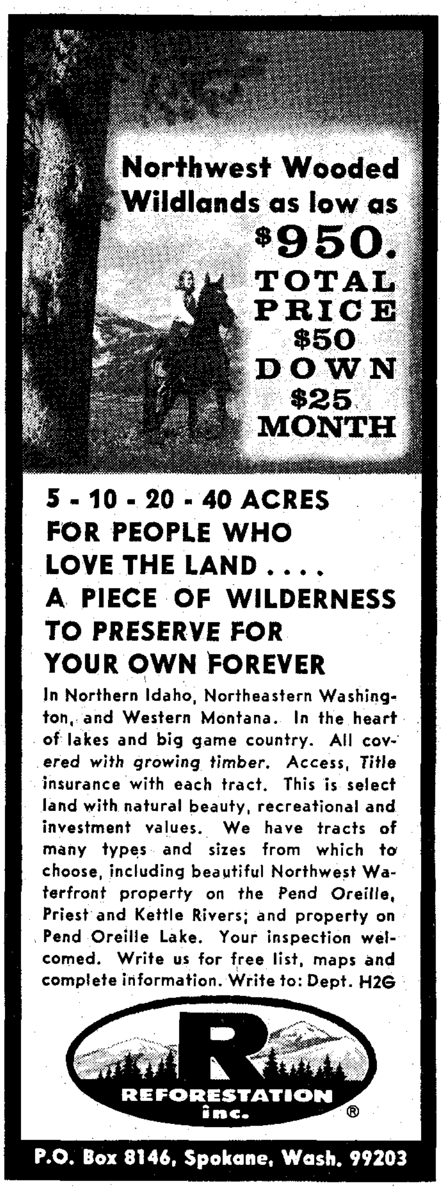
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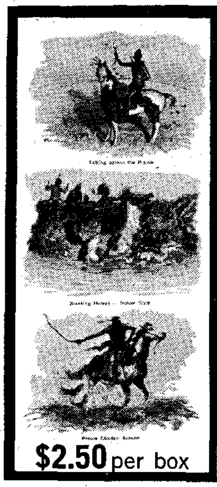
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horse fell dead after twenty-five miles. Again afoot, the tough outlaw walked and dodged lawmen the rest of the day. It was now Friday and Yeager stayed hidden all day and that night, to start walking again Saturday morning in broad daylight. Yeager's wounds were bothering him and he had been living on watermelons and raw green corn. Toward evening on Saturday, he approached a small house on Skeleton Creek, where a man named Dailey lived. From the bloodstained shirt and growth of whiskers, Dailey thought he was a desperate man and was doubly sure after Yeager demanded food and a horse.

Dailey had no supplies in the house, as he was a bachelor and ate at another sodbuster's cabin where he worked. This man's name was Gilchrist.

Yeager told Dailey that he had been in a gunfight at Cantonment and that his partner Isaac Black had been killed. Mounting Dailey's horse bareback, the two went to Gilchrist's house where Yeager was given some bread and milk.

After riding a little farther, Yeager got off the horse and told Dailey he was free, "but give me some time to get away from here and hide out."

It was night before Dailey borrowed a saddle from another nester and rode a few miles south into Kingfisher County to spread the alarm over the neighborhood. That alarm ended the next day, when Yeager was shot and captured by the Kingfisher posse.

In the meantime, Deputy Sheriff Sam Campbell's posse from Enid, who had chased Yeager from Cantonment, had arrived and was demanding a share of the $1,000 reward.

Yeager was attended by Dr. Jones and Frank Love, who found that his pelvic bone was broken. Deputy Campbell took Yeager to the Enid jail where he died a month later, on September 7, 1895.

I knew Sam Campbell in after years. Mr. Campbell was postmaster at Enid during World War I and I worked under him as a postal clerk.

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## Bennett Howell's Cow Country

*(Continued from page 11)*

thread. By the time my father returned, my ears were perfectly well. Dad came and I could hardly wait for my earrings. He opened a package—not earrings but high-topped button shoes. I didn't want the shoes, although I needed them badly.

Then he opened another package, and there in a colorful box was—not earrings but a pretty little ring. I could hardly keep the tears back, I was so disappointed. Then Dad, putting his arm around me, produced a pair of tiny diamond ear-screws! Can you guess my delight and happiness? I wore the earrings and the ring for many years. The shoes, with a long row of buttons to be fastened with a buttonhook, I soon wore out on the rocks and sand. But I still have the buttonhook.

Once while Dad and Charlie had gone to Amarillo for supplies and we were left alone, we discovered weevils had gotten into the barrel of oatmeal. Not knowing how long Dad would be gone, it was necessary to save the cereal. So my mother spread a canvas on the ground and covered it with a bed sheet. Then she emptied the oatmeal onto the sheet. We would cover it with another sheet at night. Soon the weevils would crawl out because of the hot sun. One day we covered the oatmeal with a sheet and went to the little mountain. Mother climbed up as usual with field-glasses and saw my dad coming. Scrambling down, we hurried home, put the oatmeal back in the barrel, and went to meet him. We reached the pasture gate nearly a mile away by the time the team arrived.

On one occasion when my dad was leaving to be gone—for how long we never knew—Mother decided we would go part way with him. When we reached the pasture fence, Dad suggested that we turn back, but the morning was cool and Mother was lonesome, so we decided to go on farther. While Charlie was opening and closing the gate, we noticed a black muley cow and some yearlings going down the fence row on the outside. My father remarked about them being outside but told Mother to let them go.

When goodbyes were finally said, we started walking back. Brother was small and could not walk fast, so we loitered along, dreading to return to the lonely house.

As we neared the fence, Mother noticed the black cow coming toward us at a quick rate and bawling fearfully. Grabbing up my brother in her arms, Mother ran for the fence. I was right beside her. We reached it and rolled under the wire, all out of breath, just as the muley came up. To our surprise, she ran on up the fence line and began licking her calf that was lying there. She evidently hadn't seen or noticed us.

CHRISTMAS was a day pretty much like other days on the ranches. An attempt at festivities was made by some. Preparing chicken and dumplings, and maybe dried-apple pies, usually made up the program. Twice on our ranch I distinctly remember the observances.

The first one I recall was before I was four years old. My father had been gone (forever, it seemed to me) when he suddenly returned home late in the evening from a trip to Amarillo. He was alone and did not unload the hack that evening. After supper, I was put into my trundle-bed. This box with mattress and bedding, was my sleeping place. It was rolled out from under Mother's and Dad's bed and I slept in it. Next morning, after I arose, the coverings were straightened and the bed rolled under the big bed out of the way for the day.

During the night the smouldering log in the fireplace reached a pitch knot and blazed up. I awoke with a start! There, in the corner by my father's desk, and very close to the blazing log, stood a Christmas tree, all decorated. I jumped out of bed—and my dad right after me. While gazing entranced, my eyes lit on a red plush coat hanging over a limb of the tree. Presents were never wrapped in those days. My dad gave me the coat and, to my utter amazement, it not only fitted me but was not soiled in the least. It remained a mystery to me for some time how Santa Claus could come down that black chimney and not get my coat dirty.

Two months later, I awoke one morning and found a new baby brother in bed with my mother. I had slept all through the night's excitement. Only my dad was with Mother. Charlie, the hired man, slept upstairs.

The next Christmas rolled around and a very heavy snow had fallen. Dad was up at La Cueva Ranch, north of Las Vegas, feeding beef cattle which had been slated for market but did not get shipped. Some way (I do not know how), my father got word to Mother that he could not get home for Christmas.

Charlie replaced the wheels on the buggy with runners made from heavy boards, and substituted shafts for doubletrees and tongue, and we drove forty miles to the Whitmore Ranch. I cannot remember too much about that Christmas, except that there was a big crowd of people and boys and girls to play with. One of Mrs. Whitmore's daughters, Mrs. Anna Rusby, was there with her daughters Grace and Barbara. She also had three sons, George and the twins William and Henry. Mr. Henry Neafus also was there. Later, he married Angeline Whitmore.

I remember we had all the candy and fruit we could eat and a "whopping big" dinner, with mincemeat pie and preserved fruits.

Just as it was getting dusk, my dad rode into the enclosed yard, and I can hear him now as he called out, "Yip, Yip, Yippee!" And the whole scene became like heaven to Mother and me. Morton, my brother, was too young to know anything about it.

That night, in the quietness of our sleeping room, Dad drew from his pocket his Christmas gift to Mother, an Eastern Star pin. I remember having seen her working on a glove box, which she then gave to my dad. It was made from cardboard and material Mother had on hand—quilt lining, I think. She had embroidered "WHERE ARE MY GLOVES?" on the lid. For a long time the box was on the mantel over the fireplace, and I can see my dad putting his gloves in it now.

He was a neat person—with his tools and clothing. He believed in having a place for everything and everything in its place. In connection, I recall one morning that he started to take his hat from the rack and it was not there! I can remember his jumping up and down, saying, "Thirty years old and I've spent twenty-nine of those years hunting my hat!"

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stables, with only a heavy timbered gate enclosing it. The buggy and wagon sheds covered the south side. Running north and south down the middle, a heavy adobe wall bisected the enclosure and separated the corrals from the living quarters. The living quarters contained many, many large rooms. The front yard was enclosed by a large store or supply building and a high fence with a heavy gate, which closed and locked at night.

For a short period, we had a neighbor eight miles away, but after a few years they gave up the solitary life of western cowmen and moved to Kansas. While they were living on the ranch, Mr. Bays had to be away from home and Mrs. Bays was left alone with a three-year-old boy and a small baby. A bad storm came up; the baby took pneumonia and died. Mrs. Bays dug a grave and when Mr. Bays returned he found little William in a mound of earth.

Another time, Mrs. Bays prepared to visit my mother. She harnessed the half-wild team to a buckboard and tied them to a post while she opened the gate. She had just opened the gate when she remembered her calf was staked out, so she started to take the rope off to allow the calf to go to the cow. It ran around her, jerking the log up to which it was tied and breaking her right arm.

There was no one to help her, so she lifted the three-year-old boy into the buckboard, untied the team, and started to drive out. But when the horses were through the gate, they left the road and began running down the fence-line. They ran furiously for one and a half miles. Mrs. Bays, with her left hand holding Jimmy on the seat beside her, was unable to slow down or stop the team. They were still running when they came in sight of a house. Two Mexican women saw them and ran out. One woman threw her black shawl at the horses and the other grabbed them by the bits. These women risked their lives, but stopped the team. They took Mrs. Bays in, set her arm, and it healed perfectly straight. In fact, her arm was nearly well before Mr. Bays came home and brought her to see Mother.

ALL WAS NOT QUIET and peaceful around a cattle ranch. One morning my father left the house just about daylight. He told Mother not to look for him home until quite late as he was going to "ride the dry corner." This pasture was ten miles square and called the Preston Beck Grant. For ten miles to the northwest corner, there was no water. The little stream which ran through the pasture did not reach that far north and west, so cattle had to travel quite a distance to water. Some would not return to the stream but would bunch up in the corner of the fence, trying to get on the outside. During dry weather it was necessary for my father to ride out there and drive the cattle to water. On this particular day, Dad found that a fine big steer had got through the fence. He spent a great deal of time before he finally got the steer back into the pasture.

As it was nearing dark, when he saw a sheepherder's tent not far away he rode over. The man invited Dad to share his meager meal, which Dad did. Then the herder invited him to spend the night. "*Es muy tarde*," he said. ("It's very late.") So, as Dad was quite tired and night had come on, he acquiesed and shared the herder's tent and scant bedding, coming back home the next morning.

In the meantime my mother had become overly anxious. She completed her evening chores, gave brother and me our supper, put us to bed, but made no move to retire herself. As the hours wore on and Dad did not return, she became apprehensive that all was not well. She walked the floor. To add to her anxiety, she saw a band of men, some on horseback and some in a wagon, coming toward the house. But instead of coming to the house, as was customary, they stopped at the well across the creek, built a fire, and camped. Along about three or four o'clock in the morning, they broke camp and left, passing very close to the house. Our dogs raised a terrible commotion.

When Mother went out to do the chores, she had not undressed or slept all night. As she was coming back to the house from the corral with the milk, she saw horsemen coming toward the house. She knew they were armed as the rising sun reflected on their rifles. She stood outside and waited. Three men rode up and one, dismounting, asked if they could have breakfast. Mother assured them they could. They went to the barn, fed and watered their horses, then returned to the house, washed and came into the kitchen. By that time Mother had their breakfast ready and they sat down to eat. One man spoke good English and began to carry on a conversation.

"Have you had any visitors? You must get lonesome here."

"Oh," my mother said, "yes"—and told about the queer-acting bunch who had been there during the night. Our visitors were interested immediately and started to ask questions. When my mother told them how worried she had been, especially when Dad was not at home, they gave each other knowing glances, but one hastened to say, "*Es nada.*" ("It's nothing.") The spokesman then said, "I'm sure they had been to a dance and were coming home late." They hastened to end their meal and, after thanking Mother, rode away.

Soon afterwards my father returned. He was annoyed that mother had worried and told her about his troubles with the steer and of the sheepherder's hospitality. However, after a short stay, he saddled his horse and rode away. He went about six miles to a small Mexican settlement. There he learned the cause of all the unusual activities.

A Mexican had murdered a rancher at a dance and the first bunch were trying to get him away and hidden. The second three men were officers from Anton Chico and were after the culprit. They went on down to the settlement, caught him and took him back to Anton Chico for arrest and trial.

RECREATION on the ranch would not have interested the young people of today. A card game among the boys was permissable but gambling of any sort was strictly forbidden. Ranches were so far apart that no dances or parties could be held. Mother and Dad often whiled away an evening playing cards. As we were so far removed from a post office, reading material was almost nil. Old magazines brought in by some friend were hoarded and literally devoured by all the adults on the place. Children's books were always on hand, as my dad bought everything of an educational nature for children that he could find.

My dad had a musical education, could play the piano (only we didn't have one), a guitar, harmonica, or most any instrument he could find. I remember seeing him playing a harmonica, with a wire frame over his shoulder to hold it, while he and Mother were dancing.

Occasionally a fishing trip was planned. Not too far from the ranch, a little stream called Los Esterros flowed freely and emptied into the Pecos River. We made our camp between the intersection of these streams. At first we fished in the Pecos, where mud catfish were easily caught and were good eating.

As the summer passed into autumn, followed by winter, dark came earlier and brother and I were allowed to stay up longer. After supper was over, we gathered around the fireplace. Dad lit the coal-oil lamp. It was more like a chandelier than just a plain lamp. It had a large shade over the chimney and dangling from the shade were many cut-glass bangles that cast rainbows over the room. After the lamp was put out for the night, it was lifted up on balanced chains to be out of the way during the day.

Dad would bring in a bowl of pecans and Brother and I were each given a small hammer to crack the nuts on the stone hearth. Mother busied herself sewing quilt pieces or darning stockings. Dad read—when there was anything to read. He often read aloud to us. Some evenings he entertained us by making shadow-pictures on the wall with his hands. Whenever he made the "big, bad wolf," my brother would get frightened and hide his head in Mother's lap.

Today, a young man's ambition may be to become a skilled airplane pilot and to have a record of successful flights. In the days of the Early West, a man was a hero if he could ride a bucking horse without being thrown. Many a cowboy was maimed for life attempting this feat. My dad had the reputation of being one of the best bronc riders in the country.

The horses we had on the ranch must have been descended from wild stock, for truly they were wild. Talk about pitching! I don't believe any horse could double up, hit the ground stiff-legged, jolting the very stomach out of the rider, like some on our ranch. If they were not ridden every day, they would become worse. Even then, some would buck every morning when first saddled.

Once, when my dad was away, the man left in charge drove the herd to the

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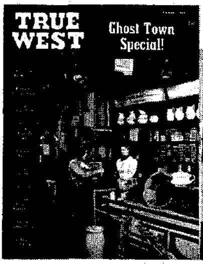

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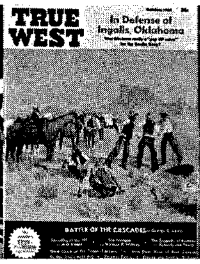

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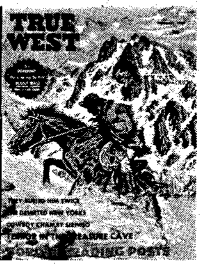

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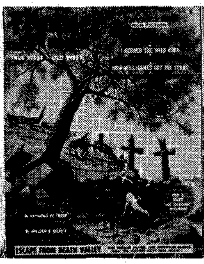

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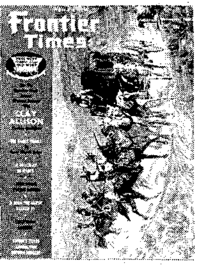

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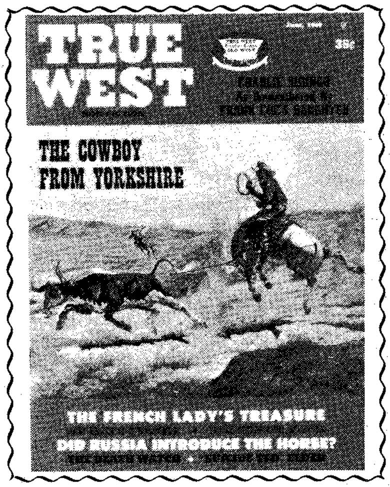
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gate. The horses suddenly whirled and took out to pasture. Charlie didn't care to make another run for them, so caught only one to ride and let the others go. This happened several times before my father came home.

As Charlie was not at the ranch when Father arrived, he decided to let Mother drive up the horses. She had been cooped up, doing ranch chores and caring for two children, so Dad thought she would enjoy the ride. Putting the side-saddle on "Nigger," a fine-blooded, gentle animal, Mother started out after the horses and Dad went in to wash dishes.

When Mother was gone too long, Dad became uneasy. From the upstairs window, looking through field-glasses, he saw the horses running and Mother was not with them. He watched, then started out afoot to find her. Presently he met her, walking and leading Nigger.

When she had found the horses and started them to the ranch, they promptly began to run. Just then her saddle turned, with the horse running full gait and Mother hanging on, with one foot in the one side-saddle stirrup. Catching the horse by the mane, she began talking to him, "Whoa, horse, stop!" In a few minutes, Nigger stopped, although every muscle in his body was trembling. He wanted to overtake the herd. Mother patted him and tried to straighten the saddle. She tightened the cinches but, in every attempt to climb back, the saddle would turn. Mother looked for a rock or a stump to climb on but none was to be found. so there she was—nothing to do but walk back. Mother often said that had she been on any of the other horses she would have been dragged to death.

TO THE WEST of our ranch was a sheep ranch, located at a very fine spring called Cabra Springs. A large ranch house had been built about fifty yards away by Posey Page. He put in a small stock of goods in one room and lived in the rear.

The spring flowed cool and clear from under a ledge of rock. To protect stock from falling in, Page built a small room of stone over the spring. By covering it over, it was always clean and fresh. A small stream ran out into a shallow tank where stock could drink. At the end nearest the house, he placed a door. Anyone getting water for the house simply opened the door and dipped up a bucket of water, and then closed the door.

One night a group of cowboys, with a small herd of cattle, camped near the spring. During the night the fellow coming in off guard went to the chuck-wagon for a drink. Finding the bucket empty, he called to one of the sleeping men to find out where to get water. The sleeper drowsily said, "Go down the path to the little house, open the door and dip up your water." The fellow, not being familiar with the premises, found the room, opened the door and stepped off into the spring. The language that followed would not be fit to print.

After a dry period of several years, Mr. Page found his store was not profitable and moved to Puerto de Luna, eleven miles south of Santa Rosa, on the edge of the Pecos River. He opened up a general merchandise store and did a big business for many years.

Some distance south of our ranch was a sheep ranch belonging to John and Walter Long, called Cabra Springs Ranch. The Long brothers came out west from Virginia. My dad said they were the greenest men when it came to stock that he had ever met. A third brother, Granlan Long, settled in El Paso, Texas and became a very successful banker. But both John and Walter were absolutely ignorant of the cattle industry.

However, they bought a herd and started out to make their fortune. It turned out they could not manage cattle and soon went broke. However, they were honorable men. They had a chance to get the management of a sheep ranch on shares and, through grit and perseverance, they soon were able to pay off all the indebtedness they had incurred while running cattle. Before many years they built up a sizeable flock, with headquarters at the Cabra Springs Ranch. They hired native herders and learned the sheep business from their experienced employes.

Walter had to make a trip to Las Vegas one time and John remained at the sheep camp. Some argument came up around the campfire one night and a herder shot and killed John. A man by the name of Ed Settles was present. He understood the Spanish language, and after the fellow killed John he heard the others say they would "have to do away with Ed" to keep him from telling who did the shooting. Ed cautiously slipped away from the fire into the darkness and started running. He heard them arguing and realized they were after him. Hiding in the bushes, he remained there until he thought it safe to travel. As much as possible, he traveled at night. The next evening he showed up at our ranch. As my dad was not at home, my mother drove him in her hack to the Bays Ranch eight miles away. Then Mr. Bays hitched up a team and took him to Anton Chico for protection. Walter came by our ranch the next day and was told of John's death. He hurried to the camp and found it deserted, but John's body was still lying where he fell. Walter took his brother to Anton Chico, where he buried him.

Walter then moved his sheep to a ranch near Roswell, where he lived until his death. His flocks increased and it was once said that his wool clipping was the heaviest in the State of New Mexico. He had a reputation of being fair and honest in all his dealings.

IN THE EARLY 1900s the Rock Island Railroad was built from Liberal, Kansas to El Paso, Texas where it connected with the Southern Pacific. A branch line was built from Maxwell to Tucumcari to bring coal from the mines at Maxwell. This line ran near the Bell Ranch pasture so the Bell Company began shipping some of their beeves to El Paso. On one occasion, among the cowboys sent in with the cattle, there was a fellow known on the ranch as "Hoorah." This was Hoorah's first ride on a train and his first visit to a city. He came back excited and entertained the men for days with wondrous tales of a world he had never known.

One day, while resting in the shade of the wagon, he exclaimed, "Do you know there ain't no post office in El Paso?"

"What do you mean, there isn't a post office in El Paso?" someone asked.

"Nope, there ain't nary a post office. A little son-of-a-gun with a bag on his back comes around and hands you your mail."

Working on an adjoining ranch from my dad's were two cowboys, one called Scandalous John and the other Milt Whipple. Scandalous went away and wrote back to Milt. When Milt received the letter, he couldn't make it out; so he took pencil and paper and wrote:

"Dear Scandalous"—and then made some wavy lines down the page. At the bottom of the page he wrote,

"Yours truly,
Milt Whipple."

When spring weather put in a promise of appearance, my grandparents in Roswell took the family and went to Colorado, settling in Antonito. Dad and mother decided to go as far as Las Vegas with them and bring back supplies. On the second day out we had to go up the mountain roadway of the Canyon del Agua hill. It had many turns and steep pulls. There were two wagons so one team was loosed from a wagon and added to the first team. This made eight horses to drive. While waiting for some of those who were walking, my dad decided he would drive on up the hill. He had not driven far when the big wagon was pulled onto a large boulder and stalled. I was still down the canyon, but I can see my dad now, climbing up on a big rock. He took off his hat and said, "I kept the lead horses in the road, thinking the wagon would take care of itself." A great deal of time and energy was used to remove the wagon from the boulder and back into the road; and then had to be repeated for the other wagon. This was the first time my dad had driven more than four horses.

The sun was hot. Down in the bottom of the canyon my dad saw a spring of water. Taking a canteen he climbed down and was filling it when my teen-age uncle, who had seen my dad go down, followed him. He eased up behind my dad and, taking him by the seat of his pants up-ended him, head first, into the cold water. There was an agitation to punish Uncle Wayne but Dad interfered, said he had it coming for the tricks he had played on Wayne.

After reaching the summit, my grandparents turned onto a road en route to Colorado and we went on into Las Vegas, New Mexico for supplies. That was the last time any of them ever saw my father.

THE PECOS was a treacherous river because of quicksand. My aunt told me of an experience she had while living on Pat Garrett's place across the river from Roswell. The time was up for her to have her baby, so Uncle Bill Dufur

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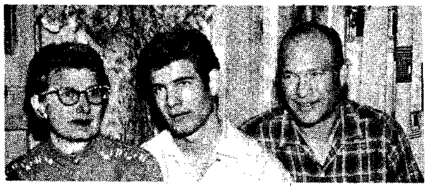

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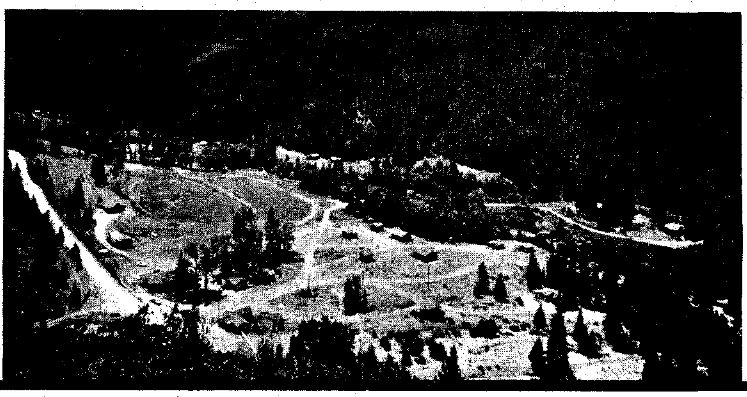

harnessed a team to a wagon and started for Roswell. When they came to the Pecos River, it was bank full and Uncle Bill had no alternative but to wait for the water to run down. They soon found the little visitor had no intention of being delayed.

Giving the older children the lunch basket, Bill told them to go and have a picnic under the trees. By the time they had finished their lunch and returned to the wagon, the little fellow had arrived. Then Uncle Bill decided it was safe to cross the river.

They had gone part way across when they felt the wagon sinking. The horses were floundering in the stream, unable to move the wagon. At that point two cowboys on the opposite side, who were out "ridin' bog," saw the team and wagon going down. They quickly rushed in, tied two ropes to the tongue of the wagon and, with their horses on solid soil, pulled the horses and wagon out, using the horns of their saddles. Then they rode on about their work and Aunt Phoebe, Uncle Bill—and not four but five children—reached Grandmother's in safety.

After Aunt Phoebe and the baby were cared for, they thought about naming the baby. Uncle Bill said, "His name is 'Chance.' He had three chances—he could have been born at home, but missed that chance; second, he was nearly drowned in the Pecos, but through chance was saved; third, he had a chance to be born at his grandmother's, but missed again." So today, Chance Dufur, born March 1, 1891 on the banks of the Pecos River, lives in Aztec, New Mexico. He says he does not remember the incident, but there are others who do!

Speaking of children, on a ranch south of us lived the Jones family. Mrs. Jones became ill and died before her husband could get a doctor. He was left with a large family of children. Mr. Jones loaded them in a wagon and came to our ranch. It seems he had no relatives near and was at a great loss as to what to do. He decided to farm them out to the ranchers. Mother took one girl, Belle, who lived with us for several years. Then we took her to Las Vegas where a family by the name of Rogers took her and sent her to school. She lived with the Rogers family until she married. A younger girl was taken by Mrs. Bays, who lived eight miles away. When Louis Bays sickened with the lonely western life, they moved back to Kansas, taking Susie with them. The boy, a small baby, was taken by Mrs. Crockett and, according to tradition, she educated him. Mr. Jones took the other children who were left to Las Vegas and distributed them to anyone who would take them. I have often wondered if any of those children ever met or knew anything about their brothers and sisters.

IT WAS A WARM, sunshiny day—that day in October, 1895. My brother Morton, four years my junior and my only playmate, and I had a busy morning. With a dried broomweed (rabbit brush), we swept our playhouse which was under a juniper bush, and replaced all the furniture. Toys were few in number but we thought we had everything needed for housekeeping. With stones, chips of wood, pieces of broken glass, we had a wonderfully-equipped house. My brother, four years old, was busy taking care of his herd of horses. These were sawed-off broomsticks with string tied at one end for a bridle. My family of rag dolls had to be dressed and undressed and made to recite their ABCs.

Mother called us from the kitchen door and we hurried in to get ready for dinner by the time my father and two men came in from the meadow. They were bringing in hay, the prairie grama grass. It had been a rainy season and the grass had grown tall and had matured well.

We went out beside the kitchen door and dipped water with the community dipper from a bucket into a wash-pan. As the weather was nippy, the water was cold. Mother brought out an iron teakettle and poured hot water into the pan. After washing my brother's face and my own, we went in and Mother combed Brother's hair.

Dinner was ready. I remember there was a black iron pot of pinto beans on the back of the stove (and how good they smelled!) and a pan of biscuits on the oven door, and dried-apple pie on the table. Beside the stove was a wood box, a large, empty box, and on the side of the box, printed in large letters were the words "Arbuckle's Coffee." This box came with one hundred one-pound paper bags of coffee.

While waiting, my mother looked out the window and exclaimed, "Here comes Papa and the boys. I wonder why your papa is driving instead of letting Blake and Bert drive?"

Just then the horses, having been frightened at some little thing, perhaps a tumbleweed or a rabbit skipping across the road, began running. Mother grabbed the field glasses and saw the wagon stopped, the horses loosed from the wagon, and Bert coming toward the house on Nigger. It took no time for her to comprehend the tragedy.

Grabbing her bonnet, she started running. The distance was perhaps a mile or more. She would run, then slow down to get her breath and, swinging her bonnet, run on. Brother and I started to follow but were afraid to go among the cattle. We went upstairs and watched from the window until Bert reached the barn. While he was unsaddling Nigger and hitching him to our one-seat buggy, he told us the horrible truth, that when the horses became frightened, my dad gave the wheel horse's lines to Blake and he took the leader lines, wrapping them around his hands. Bracing his foot against the ladder, he began sawing on the bits. At this point the ladder broke and my father was thrown in front of the wheels with the horse kicking. Then the wagon ran over him. When Blake, who fell onto the tongue, reached the leaders and stopped the wagon, he ran back to our father, who was conscious but told Blake he was done for and that Blake must get Mother and the children to town (Las Vegas).

When Dad was lifted into the house and onto the bed, he gave orders to Blake to take the team and go to the Gonzales Ranch, eight miles away, and borrow their hack. He sent Bert to the shed to make a splint or box in which to put his broken leg. When Blake reached the Mexican's home, he found they were gone with their hack, so he took a two-seated surrey and hurried back with it. Mother piled bedding and clothing between the seats until it was level with the top of the seats. Then my dad was moved into the rig.

JUST AT SUNDOWN, we started on a seventy-five-mile trip to Las Vegas for a doctor. There were no roads, only trails made by cattle going to and from water. Blake and Bert rode ahead on horseback to guide Mother who was kneeling down in front and driving. When we came to washes or creeks, the men would hold the back wheels from turning until we reached the bottom of the stream or gully, and then there was the struggle of climbing the opposite bank. My brother and I sat at the back of the rig on the mattress. When my brother became sleepy, Dad had us lay him on the mattress by his side.

About 3:00 o'clock in the morning we came to the Whitmore Ranch, thirty-five miles from our home. When we came in sight of the ranch, also called "Gallinas Springs Ranch," Bert came back to Mother, saying, "I must turn back; I can go no farther."

When Mother asked why he was deserting her at this point, he replied that he was a fugitive from justice and did not dare go among strangers. My father knew nothing of this and often, when he had to be away from home, had left Bert to care for the stock, chop wood and carry water to the house from the well, which was a long distance away.

Mother drove on to the Whitmore Ranch with Blake to guide her. When we reached there, Mr. Whitmore, his two sons Steve and John, and sons-in-law Henry Neafus, James Conant and another son-in-law, all gathered around, trying to do something to help. They had no sedatives but insisted that Dad drink a toddy. This disagreed with him, as he had not had even a drink of water since the day before at noon. They immediately moved Dad into a hack belonging to Jim Conant. While the men were busy with him, Grandma Whitmore took my brother, Mother and me into her kitchen and gave us a lunch, the first food we had eaten since the accident the day before.

After they had put Dad in the hack, Mother again kneeled down in the front of the rig to drive, and Brother and I again sat at the back of the hack just beyond Dad's feet. The country was rough around the springs and neither Mother nor Blake knew the road out, so Mr. Conant walked for about five miles, leading the horses by the bits. Then he stopped and spoke to Mother, "You see that mountain in the distance? Keep your horses headed for the point. Don't diverge left or right. When you reach the point of that mountain, you will come to a road leading to Las Vegas. You will then be 25 miles from town."

The sun was just sending its rays of light in the east when we started on. The road was not graded or worked, just wagon tracks around mesquite bushes, up and down sandy washes.

Realizing that my dad was getting weaker, Mother drove the horses the last ten miles as fast as she could make them go. At five o'clock, as the planing mill whistle was blowing, we reached town and drove up to Stoneroad's Hotel on Sixth Street, which was across the street from the present location of City Hall. As we drove up, Mr. Stoneroad came out to the hack.

My dad said to him, "I'm done for. Take care of Minerva and the children. Take the horses to the livery barn, rub them down and blanket them. Give them no water for two hours." Mother had driven the horses their hardest, and they were overheated. But the stable boys did not follow directions; they let the horses drink their fill and both died—a beautiful matched team.

While Dad was speaking with Mr. Stoneroad, Charles Sporleder, a fellow Mason, came running up. Soon there was a crowd around the rig. My father was moved onto a bed and Dr. Tipton soon arrived. However, it was too late. Mother had gone into the dining room and had just picked up a cup of coffee when she heard someone say, "Call the doctor back, quick!"

She ran in and found Dad unconscious. She began weeping over him, saying, "Bennett, don't leave me alone!" He opened his eyes and looked at her, and was gone. Mother was left a widow among strangers, with two small children.

THE FAITHFUL Blake McCray, who had remained with us on our long journey, stayed until after Dad's death. He wrote to all the relatives, giving the details of the tragedy, and tried to be a comfort to Mother. Later, he left and we never heard from him again. I always remember him weeping, with an arm around me, saying, "Why couldn't it have been me? I have no relatives."

In the meantime, Bert Roberts (as we knew him) had returned to the ranch, stole a gun of my father's, a suit of his clothing and various other articles, and left for Antonito, Colorado where my mother's parents lived. When my grandparents were told that he had worked for my father, he was invited to stay in their home. "For," Grandpa said, "anyone who worked for Bennett has to be a good man."

Bert had a pleasing personality and the family enjoyed his company. He lived with Mother's family for some time and was treated as one of the family.

Mother's brother Joe had cattle. He had bought a home in Antonito for the family. There were two sisters and a younger brother still at home. On one occasion, my Uncle Joe sold some yearlings to a cattle dealer. When he went to sign the bill-of-sale and close the deal, Bert came in. He, too, had sold some yearlings to the same man. My uncle witnessed the transaction. Some time later, the cattle Bert sold proved to be stolen. He was arrested and let out on bond.

Just before the court was to meet, my uncle came in late one evening. While Grandma was putting his supper on the table, he remarked, "Oh, I forgot to take the *morrals* (nosebags) off the horses." Lighting a lantern, he had started out to the corral when someone called him from the front gate, so, instead of going to the stables, he turned and went around the house to the front gate. Wayne, a younger brother of Mother's, lying on the couch in the front room, heard the call and declared it was Bert's voice. Instantly, a shot rang out. Grandpa ran to the front, calling Joe. When he reached the gate, there lay my Uncle Joe with a bullet through his heart. The alarm was given, the coroner called, and the verdict given—"Death by shot from unknown person."

Bert disappeared and was never apprehended. Later we learned his real name.

My grandparents disposed of all the property—cattle, horses and home—and moved away. Later they settled in Farmington, New Mexico, where some of the grandchildren still live. The younger brother, Wayne, married, raised a family in Denver, Colorado, where he still lives.

After Dad died, my mother never returned to the ranch. She arranged with Gross-Blackwell & Company to gather the cattle, Dad's private herd of cattle branded ‾V‾ (Flying V) and the company cattle branded A— (AL), all of which Father managed. She sent Edwin Prentice to represent Dad's interests and to pack her household goods and ship them to her. But when Mr. Prentice reached the ranch, he found that most all of her furniture had been stolen. After the estate was settled, Mother built a home in Las Vegas and lived there until she died in 1923.

There were no schools in Roswell until 1882, so Mother had had no formal education. Her father taught her the three Rs. She married in 1885 and went with my father into the ranch on the Staked Plains of Texas, where she had no companionship except that of my father and he was away much of the time, leaving her alone with the cattle, coyotes and rattlesnakes. She once told me that after she went there as a bride, she lived nine months without seeing a woman's face.

Life in the city was a challenge to her and she met it as only a western woman could. By determination and grit, she accomplished her goal. She had one obsession—to see my brother and me through college. My father's family were all college people and they had never allowed Mother to forget her lack of formal schooling. In Las Vegas she made friends with people of refinement and culture. She became active in her church and in the Eastern Star.

My life in the city began a new era for me. Until then I had lived with a small brother as my only playmate. I was not unhappy as I knew no other life and all my needs were supplied. I had the love and care of my parents and a brother companion. The peace—the contentment—of those days is something I will always cherish.

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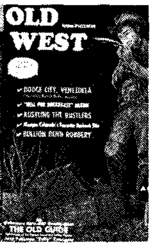
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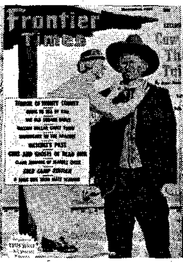
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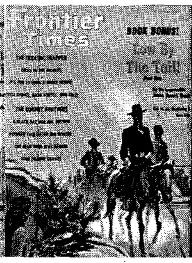
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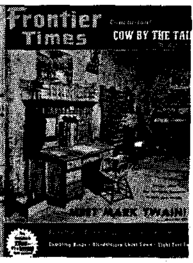
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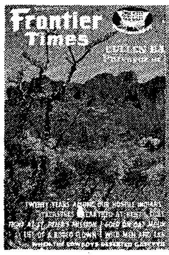
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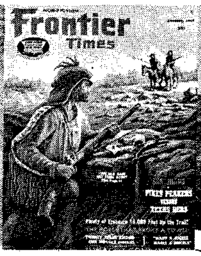
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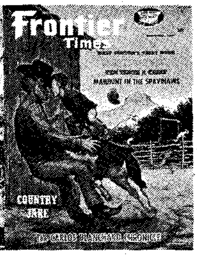
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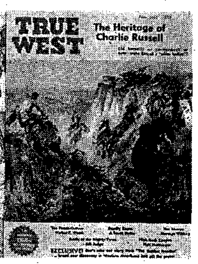
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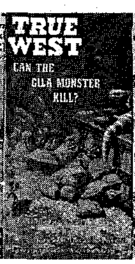
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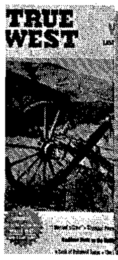

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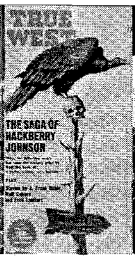
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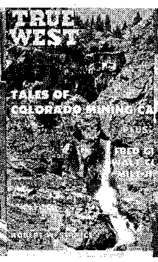
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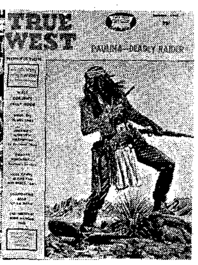

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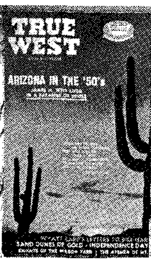
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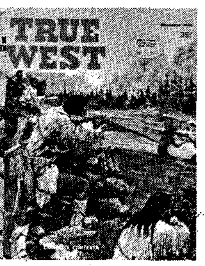

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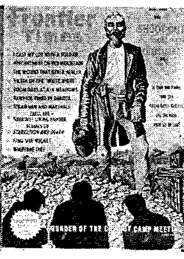
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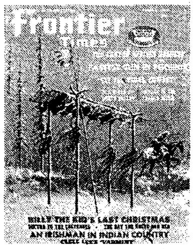
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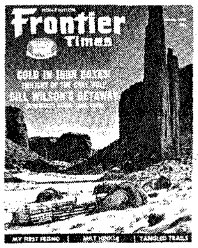
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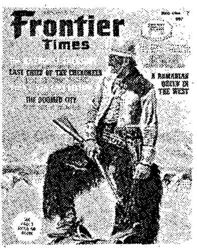
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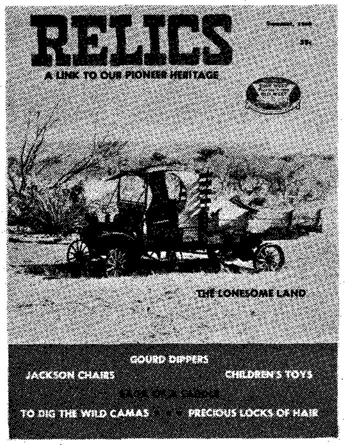

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## Cotton and Mud

*(Continued from page 21)*

needed their rest on week ends—when we girls wanted to go to a party, Sunday school or someplace. We did not work on Saturday afternoons. That time was taken up by bathing, ironing our clothes, and grooming ourselves for Saturday night and Sunday. As long as the weather was warm we went to the river which crossed one corner of our land, to bathe.

When we finished going over the cotton that September we decided to go to Cottonwood, a settlement twenty-five miles east of us, and pick for our Cousin Matt. He had written us to come. We four girls could pick 1,000 pounds a day, he said, as his cotton was very good. He had been unable to get pickers. The mechanical cotton picker had not made its appearance at that time.

We got our parents' consent and began to prepare for the trip. We gathered up our cotton sacks, some old faded dresses (girls did not wear overalls or jeans), and our homemade ducking gloves. These gloves did not cover our fingers and thumbs.

We rolled these necessities in our cotton sacks and stored them in the bed of the old buggy along with a bundle of maize for old Grey's lunch. We had a shoe box of cosmetics, which consisted of a bottle of vasoline and a hunk of tallow for our fingers, a box of face powder, our toothbrushes and tooth powder. If the tooth powder ran out, we used baking soda, but we brushed our teeth everyday.

The morning we left, we got up at three a.m. We didn't disturb our parents. It was still dark. Sarah and I rushed out to do the milking, which was always our job. Alice hitched Grey to the buggy while Ann made a fire in the wood cookstove, fried some salt pork and made biscuits and coffee.

After we ate, we fixed a few biscuits with salt pork for our lunch, and we were off. The roads were dry, although I can't say they were good. We traveled north about four miles on a graded road to Holland's store, then turned east two miles and our graded road turned into a cow path. The houses disappeared and there wasn't a habitation for fifteen miles. But we didn't mind. The sun was hot and our buggy had no top, but we were accustomed to being out in the sun. We put on our slat bonnets.

All this land we were crossing belonged to one rancher or probably two ranchers. We crossed gullies and creeks and, if a grade seemed a little too steep for Grey, two of us would walk.

About noon we came to a schoolhouse. As well as I remember, it was called Liberty. There was a ranch house nearby. We stopped at the school and ate our lunches and fed Grey and let him rest an hour. Then we went on. We reached Matt's house about sundown. His wife Ethel had supper ready; we ate and went to bed.

Next morning, we went to the cotton field early. We were a little disappointed. Matt's cotton had grown taller and bigger than ours at home. The big leaves were still green and the limbs almost met between the rows. We had to fight our way through the huge stalks.

The cotton was heavy, and we did our best, all the time planning what kind of goods we were going to order from Sears and Roebuck for new dresses. I was optimistic enough to hope for enough money left over from clothes to buy a locket or bracelet. Things we never had. I never was able to pick as much cotton as my sisters. Ann and Alice usually picked 300 pounds a day if the cotton was good and the stalks not too high and thick; Sarah could pick nearly as much—but me, I seldom got over 250 pounds and believe me, we were tired girls when night came.

Sarah and I were small. Alice and Ann were taller and stronger than we were. I was about five feet tall and weighed around 105 pounds. Sarah was about the same. It took all we had to drag fifty or sixty pounds of cotton in a long sack, then shoulder it and carry it to a wagon with high sideboards, load it into the wagon and empty it. Of course, we had to hang our sacks on the scales and weigh it, deducting three pounds for the sack. Then we entered the amount in a little book we kept at the scales. We had a pencil tied to the book.

The job was easier when two of us weighed at the same time. We could help each other get our sacks into the wagon. One got in the wagon and pulled and the other stood on the ground and pushed. We weighed and emptied our sacks about five times a day. If men were picking, they usually emptied our sacks. But Matt was busy somewhere else on the farm, so we had to empty our own.

WHEN NIGHT CAME that first day, we saw that we were not going to get rich very quick. We didn't do nearly as well as we had at home where the cotton stalks were smaller. And another thing, we got only fifty cents per hundred pounds, as Matt was boarding us. At home, of course, we paid no board, and all we made at a dollar per hundred working for the neighbors was clear. It made a great difference. I didn't pick even 200 pounds a day, but the other girls did. Matt would come to the field and haul the cotton out when we got a bale picked about every two or three days. I remember he had a team of the biggest horses I'd ever seen, and leather harnesses. Quite different from Papa's old chain traces.

We worked diligently all that week, but it was apparent after about the third day that Ethel didn't appreciate us very much. The meals got skimpier and skimpier and finally were restricted to rutabagas and cornbread. That was all right with us, we were not used to much of a variety, but we had always had all we could eat. Ethel had a cellar full of fruit but she never put any of it on the table. And we wondered why she didn't cook some of the black-eyed peas which grew abundantly at the edge of the field.

Saturday, at noon, we quit work and took baths in a big washtub in a room back of the kitchen. We had not made much money. I think I had earned $4.00 in the five and one-half days. The other girls made $5.00 or so. And we were very homesick. So when a thunderstorm came that night we were happy because we wouldn't be able to get into the boggy field for several days. We decided to go home.

At daylight Sunday morning we were on our way. Matt had paid us our wages, grumbling about his cotton which he couldn't get anyone to pick. But I am sure Ethel was happy.

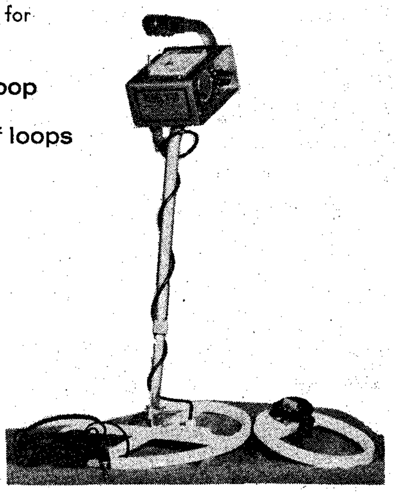
Our horse was glad to start, as he seemed to know that we were going home. We never had to urge him on, even on the hardest pulls. The road was sandy for eight or ten miles and wet sand is easy to drive over. We made the twelve or fifteen miles to Liberty schoolhouse by noon. Then it started raining again. We drove up to the house near the school and stopped. A man and a woman came out on the porch and invited us in. They took us into their kitchen to eat with them. We really appreciated this, as Ethel had not offered to fix us a lunch. I remember the huge pan of baked apples in red syrup, and the hot biscuits, butter and coffee, and the big kitchen range the lady cooked on. The man even fed our horse. They showed us the hospitality of the old Southwest, and I believe it still exists.

We visited with them until the shower passed, and started on. The road had changed from sand to prairie land which was very muddy. Our buggy tires were only two inches wide and they cut into the wet ground. When we would get to a boggy place, we got out and walked.

A few miles from the ranch house where we had had our lunch, we came to Turkey Creek which had been only a small branch when we crossed it going over to Matt's the week before. We had expected it to be swollen from the rains, but it looked even worse than we had expected. The muddy rolling waters were rushing on to join a larger stream, the Bayou, which crossed our land, which in turn joined the Jim Ned River farther south.

Turkey Creek, where the crossing was, appeared to be about three feet deep in the center, and was fifteen or twenty feet across. We stopped and had a consultation and decided Grey could take us across. Alice and Ann sat in the buggy and Sarah and I clung to the back of the buggy bed and waded. Alice didn't have to urge her faithful horse. He would have died trying to cross that stream or do her bidding at any time. Oh, how we worshipped and loved that horse!

Of course, there were bad moments where the water was deepest. It came up into the buggy bed, but Grey was stronger than the current and came through all right. Sarah and I were drenched, but Ann had held our surplus clothes on her lap, so we went into the bushes and changed our clothes while Grey rested. He seemed to be awfully tired and when we got to the edge of our community where the graded road started, the mud was really deep. We were still five or six miles from home and night wasn't far away. The road had been traveled some that day, and the slush was so deep our wheels went



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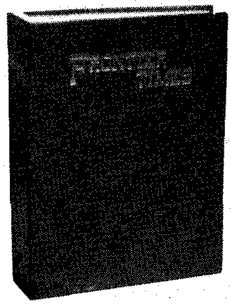

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down almost to the axles.

We were all walking now except Alice. Grey could hardly pull her and the buggy. There were places, now and then, where she could get out of the ruts and drive near the fence where it was not quite so boggy, but mostly she had to stay in the road as the barrow ditches were full of water.

About every half mile we would stop and let Grey rest. We needed to rest, too. We would claw away the thick mud which had stuck between the spokes of the wheels. Looking back now, I don't know why we didn't stop at a farm house and leave our tired horse and buggy until another day. For we had to walk anyway to get home. We knew that. I guess we were ashamed to be seen in our muddy clothes and no one would have wanted to take us home through all the mud. So we plodded on.

When we reached the Holland store, it was past dark. There was about a half-mile where the road sloped and it was hard and gravelly. The wheels didn't sink down. We all got in the buggy and Grey trotted down the slope. It ended too soon, however, and we were in the mud again. It seemed Grey knew we were nearing home and put out extra energy.

Dr. Ellis lived on this road and as we neared his place he drove out in his one-horse buggy. He was going to deliver a baby to a couple of neighbors who lived near us. He asked Ann to ride with him and she did. They drove off ahead of us. This saved her a three-mile walk, but Alice, Sarah, and I waded on through the mud. Alice had tied the reins to the whipstock. She knew that Grey could go home without any help.

We took off our shoes which were full and weighing us down, and threw them in the buggy. At times we were up to our knees. The last half mile was the worst. I'm sure we would have made an unusual sight—if anyone had seen us—but we hadn't met a soul except Dr. Ellis. We had mud all over us, and were bareheaded and barefooted, sloshing along behind the buggy.

About a quarter of a mile from our house, we reached solid ground and Grey struck a trot and left us. When we got to the house he was standing by the corral gate, waiting to be unharnessed and fed. It was 10:30 p.m. when we had tended our horse and come in the house.

Mother got up and fixed us something to eat. After we bathed and put on clean clothes, we fell into bed and were asleep instantly. The next few days Sarah and I wore out the Sears Roebuck catalogue, making an order for shoes, stockings and calico, which cost from eight to twelve cents per yard at that time.

In December, Alice and Ann went to their respective schools to teach—Alice at Victoria schoolhouse and Ann at Glencoe near Coleman, Texas. We didn't go on any more cotton picking jaunts, especially for relatives. And we never heard whether Matt got his cotton picked or not.

One cold morning in November, the next year, we found Grey dead at the corral. He had eaten frostbitten cane, and had come as near to the house as he could get. I'll always think he was seeking help. Sarah and I cried for a week, and I still cry inside remembering his faithfulness to us.

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## Nuggets

*(Continued from page 35)*

founded by St. John's Evangelical Colonization Verein, a German religious colony from Chicago. Hebron was six miles east of Keogh Station, named after Patrick Keogh who was section foreman there and a devout Catholic. (The old family used to attend church at Haymarsh, a small post station, in the early 1900s, and several members of the family are now buried at Haymarsh.) The Keoghs later started a cattle ranch near Medicine Butte eighteen miles north of Hebron. Keogh Station was to be the original townsite of the N. P. Railroad, but was not acceptable to the colony.

The Indians from Fort Berthold Reservation did their trading in Hebron. These Indians of the Sioux nation had already been placed on reservations according to tribe divisions, by the time the folks came to Dakota Territory. Their agency was Elbow-Woods, which is now flooded by the Garrison Dam. Although the Indians were supposed to be confined to the reservation, they roamed the country at will during the '80s, traveling the plains that had once been exclusively theirs. Though they were friendly, the settlers were afraid of them and when they would stop at a ranch or settlement, there was bound to be a bit of excitement.

Early one morning, just before dawn, my folks heard a commotion outside. They hastily got up and dressed, and Dad peeked out the window and saw about twenty-five Indians on horseback, milling about the house. Being afraid they would set fire to the place, Dad did not take the .45-60 Winchester which he always had ready, but opened the door and went out unarmed. At once they made signs they were hungry. Dad motioned back that the food was only so much and they were many, but the chief motioned—if each one could only get a little? Dad then told them to dismount and come in. They came to the door and stood, grinning.

Mother was already busy slicing dried beef and all the bread she had, and had brought out several gallons of milk from the evening before, and butter and sugar. (Mother used to set the milk in stone crocks to skim the cream in the morning.) Dad then had them file around the table, smorgasbord style. Mother often remarked how they all took the measure of beef and bread until the last one got the same share as the first, and then it was all gone. She was intrigued about such keen eye measure. Dad offered the butter, but they refused. They ate the white of the bread and brought the crusts back to the table. Dad offered the milk, but they made signs he should drink first, evidently being afraid of poison. After Dad drank, each one drank also, but from the same glass Dad had used.

Each Indian wet his finger in his mouth, dipped it in the sugar, circling the table until the bowl was empty. Then after much bowing and grinning, they mounted and left.

Twenty years later, Mother was buying groceries at the Weigel Merchandise Store at Hebron when she noticed three elderly Indians sitting on some kegs in the back of the store. They kept staring at her until she became uneasy, never having quite overcome her fear of Indians. Finally one got up and slowly walked over to her and spoke in his own language.

Mr. Weigel could understand and speak Sioux, and translated thus: "Many moons ago we were hungry and you gave us to eat even before the Sun God could see the new day," and after much bowing and gesturing, they sat down again and grinned at her. After that, Mother was not afraid of Indians anymore.

As she turned in on the trail leading to the ranch, she could see the field across the creek, where they had planted corn some time after that dawn breakfast incident, and recalled how she had gone out to look for roasting ears one day. While there, she decided to walk north up to the ridge to look over the country.

She soon spotted two riders coming from the east past a neighboring ranch. When they reached the middle of the valley, she saw they were Indians. She was scared, and ran as fast as she could back to the corn field and lay flat between the rows so she could not be seen. It seemed ages before the Indians reached the ridge, but they stayed on high ground as they proceeded west into the hills. However, when they were even with her, they waved to her, and as long as she lived she could not understand how they knew where she was from that distance. She was glad to be free now of that fear she had always had of Indians.

## ELGIN CONSTABLES LED SHORT LIVES

BY LEONARD EBERT

ED LEAHY, member of a prominent Osage Indian family, and Bob Register, long-time bartender of the Hotel Lawson, started the day with an eye-opener and somehow never got around to having breakfast. They continued in a jovial mood until about 9:00 a.m. when for some unknown reason they had a difference of opinion.

That was when they first exchanged compliments with their six-shooters. But they kept shooting at each other (from a safe distance) throughout the day. And both kept drinking steadily.

Early in the evening Ed Leahy decided he had had enough of that foolishness, so he went upstairs in the Hotel Lawson to sleep off a headache of magnificient dimensions.

Leahy had barely got to sleep when Bob Register suddenly took issue with this behavior, and six-shooter in hand, proceeded up the stairs after Leahy.

The bombardment which echoed throughout the hotel that Thursday evening of February 23, 1899, was as if the Civil War were being restaged within the hotel.

This naturally caught the attention of Gib Coffey, the Constable of Elgin, Kansas, so he deputized Henry Powell to go with him to stop the shooting.

As Coffey and Powell arrived, Bob Register was backing out of the room, still shooting. Register started down the stairs, but when he saw Coffey and Powell waiting at the front door, he turned his attention toward them, but missed.

Henry Powell fired one shot and Bob Register fell on the landing, apparently dead. Coffey and Powell waited a few minutes and there was no sound or movement from either Register or the room upstairs.

Gib Coffey then wearily put his gun on the bar and started up the stairs unarmed to see how many this episode had added to Elgin's rapidly growing cemetery population.

He stepped over Bob Register, who lay on the landing, and started on up the stairs. Register however was not quite dead. He reached for his gun and shot Coffey twice in the back, killing him instantly. Register then quietly died.

Thus the day accounted for three of Elgin's citizens—Ed Leahy, Bob Register, and Gib Coffey.

## DUNGENESS MASSACRE

BY MARY LOU HANIFY

ON THE foggy night of September 21, 1868, a party of eighteen Tsimshian Indians including men, women and children were homeward bound in their large canoe to Fort Simpson, British Columbia.

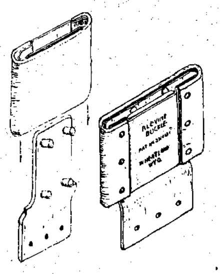
They decided to wait until the fog lifted before continuing their journey, and stopped to camp overnight at Dungeness Spit, which was the shortest distance for crossing the Strait of Juan de Fuca to their home.

The men in the party had been picking hops for several weeks near Puyallup and had $500 or $600 in gold among them, in addition to trinkets, bright blankets, the canoe and personal effects. They didn't know that they were being watched by a group of Clallam Indians, who had tracked their every move.

Seeing the prospect of acquiring a great deal of loot, as well as a chance to avenge ill feelings which existed between the two tribes, the band of twenty-six Clallams swooped down on the sleeping Tsimshians shortly after midnight. They first cut the tent ropes, allowing the tent to fall upon their enemies before they spent their fury upon the victims with clubs and salmon spears. They killed all eighteen of them—or so they thought.

One Tsimshian woman, who was expecting a baby soon, managed to escape by feigning death. Though she was badly wounded by knife wounds, she lay utterly still. One of the attacking Clallams, known as Lame Jack, clumped her with his boot and, thinking her dead, snatched the bracelets from her wrists and literally tore the rings from her ears and fingers.

Lame Jack decided to give the silver earrings to Joe Johnson, who was the



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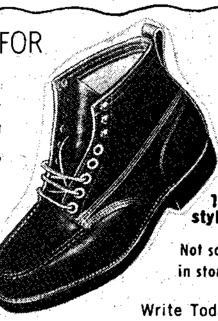

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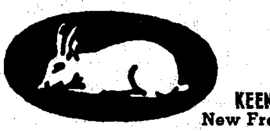

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**The old Dungeness lighthouse where an Indian woman, who survived a beach massacre, crawled for help.**

youngest man in the group and had recently been married. Johnson gave the earrings to his thirteen-year-old bride, who later gave them to a distant relative, the late Mrs. Mary Ann Lambert Vincent of Blyn. Mrs. Vincent's daughter, Mrs. Marion Taylor, now has them.

IN THE confusion, the bleeding woman painfully made her way out into the water, crawling and floating until she was about a mile up the beach toward the Dungeness Lighthouse.

Richard Blake, who was a child of about three at the time, remembered that his father, Henry Blake, first lighthouse keeper at Dungeness, opened the door that foggy night and the Indian woman staggered in. It made such an impression on the lad that he never forgot it, young as he was. He said his mother washed the wounds of the Tsimshian woman, who had managed to carry a $5 gold piece in her mouth while making her escape.

Not long after she arrived there, some angry Clallam Indians came to the lighthouse and demanded her return. They had counted the bodies and discovered that one had escaped. They trailed her footsteps in the sand down to the water's edge and consequently found her tracks from the water leading to the lighthouse.

Blake refused to give her up, however. He felt reasonably safe from their attack, as his house was under the tower and made entirely of brick, so there was no danger of the Indians' burning him out. At last the Clallams changed their minds about forcing the woman's surrender and left just as abruptly as they had come.

The next day the settlers heard about the event. Their compassion was aroused; they saw to it that the victims were buried at the scene, thus giving the name "Graveyard Spit" to the area. In later years, many trinkets have been dug up nearby, including pieces of blankets, arrowheads and other items.

Capt. James G. Swan, United States commissioner, soon found ten of the Indians who were implicated in the massacre and arrested them, with the help of Charles King, Indian agent of the Skokomish reservation.

"At Agent King's request," Swan recalled in an address to the Washington Pioneer Association, "I went to Dungeness and arrested eleven more, accompanying them to Skokomish and delivering them to Agent King. On my return, I succeeded in getting five more of them at Dungeness, making twenty-six in all. These men were placed in irons on the reservation and kept at hard labor."

EVENTUALLY the pregnant Tsimshian woman was well enough to be put aboard the Hudson's Bay Company steamer, *Otter*, together with much of the loot which had been recovered from the massacre. She returned to her home at Fort Simpson.

The shipment also included many gifts sent by the Bureau of Indian Affairs to make *kloshe tumtums* ("to make friends") between the Tsimshians and the Clallams.

"The Indians were all satisfied," Swan wrote in later reports, "and in 1875 while on the United States revenue steamer, *Wolcott*, as commissioner to purchase articles of Indian manufacture for the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, I visited Fort Simpson. The Tsimshian Indians there, along with their missionary the Rev. Mr. Hall, publicly thanked me for what I had done and made me many presents in token of their good will."

To this story there is a little-known sequel which happened about 1920. E. A. Brooks was lighthouse keeper at that time. One day he saw an Indian man who had come ashore on the beach near the lighthouse, and went down to talk to him.

The Indian got around to discussing the Indian massacre which had taken place there more than fifty years earlier. He mentioned that the Indian woman who had survived the massacre was taken in by the lighthouse keeper and his wife. He said that she was a young Indian girl who was about to have a baby.

"I am that baby," said the Indian.

Brooks was excited and told the man that the son of the former keeper lived in Dungeness and would like to see him. The Indian promised to go see Richard Blake, but he never did. He made his way back to Victoria in a dugout canoe.

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## The Tanana Valley Narrow Gauge

*(Continued from page 27)*

RODEBAUGH, Hoover and Nordbye had been with the Tanana Valley Railroad before it was absorbed by the Alaska Railroad, and had learned all about how a train should be handled with a minimum of trouble. But there were other trainmen who had never been out on the narrow-gauge, and they always ran into difficulties.

John Galloway was of those unfortunates. He had come up from the south end of the line one winter and was sent over the narrow-gauge with a heavily loaded train. The agent, G. E. Jennings, cautioned John so much that John grew impatient to be off and closed the conversation with some famous last words: "Yes, Guy, I understand everything you have told me and am sure everything will be all right."

Jennings gave him one more bit of advice. "When you get to Ridgetop, if the snow is drifting across the track on the north side, don't go any farther. Return to Fairbanks or you will get stuck and nobody knows when we can get you dug out." Then the train pulled out and that was the last seen of it in Fairbanks for two weeks.

John took a look from the hill at Ridgetop but the storm didn't seem very bad to him, so he sent the train charging into it. Snow was on the track several feet deep and the train quickly got stuck. It was unable to go ahead or back up.

Drifting snow piled up around the train until it seemed they wouldn't move again until spring. Telephone calls from Fairbanks to Chatanika brought information that the Tanana Valley hadn't arrived at its destination. Finally a man with a dog team was sent down the track to locate the stalled train. He returned to Chatanika and reported its condition to Fairbanks. Oh, what a mess that was and what trouble it took to get it straightened out!

During the time the train was being dug out of the snowdrifts, the crew and a few passengers lived on the edible freight, eating up cases of eggs and sacks of frozen bread. Every man who was willing to take a chance at it was sent out from Fairbanks to help out with the digging. When the crew returned to Fairbanks in about ten days, the fellows looked and felt about like the sailors who had witnessed the discovery of America with Christopher Columbus.

OFTEN THE trains using the narrow-gauge line didn't have many cars in them, and this made it a bit awkward for the loading crew when handling a shipment of dynamite and caps. The I.C.C. rules stated that dynamite couldn't be loaded in the same car with caps, and also specified how many cars apart in the train they should be. Sometimes there were not that many cars in the entire train.

This might have been a problem to many another foreman when it came to loading explosives, but not to Henry Loer. He solved the dilemma by loading the dynamite in the way car, and then handing one of the passengers in the coach the package of caps to hold in his lap, with instructions that when the train stopped at the station where the explosives were to be unloaded, he should hand the caps to the conductor for delivery. That the I.C.C. rules prohibited the carrying of explosives in the passenger coach didn't bother Henry in the least.

I well remember one day when the Fairbanks Exploration Company called up and asked that we have a car ready for a team of horses bound for Chatanika. We had the car ready, but when the team came up on the loading platform and stood beside the car, their heads were at least two feet higher than the car roof. These were huge horses weighing at least 1,800 pounds each or more. They were owned by a Montenegrin who lived in Grahel, above and across the river from Fairbanks, and who handled the team as though the horses were his children.

When one of the dopes looking on decided that he could take a horse by the ears and pull its head down far enough to fit the car, that was too much for the teamster. He turned his horses around and drove them over the trail to Chatanika.

Another time, just as the train was about to pull out, Art Hering, of the Sourdough Express, delivered a bundle of three pieces of one-inch galvanized pipe twenty feet long for shipment to Chatanika. Feeling he was due for a good cussing out for such a late delivery, he made a quick getaway—but not before telling us that the pipe was needed at Chatanika and its lack was holding up one of the drillers. Since the train crew was in a hurry, and because the pipe couldn't be put inside a box car, Henry made other disposition of it and told nobody.

When the train reached Chatanika, the Fairbanks Exploration Company truck was there waiting for it, but the pipe couldn't be found. The conductor phoned in to Budnik, who in turn questioned Henry Loer and the rest of the crew—all of whom were positive the bundle was in the way car. It was not found, and the conductor marked the way bill, "Short at Chatanika."

Henry was in a fearful dither when we told him this, and swore up and down just how he got the bundle into the car and on which boxes of freight it had been lying. You can imagine his astonishment next morning when the empty boxcars were being switched onto the house track and one of the brakemen climbed up on the roof of the previous-day's way car to set the brake—and there, tied to the catwalk on the roof of the car, was the missing bundle of pipe.

THE OLD narrow-gauge line was a lot of trouble for us, and it never paid operation costs. One could tell the

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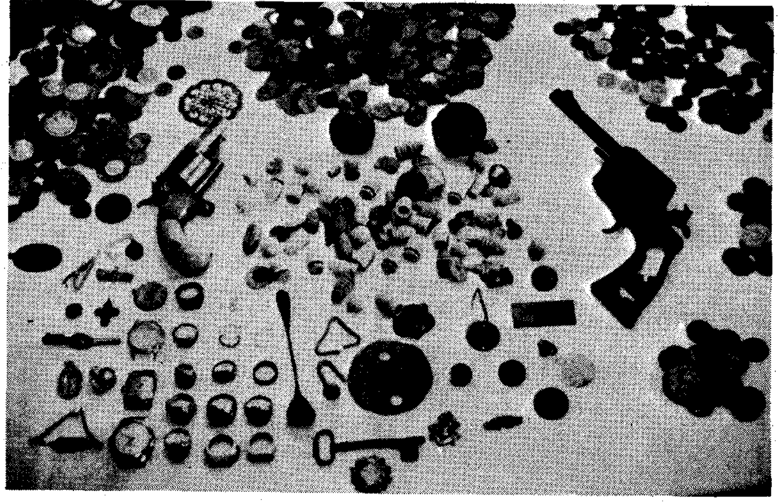

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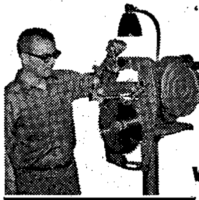

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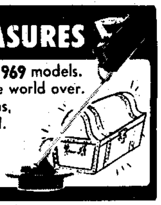

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condition of the wagon road to Chatanika by the number of passengers we had on the train. If we had a lot of them in summer, we knew the road was a sea of mud; in winter, a loaded train meant that the wagon road was blocked by snow. Finally, the Secretary of the Interior with a group of Congressmen from Washington, D.C., came to Fairbanks to investigate the narrow-gauge and decide if it were to be kept running. They made a trip out to Chatanika and returned, then spent many days playing poker in the private car parked back of the depot, after which they departed Fairbanks for Washington.

We soon learned that the axe had fallen and that the line was to be pulled up. It didn't take long to do that job; the steel and rolling stock were scrapped and sold to Japan. Probably some of the old narrow-gauge steel was fired back at American troops during World War II.

All that is left of the line now is old Engine No. 1, which is sitting on Garden Island, a bit to the left of the north end of the Cushman Street bridge. In the summer of 1927, Chris Aase and his section crew laid the short track on which it stands. Carl Anderson, with the crane, set the engine there. I never pass it without being reminded of all the fun and all the headaches the old narrow-gauge caused us.

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## Four-legged Members of the Family

*(Continued from page 37)*

of horses sat on the right-hand side of the seat, holding his lines in his left hand and having his right hand free for swinging the whip or applying the brake. In this position he was nearer to the off horse and farther from the near horse. Just the same, he did not change the words to conform with the facts. He kept on using them as they had been used in the ox-driving days, when a driver walked beside his yoke of oxen and, since most men are right-handed, walked on the left-hand side of his team, keeping his right hand with its whip or goad next to the animals where it would be most conveniently useful. When men took to driving horses and guiding them with lines to bits in their mouths, the teamsters changed their position but not their idiom. The right-handed horse remained the off horse.

The convention that two teams meeting each other should pass on the right probably came, also, from the practice of men working oxen. The driver could prod his near ox to a speed of perhaps a mile and a half per hour and thus make him crowd the unhurried ox off into the ditch beside a narrow road. The driver, walking on the left, could then be sure of the clearance between his own outfit and the one he was meeting, and could keep himself on the road where the footing was better. Let the off ox walk in the weeds and the poison ivy! So horses, automobiles, railroad trains, and people meeting one another indoors now pass to the right because oxdrivers did so. The British custom of passing to the left probably comes from a time when men were riding horses rather than driving oxen, and keeping the weapon hand next to any stranger.

Another practice bequeathed from the oxdriver to the man whose work-cattle were horses was the relative positions in a team when one horse was taller than the other. A farmer with a decent respect for the proprieties would hitch his team with the tall horse on the off side. In most farm operations there was no advantage in having the tall rather than the short one there, not unless one of the two had to walk in a furrow, but it looked better. It was the way one should do.

This rule, too, derived from the physical facts of oxdriving. A man walking beside his near ox could more easily reach over the short animal rather than the tall one to strike or prod the other. Having the tall one on the off side was therefore a useful arrangement, and consequently, being consistently followed, came to look right. It continued so to look when men worked horses, though the original reason no longer existed. Few of the farmers I knew would ignore this convention; the man who would hitch the short horse on the off side would be the slovenly workman, the same man who would leave his plow stuck in the ground to rust instead of cleaning it off when he quit work for the day.

Once I saw a neighbor leading his horse from the barn, ready to go to the field. As they came out the door, the man looked up and noticed that he had put the wrong bridle on the animal's head, a mistake that only a very absent-minded man or a fool would make. He stopped, snatched the bridle off, swung it against the horse's head, and went back into the barn for another bridle. That is the kind of a man who would hitch the tall horse on the near side.

BOTH HORSES AND MULES have their own private idiosyncrasies. My father once owned a big horse named Copper, though his color was more nearly a flea-bitten gray. Copper was a steady and reliable horse with many merits, but he hated to go to work after dinner, especially in the hot Kansas summer. At the water trough I would stand with the bridle in my hand, waiting for him to drink without the inconvenience of a bit in his mouth. No horse could drink more slowly. He would stop for breath, lift his head, put his muzzle back to the water, and drink some more. Then he would stand with his nose touching the water, not drinking, just deceiving me. He would rather be standing like that than going to the field. I sympathized with his sentiments, and would let him practice this falsehood for a while. Sooner or later, of course, we would have to go to work, but I trust that he got some satisfaction from fooling me.

Flora, a good sensible bay mare, would go frantic when a horsefly—not so large as a hummingbird but equipped with a sharper drill—would come in for a landing on her back or her hip. But as soon as I slapped at it with the broad leather line, she would quiet down. Often I would get it with the first flip, but she knew that if I did not, I would do so with the second or third.

Once I drove a team for an express company, hauling freight about the railroad yards in Kansas City. I worked a handsome team of dappled Percherons, big calm horses that knew their business well. But the men about the freight docks kept one of them in a temper. A man would walk in front of my team and point his finger at the near horse. This insult made him furious. He would lay back his ears, bare his big yellow teeth, and snap at the finger. During the time I worked him he never succeeded in getting hold of one; the men who knew him delighted in provoking his anger but they gave him room.

Mules of my acquaintance were generally more ingenious in sin than horses were. It is annoying to be working on a long hayrack, arranging the load as a man on the ground pitches the hay up in big forkloads, and to know that as soon as the loader gets more than halfway back to the rear end of the rack the chances are about even that the team will start running away with the wagon. They will not do it every time; they would tire themselves too much. But they will start often enough to keep everybody uneasy. They will not run fast; the load is too heavy. But every little while the loader will have to drop his fork, run forward over the hay, get a grip on the lines, slow the mules and drive them back to the place where they started.

Or let a man drive a span of mules hauling fifty bushels of wheat up to the bin, where he expects to shovel it through a small window. At the last moment, no matter how he pulls on the lines, they will swing out and get the wagon a foot or two farther from that opening. Throwing every shovelful of that wheat an extra foot uses up a good deal of energy—but not the mules' energy. They stand and wait.

One of the more interesting of my equine acquaintances was a donkey named Maggie but usually called Old Mag. Mag had an easy life with us. She was tame enough, though she could find her way under a clothes-line or a low branch if she felt disinclined to have the children riding her. She had no other duties than to serve the pleasure of the children, and was free to run in the pasture and enjoy her leisure. But the pasture was never enough. She could open a gate and slip into the garden, or she could open another and get into the sweet-corn. Changing the fastening on the gate might slow her a bit, but it did not stop her. She could work loose the lid of the grain drill's hopper, wired down against her, and get the seed oats put there for the next day's sowing. Once she lifted the back lid of the buggy and ate the whole of a cake my mother had baked for a family reunion. We never tried a combination padlock on any of the gates, but nobody in the family would have taken bets that Old Mag could not have worked such a lock. She went where she wanted to go.

My father gave her away, at last, to a family with several young boys who were expected to get some pleasure out of Old Mag. Possibly they did so; I do not know. But Mag was having none of the transfer. She had not grown up on our farm, but she liked it and that was where she wanted to be. She would come back by night and either open the gate or get through the thorny hedge with her thick hide unscratched, ready to welcome us when we came out in the morning. My mother was a gentle woman, but the sight of Old Mag, genially back home, came as near as anything in her life to making Mother furious. Mag never noticed. Her new owners would come and get her, and briefly she would be gone. But not for long. They finally gave up, and Mag was ours again. At least she was with us.

THE BOY who grows up on a farm now is, of course, better acquainted with the balky carburetors, timers with burned points, and power-take-offs that break his legs, or harvesters that snag and mutilate his hands, than with the whims and ills of horseflesh. Some years ago I drove from Indianapolis to Petaluma, California; and in all that distance I saw one man at work in a field with a team of horses. Just one man and one team. Elsewhere, tractors. Possibly in some other parts of the country I might have seen more horses and mules pulling plows and cultivators, and there are doubtless places where men still ride horses because they want to go somewhere—which is not the motive of most riders on bridle paths. But they do not increase. They grow fewer. The stifle joint, the hock, the spavin, the "swinneyed" shoulder, the saddle gall, the collar mark, the heaves—these are no longer in the lexicon of youth.

One who laments the change is probably a sentimentalist. The increased efficiency and productivity of a mechanized way of farming should doubtless be counted as ample compensation for any loss in the abandonment of old-fashioned ways of doing things. Not only workhorses are largely out of date. So are pitchforks in hayfields and wheatfields, so are hayracks and threshing machines, so are large crews of sweating men getting in the harvest by the strength and endurance of their arms. Yet there is something of a loss. The family is smaller and less variegated than when horses or mules or donkeys were in it.

Possibly one who has a fondness for those animals ought to be glad that they no longer have to bear the indignities and brutalities of men, though it is not easy to take pleasure in the cans of horsemeat among the shelves of food prepared for cats and dogs. They did bear a good deal of pain, and the men who worked them often were brutal and insensitive. The nickname of the muleskinner is a callous jest; but it could have been no joke to the mule whose hide bore old scars from old lashes.

If the matter could be put to the horses, perhaps they would choose life and its hazards, as men have to do, rather than extinction. But they do not have a choice. They are not here anymore.

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**If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.**

### Emmett-Miller Party

I would like to hear from any descendants of members of the Emmett-Miller Party who spent the winter of 1846-47 on the Vermillion River with the Ponca Indians. About 100 families were in this group at the start but some of them returned to Nauvoo. Emmett and Miller were among those who had been asked by Joseph Smith to search out a place for the Saints to go as they were being driven out of Missouri and Illinois. After Joseph was killed, they gathered those who would go with them and traveled up the Iowa River against the wishes of Brigham Young. Anyone with journals or family papers mentioning this group, please write.—Morna M. Howell, Box 156, Evanston, Wyoming 82930

### Harris-Ludd-Williams

Harris descendants having the name of Lud, Ludd, Ludd Williams in their lineage and all being traced from Benjamin Harris, born January 1, 1740 in South Carolina. Enlisted June 1, 1777 in the Third South Carolina Regiment and on January 9, 1779 was reported a prisoner of war. Married Sophie Williams, died May 23, 1802 in Columbia, South Carolina. Children were Mary S., Dr. Benjamin F., who married Eliza Walker Ramsey and died in Columbia, South Carolina in 1827. Had six children, some of them living in Washington County, Alabama. My great-grandfather Dr. Douglas Harris married Mary Louise Whitfield, daughter and sister of governors of Alabama. They came to old Washington County, Texas about 1850, then moved to Bosque County, Roswell community, and then near the present Whitney, Hill County, Texas. I would like to straighten out some history as there is much lacking. There was a Ludd Harris who helped found Waco, Texas. Anyone knowing anything about any of these people please write.—L. W. (Pete) Harris Jr., 1105 Parkway Drive, Baytown, Texas 77520

### Lloyd Miller

The trail is dark and I need light on a man, Lloyd Miller, who was working on a ranch out of Cora, Wyoming, in 1948 and '49 and before that. I remember him fairly well. His left leg was broken years before and he was tied on a horse to go to a doctor. It wasn't set properly and

*(Continued on page 72)*

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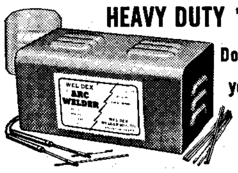

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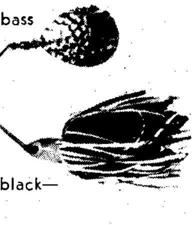

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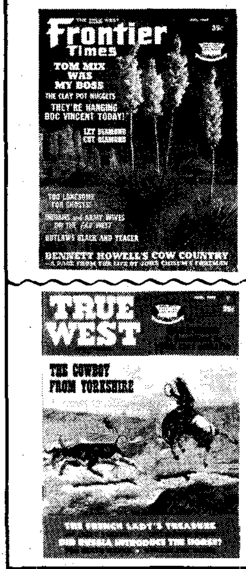
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## Trails Grown Dim

*(Continued from page 69)*

was bent. He said it warped in the rain. I would guess he is about seventy or seventy-five years old. He has a daughter or sister in Illinois I think. I would like any information whether he is dead or still alive.—John Clark, Star Route 1, Box 26, Redcrest, California 95569

### Williams-Popham-Bruns

In the 1860s and 1870s Benjamin Franklin Williams and his wife, Annie Perkins Williams, lived in Grayson County, Texas. Two of their daughters were Susan and Sarah. Susan married William Popham and had a daughter, Sarah Popham born in 1871. Sarah Williams married Joe Bruns in December 1872 and had five children: Clara, Dale, Lottie, Charles and Mary Etta. I would like to correspond with descendants of any of the above mentioned relatives.—J. E. Williamse, Box 1045, Brady, Texas 76825

### Rufner or Ruffner

I am writing to ask if any readers might know or remember relatives of mine in and around Ault, Colorado. They were related to my mother and she often spoke of them and wanted so much to learn of them but she has passed away. Their name was Rufner or Ruffner. Years ago the Rufners had a "Rufner's Roundup" every year. They were evidently a great ranching family around Ault. It would mean a great deal to me to get any information.—Mrs. Raymond Hofman, Box 152, Menlo, Iowa 50164

### Shirley Hunter

I am looking for Shirley Hunter (her maiden name). Her father's name is Aubrey Hunter and her mother's name is Etta and has probably remarried. Shirley's aged grandmother would be very happy to find her only granddaughter. Last heard of in Texas. Please write.—Pauline Crittenden, Box 93, Euless, Texas 76039

### George Barton

George Barton was a druggist in Atchison, Kansas in the late 1880's and early 1900s. He had many of his own formulas for cures which he sent through parts of Kansas in his wagons. His mother remarried and left him with his grandmother, Julia McLaughlin. What his mother's new name was and where she went we do not know. His father was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness before he was born. His grandmother came west from Maine or Boston and settled on land in Kansas Territory prior to the grasshopper invasion and came to Leavenworth following the grasshopper seige. George Barton married Mary Ann Spellman of Beloit, Kansas. He died about 1912 I believe. I understand Julia McLaughlin's maiden name was Lewis. May have been from around Lewiston, Maine. I would appreciate any information or history.—Sarah Barton, 3706 Broadway, Room 216, Kansas City, Missouri 64111

### Martz

My family would like to hear from Herbert and Letha Martz. Any information. Letha is from Beaumont, Texas.—Mrs. Helen (Benzel) Eich, 13875 Old Virginia Road, Reno, Nevada 89502

### John Points Hamer

I would like to contact anyone who is related to, or has knowledge of, a John Points Hamer who was a pioneer to the early Oregon country. He crossed the country several times by wagon and horse and was an Indian fighter and one time member of the state army. The family line can be traced back past New England colonial times to its origin in Scandinavia. The name may have at times been changed to Hamar or Hammer and is also related to the Chambers family from the 1870s in Oregon.—Neil Butler, 330 N 9th Avenue, Corvallis, Oregon 97330

### "Baldy" Aiken

I am seeking information on my great-uncle, George L. Aiken, who lived in Mobeetie, Texas and was known as "Baldy." He was said to have been a sheriff or deputy and in 1880 is recorded in archives to have served as a juror on a trial in Mobeetie.—Bill L. Moore, 5721 Carb Drive, Fort Worth, Texas 76114

### Keller-Finnell

I started compiling a history of my family, the Kellers, in 1929 and today have in my files over 41,000 Kellers and families into which they married. In 1939 I started on my wife's family, the Finnells, and have about 8,000 of them. I would like to hear from all or any who descend somewhere back along the line from a Keller or Finnell.—Harry L. Keller, Box 1810, Plant City, Florida 33566

### Ben Ager Smith

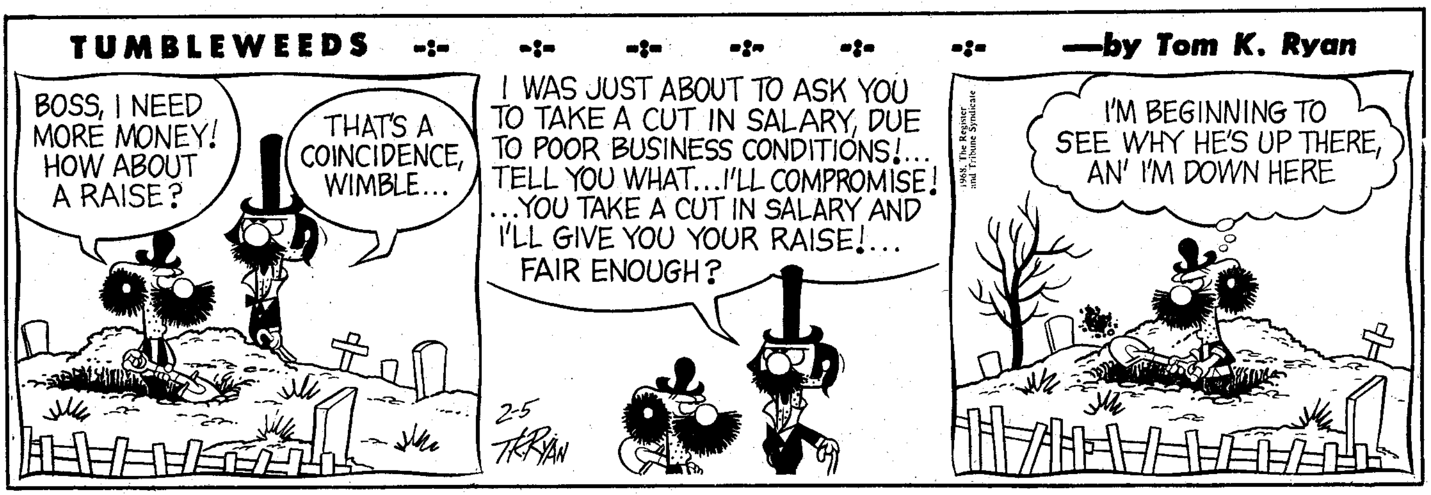
I would like to contact the brothers and/or sisters of Ben Ager Smith, born May 8, 1876. He married Levorah Lucricie Kenly or Kenley, born April 19, 1876, on April 26, 1895 at Waxahachie, Texas. They had thirteen children, David Lee, 1896; Richard Ezra, 1897; Gussie Viola, 1901; Jessie Iola, 1903; Bennie C. 1905; Audrey Jewel, 1907; Annie Mae, 1909; Weldon Bailey, 1911; Thurmen E. and Thelmer E., 1913; Dora Belle, 1914; Walter Marcus, 1916; and Minnie Lucille, 1919. Ben Smith died of flu in 1918 at Gouldbusk, Texas. Levorah Smith died in 1954 at Coleman, Texas.—Mitzi Sides, 414 West 11th Street, Coleman, Texas 76834

### Boren-Taylor

I am interested in any information concerning my aunt, Frances (Fanny) Boren, born November 15, 1863 in Simpson County, Kentucky and married about 1883 to James Henry Taylor. They had four sons: Frank, Harvel, Robert, Wesley and one daughter, Mattie. This family moved from Simpson County to eastern Missouri in the early 1900s. I believe James Henry Taylor died in Missouri and Frances and sons later moved to the vicinity of Cairo, Illinois.—Mrs. James Henderson, 2810 Cumberland Dr., Mesquite, Texas 75149

### W. A. Bryant

On August 25, 1863 my great-grandfather, W. A. Bryant, was drowned while attempting to cross the Alabama River. He was with the 32nd Texas Cavalry, CSA. He enlisted at Linden, Cass County, Texas in 1861. He was born in Tennessee in 1828 or 1829 and came to Texas sometime between 1843 and 1848. His wife is said to have been Laura, or Louise, Davis. They had five or six daughters and one son, James L. (my paternal grandfather), who married Susan Rebecca Long. There must be a number of descendants of this family who have information about the family of W. A. Bryant. If so, please write me and I shall be happy to exchange photos and information.—Ed E. Bryant, 1508 Vine Street, Bridgeport, Texas 76026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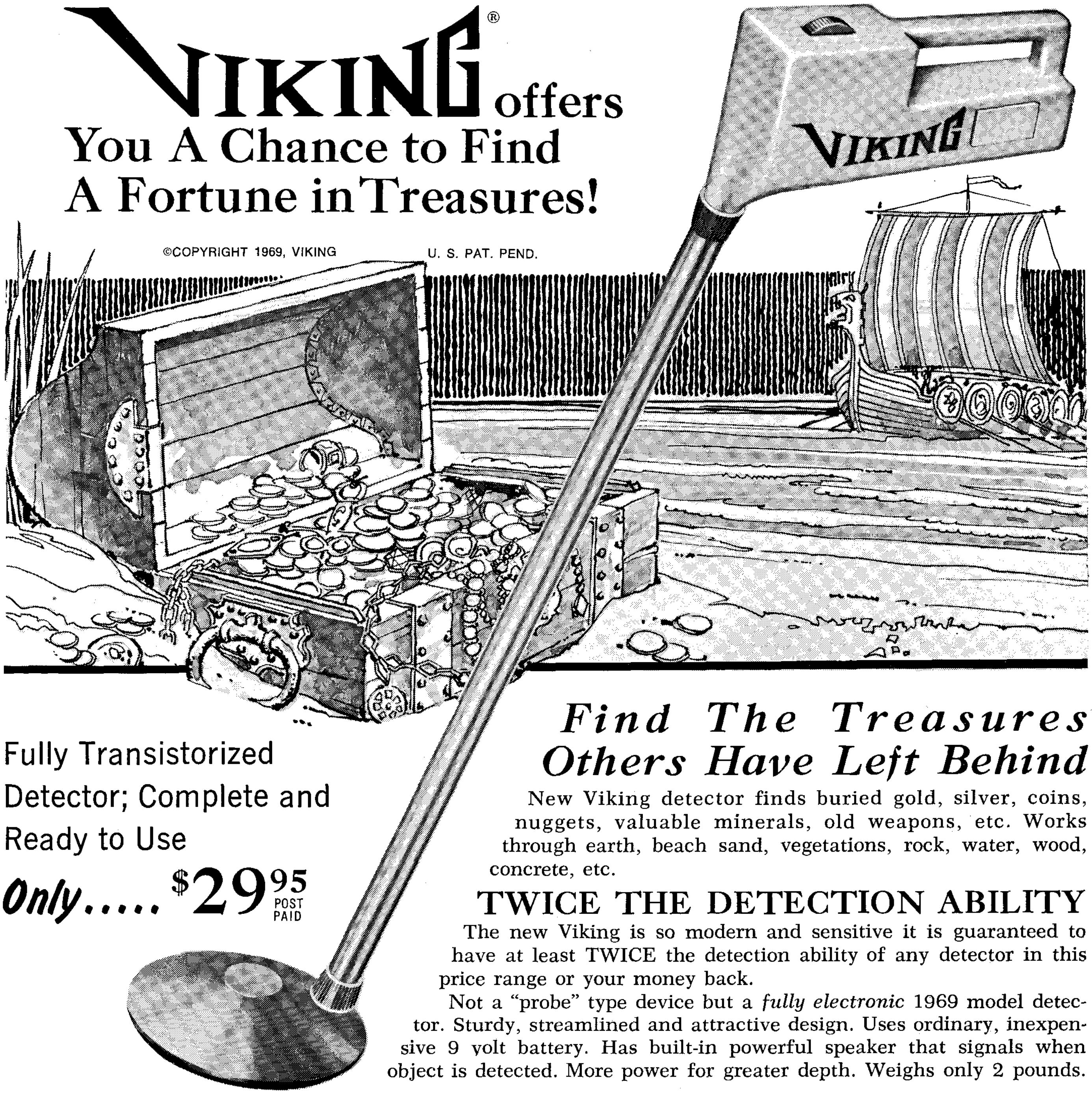

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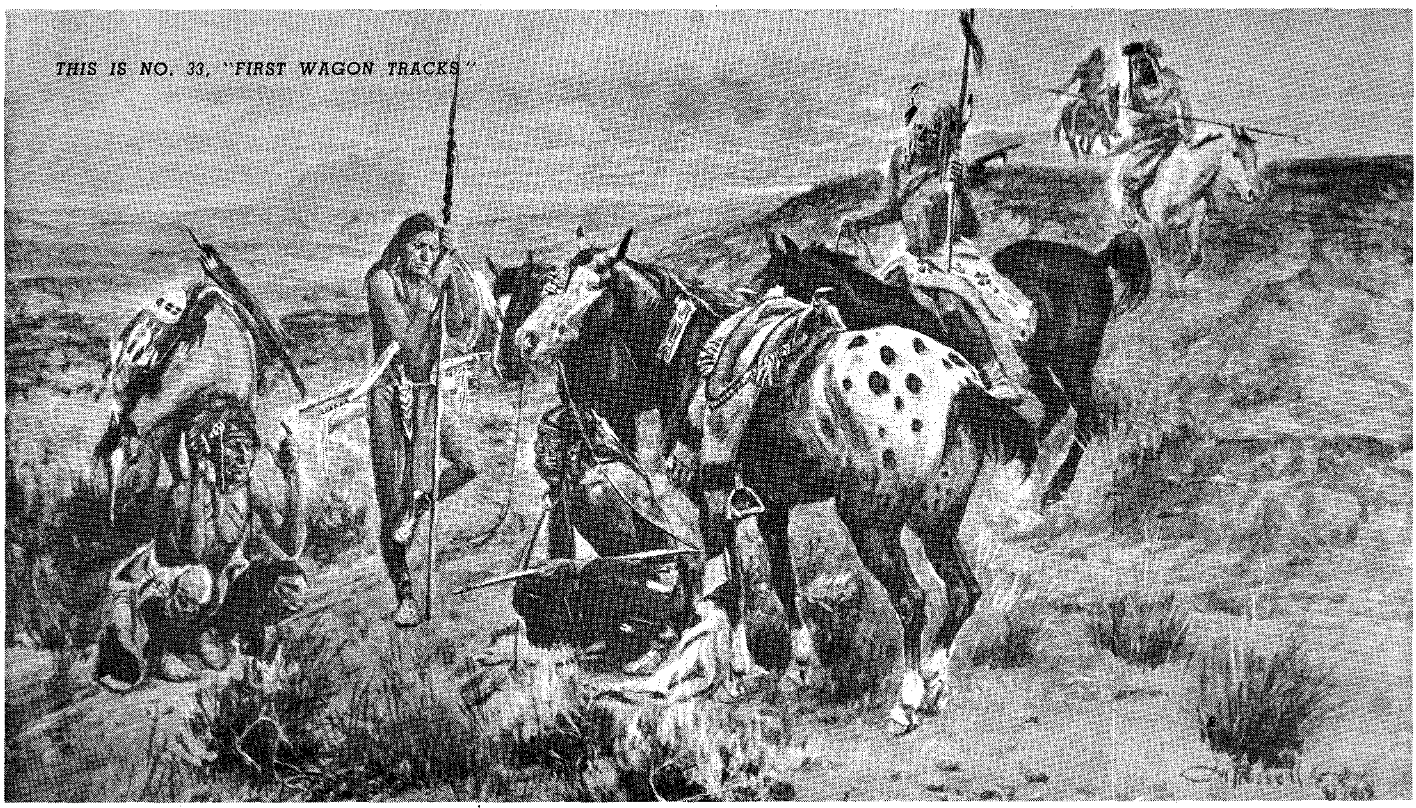

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